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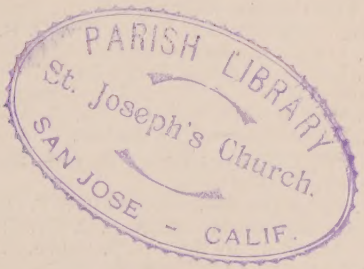

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Ven. Philip Howard,

EARL OF ARUNDEL AND SURREY*

(1557-1587).

BY G. AMBROSE LEE.

"We fools esteemed their life madness, and their end without honour. Behold how they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the saints. . . . . Such things as these the sinners said in hell."—WISDOM, v. 4, 5, 14.

AMONG the many affecting memorials left by State prisoners on the walls of that part of the Tower of London known as "The Beauchamp Tower," none excite more interest among Catholics than the inscriptions cut in the stone, by the hands of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, premier peer of England, "Papist," "recusant," "traitor,"—whose virtues and patience have, however, extorted an unwilling tribute of respect, even from many who vilify and detest the religion for which he suffered so long and so nobly.

Philip—whose birth cost his youthful mother, Mary Fitzalan,† her own life—was born at Arundel House,‡ London, on the 28th of June 1557, in the reign of Queen

* The chief authority consulted for this sketch is a MS. Life of Philip Howard, in the possession of the present Duke of Norfolk, whose father published it in 1857.

† She was but seventeen years old.

‡ In the Strand, between Somerset and Essex Houses, nearly opposite to St. Clement Danes Church. Its site is marked by Arundel, Howard, Norfolk, and Surrey Streets.

Mary. He was baptized at Whitehall; King Philip, whose name he received, being one of his godfathers. His father, Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk,—son of the poet Earl of Surrey, the last of Henry the Eight's many innocent victims,—was beheaded by Queen Elizabeth in 1572. He was a man of good moral character, but inclined to favour the preachers of "the new learning," being indeed the protector and patron of "the infamous apostate John Bale, as also of John Fox, the author of that pestilent book called *Acts and Monuments*." In spite of his father's Protestantism, to which he also nominally adhered, we find that Philip's early education was for a time superintended by Gregory Martin, a learned Oxford scholar and, moreover, a very devout Catholic.

At this period, it was customary for the children of the nobility to marry at what would now be considered very early ages. In accordance with this custom, Philip, when only twelve years old, was married to Ann Dacres (Dacre or Daker), eldest daughter of Thomas, Lord Dacres—then also a child of twelve or thereabouts. This marriage was ratified when the very youthful pair attained the age of fourteen.

After the tragic death of his father, who was executed for projecting a marriage with Mary Queen of Scots, then and till her death a prisoner unjustly and tyrannically detained by Elizabeth, Philip went for two years to the University of Cambridge, where, according to his contemporary biographer, "he received no small detriment, partly by the bad example he there saw, and partly by the liberty permitted him, but principally by the flattery of some ministers, which was so palpable sometimes, that his lady has often told me she was ashamed to hear it."

In person, Philip was tall and well proportioned, though slight. His face was long in shape, his hair and complexion dark, his expression cheerful, and his general appearance attractive and pleasing. He both wrote and spoke well, and was possessed of a remarkable gift of memory, of which many instances are cited by his biographer. An amusing story is told of him, while yet a Protestant, disguising himself as a minister

or preacher, and in this character delivering a very learned discourse to the congregation of the church in some country town, the name of which is not given. Other freaks of this nature show us that Philip had a keen sense of humour, as well as great natural ability and readiness of speech.

His next step in life was a most important one, considered both in its immediate consequences, and in those which indirectly flowed from it. The court of Elizabeth is described by contemporaries as being a perfect sink of iniquity,* and its unhallowed influence soon extended over Philip, who, when only in his eighteenth year, first frequented it. A coldness towards his good and gentle wife was probably caused by a desire to curry favour with Elizabeth, who was notoriously jealous of any of her courtiers to whom she showed the slightest favour. Philip at first appears to have attracted much of her attention, and was for a time among the gayest courtiers of a Queen who was by no means particular concerning the private character of those who surrounded her.

Elizabeth or her advisers appear about this time to have begun to fear a spirit of intrigue and ambition in Philip, to which, even at this distance of time, it is quite obvious he was never inclined. For we are told that, by leading him into disreputable courses, "some politick persons" about the Queen were the means of bringing about serious disagreements between Philip, the Earl of Arundel, his grandfather, and other relatives, in order that these latter should not further enrich him by willing to him their large and important estates. These plots were entirely successful; and Philip, who, on his grandfather's death in 1580, became Earl of Arundel and Surrey, was further impoverished by extravagant and

* It was a place in which, according to Faunt, "all enormities reigned in the highest degree" (Birch, i. 39). The same writer also says: "The only discontent I have is to live where there is so little Godliness and exercise of religion, so dissolute manners and corrupt conversation generally, which I find to be worse than when I knew the place first, August 1, 1582" (Birch, i, 25). According to Sir John Harington (a godson of the Queen), the court was a place "where there was no love but that of the lusty god of gallantry, Asmodeus" (*Nugae Antiquae*, 166, April 4, 1595). Lingard, vol. vi. p. 322.

costly entertainments given at his country-houses in Norfolk in honour of the Queen. A successful courtier had to pay very dearly for Elizabeth's favour in these times. Many besides the Earl of Arundel were nearly ruined by being obliged to provide for and entertain the Queen and her following of hungry and needy peers, gentlemen, lacqueys, and hangers-on, until her Majesty graciously removed both herself and her court to fresh scenes of rioting and extravagance.

During all this period, Philip had ostensibly professed the doctrines of the Established Church—that is, as far as such can be considered to have had any real existence; the test of membership with this august body then being little more than a hatred, more or less active as circumstances demanded, of "Popery" in every shape or form; and a great and soul-satisfying belief in the spiritual supremacy of the "divine Eliza." Philip, however, does not appear to have troubled himself much about religious matters, or his duty to Almighty God—indeed, he himself admits as much—until, in the year 1581, he was present at a disputation held in the Tower between some Catholic priests—among whom were B. Edmund Campion and B. Rodolph Sherwin—and a representative body of Protestant ministers, on disputed points of doctrine and discipline. It is not difficult to understand that, to a mind open to the truth, the Divine teaching of the One Catholic Church came with a force and weight that was not to be disregarded. The seed was sown in the very place in which it was afterwards to bear such plentiful and glorious fruit. But—as his biographer tersely and truly states it—"at that time, nor until a year or two after, he neither did, nor intended, to embrace and follow it (*i.e.*, 'the Truth and true Religion'); and, after he did intend it, a good while passed before he did execute it." The cause of this hesitation is obvious. Like the great St. Augustine, he prayed to be good, but not *now:* at length resolving to be a Catholic, and yet still hesitating to make the sacrifices that the life of a Catholic demands. In 1583 this struggle was ended, when, walking one day in the gallery of Arundel Castle, he firmly resolved to become a member of God's Church, and to live accordingly. Nobly did he keep this

resolution. As before he had thrown himself into the service of the Queen and adapted himself to the customs of her court, so now he entered the service of a greater Sovereign, in which he faithfully persevered until the time of trial, which was henceforth to be his lot, was patiently ended. A short time afterwards he communicated this resolution to his brother, Lord William Howard, "to whom he bore a special love," and, aided by a controversial book from the pen of Cardinal Allen, succeeded in convincing him also of the truth of the claims of the Catholic Church.

To resolve to become a Catholic, and to carry this resolution into effect, were, however, in "the golden days of good Queen Bess," two very different matters. The abominable and disgraceful laws against all professors of the Ancient Faith, enacted in this reign, were now being most rigorously enforced. So, in order to practise their adopted religion in peace and quietness, the Howards determined to leave the country and cross to Flanders. For this purpose, Philip sent his secretary—a Catholic, John Mumford by name—to Hull, in Yorkshire, from whence he was to sail to Flanders to prepare to meet the fugitives, when they were able to follow him. Mumford was, however, arrested at Hull, and compelled to return to London, where he found the Earl making preparations to entertain the Queen at Arundel House, having received an intimation that she intended to pay him a visit there. As a graceful recognition of the splendid hospitality she received on this occasion, Elizabeth ordered Philip to remain prisoner in his own house, and commissioned Lord Hunsdon to examine him on the subject of religion, and other matters on which the Queen had apparently begun to suspect him. Philip, however, succeeded in satisfying this amateur inquisitor, who left him with "no mind to molest him any more."

Some extraordinary circumstances followed this high-handed, not to say tyrannical, act. About a month afterwards, Sir Christopher Hatton—afterwards known as the "Dancing Chancellor," for he obtained this important position by the elegance with which he danced before the Queen*—sent for Mumford and questioned

* Hatton (whose name survives in Hatton Garden, London) was

him closely concerning the private affairs of the Howards, and also of himself—if he were a priest or no. Mumford answered discreetly, disclaiming the honour suggested concerning himself, and asserting the innocence of his patron and his relatives. On the two following days he was again closely examined; and on the third occasion, the Queen, the Earl of Leicester, and others of the Council suddenly entered; and not being satisfied with the answer that Sir Christopher had extracted from him with threats of torture and the rack, sent him prisoner to the gatehouse at Westminster, where for some months he was rigorously confined. At the end of this time he was taken to Whitehall, and in the presence of Norton (the gentleman who presided over the ingenious contrivance, the rack) he was once more questioned by Leicester, Hunsdon, Walsingham, and other councillors. The gentle Norton was present, it appears, in order to witness against not only Mumford himself, but Philip, his wife, and Lord William. The result of this impromptu trial was, however, so far satisfactory that the discreet and faithful secretary not only regained his own liberty, but that of his patron and others concerned as well.

His confinement and other troubles had obliged Philip to defer his formal reception into the Catholic Church until he was at liberty to obtain the good offices of some priest to accept his submission. In this he was assisted by his wife, who found means to bring to him "a very virtuous and religious priest of the Society of Jesus," Fr. William Weston, who, in the year 1584, reconciled the Earl to the faith of his ancestors; and by his kindly and prudent advice and direction confirmed him in his change of life, and newly acquired

one of the most favoured courtiers of Elizabeth. Although, as a rule, he appeared to have been but little better than his colleagues, Leicester, Walsingham and Cecil, we find him at times employing his authority to mitigate the severity of the law in favour of Catholics prosecuted for their religion before the ecclesiastical courts. It is recorded, too, that, when during Philip's imprisonment some of his lands were offered to Hatton by the Queen herself, "out of friendship and honourable respect" to Philip, he refused the gift. A very singular instance of moderation in the henchman of Elizabeth.

habits of piety and devotion. He frequently received the Blessed Eucharist, and at the daily Mass, which he was able to have said in his own house, "with great humility and reverence he himself in person many times would serve."

This change of living did not escape the vigilant eyes of Walsingham's and Leicester's spies; and signs were not wanting that his regained liberty was not to be of long continuance. Determined to act before it was too late, Philip decided once more, in spite of the opposition of Fr. Weston, to leave his country, and seek freedom and safety in other lands; making arrangements for his wife and her unborn child to follow him shortly. Before sailing, however, he resolved to write a full justification of his conduct to the Queen, to be delivered as soon as he should make known to his friends in England that he had reached a place of safety on the Continent. In this long and eloquent epistle, he enumerated the failure of all his attempts to gain her confidence; the ascendancy of his enemies in her Council; and the affronts and disgrace he had suffered through their devices. The Earl then goes on to speak of the trial, condemnation, and death of his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, who though innocent, had suffered as traitors, fearing that as they were condemned on trivial and unjust causes, a like fate might fall upon him; further stating that he perceived how readily the Queen believed any evil reports against him; that he was aware his religion was considered dangerous to the State; and, as he knew from experience that innocence was not a sufficient warrant to protect him, he was come, he said, to the point "in which he must consent, either to the certain destruction of his body, or the manifest endangering of his soul;" and he therefore trusted that if, to escape such evils, he should leave the realm without licence, the Queen would not visit him with her displeasure; concluding with an appeal to her justice, and a prayer for her happiness.

Having made all necessary arrangements for his flight, he embarked from the coast of Sussex, little aware that he had been all the while beset with spies and informers;

and that his own servants, and the very master of the ship which was to convey him, were in the pay of the Minister. He had hardly lost sight of land, when two sail were descried in full chase. They were under the command of Heloway, a notorious pirate, also employed by the Council. After a short resistance, in which he received a slight wound, Philip surrendered; and, after being stripped of his money and jewels, was delivered by Heloway to Sir George Cary, the son of Lord Hunsdon, and committed by the Council to the Tower. His imprisonment was followed by that of his brother, Lord William Howard, and his sister, Lady Margaret Sackville. The day after his committal he was privately examined by a commission from the Council; but his innocence so disconcerted the malice of his adversaries, that he remained for more than twelve months from this time unnoticed in prison. At length the charge of treason, at first preferred, was converted into that of contempt, and he was accused in the Court of the Star Chamber of having sought to leave the kingdom without a licence, and of having corresponded with Cardinal Allen, who had been declared the Queen's enemy. To these charges the Earl replied that in the first he was justified by necessity, because the laws of the country did not permit him to worship God according to his conscience, and that his correspondence with Allen was not on matters of state, but of religion. Both pleas were over-ruled; and, at the close of a most unjust trial, he was condemned to pay a fine of ten thousand pounds, and to be imprisoned during the pleasure of the Queen. .

Elizabeth's was not the nature to spare one who had offended her, when he was actually in her power; and, by every mean and spiteful device, was Philip made to feel the weight of her resentment. He was most closely confined * and harshly treated by the Lieutenant of the Tower; to such an extent, indeed, that his health suffered most severely, and he became a victim to many painful disorders. In spite of all these rigours he retained his

* "Phillipp, late Earle of Arundell, is a close prisonr, and hath noe other libertie than he had in Sr Owen Hopton's tyme wch is to walke in the quene's gardeine twoe houres in the daie, wth a servant of the lieuten'ts to attende him, the gardeine doore being shoutt at the tyme of his walkinge." Lansdowne MSS. No. 65.

cheerfulness and patience, humbly accepting all his present sufferings as a penance for the years during which he had neglected and offended God.

Three years passed: 1587 saw the murder of the Scottish Queen Mary*—a guest of Elizabeth; 1588, the defeat and destruction of the vast fleet prepared by Philip of Spain for the projected conquest of England. In celebration of this latter event the genius of Protestantism required an unusual number of human victims; and the Virgin Queen was only too ready to supply them. A commission was issued; a selection was made from the Catholics in prison on account of religion: and six priests were indicted for their priestly character; four laymen for having been reconciled to the Catholic Church; and four others, among whom was a gentlewoman of the name of Ward, for having assisted or harboured priests. All these immediately, and fifteen of their companions within the three next months, suffered the barbarous and infamous punishment of traitors. It was not so much as hinted that they had been guilty of any act of disloyalty. On their trials, nothing was objected to them but the practice of their religion.

The blood of these innocent victims was not, however enough for the movers of the persecution. They looked forward to the execution of the Catholic of highest rank in the kingdom, the poor prisoner of the Tower, Philip Howard. At the beginning of 1588 the rigour with which he had hitherto been confined was somewhat relaxed, and he even obtained permission to visit the cell of William Bennet, an old priest, also confined for religion. This indulgence was the result of a large bribe to the Lieutenant's daughter from the Countess; by whose means the requisites for the celebration of Mass were also obtained. Here Philip met two other fellow-prisoners, Sir Thomas Gerard and William Shelly. At the time of the anticipated arrival of the Spanish Armada, a rumour obtained currency amongst the Catholic prisoners that the moment any of the Spaniards obtained a footing in England, all Catholics on whom hands could be laid would be

* See p. 23.

promptly put to death. This danger naturally became the subject of conversation among them, and Philip suggested that they should join in one common form of prayer to solicit the protection of Heaven against it. This proposal was, however, almost immediately abandoned, from the fear, which subsequently proved only too well-founded, that it would infallibly be misrepresented by their enemies if it came to their knowledge.

After the defeat of the Armada, all the prisoners were suddenly separated and removed to different prisons, Philip remaining in close custody in the Tower. Shelly, Gerard, and Bennet underwent separate examinations respecting the language and conduct of the Earl. The answers of the first were harmless; Gerard represented him as a well-wisher to the Spaniards, and Bennet, if we may believe himself, through fear of torture and the rack, confessed that Philip had asked him to celebrate Mass for the success of the invaders. On these depositions was grounded a charge of high treason; the Earl of Derby was appointed Lord High Steward for the trial, and the prisoner was brought to Westminster Hall to plead for his life before that nobleman and twenty-four other peers.* Although the evidence both of Bennet and Gerard,† who were the chief witnesses, appears to have broken down (indeed, some of the peers called the former a "fals man and no lawful witness"), Philip was, after an hour's debate, found guilty of high treason,

* "Then the Lieutenant of the Tower was called to return his precept, and to bring forth his Prisoner, Philip Earl of Arundel. The Earl came into the Hall, being in a wrought velvet gown furred about with Martins, Laid about with Gold lace and buttoned with Gold Buttons, a black Sattin Doublet, a pair of Velvet Hose, and a long high black Hat on his head; a very tall man, looking somewhat swarth coloured. . . . Then did Mr. Sandes, Clerk of the Crown, say, he was indicted of several Treasons, and said unto him, "Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, late of Arundel, in the County of Sussex, hold up thy Hand." He held up his Hand very high saying, 'Here is as true a Man's Heart and Hand as ever came into this Hall.'" State Trials, 1589.

† It is painful to record so serious a lapse of one who had suffered so much for his faith. Gerard (whose son, John, a Jesuit

and condemned to a traitor's death.* He heard this cruel sentence with cheerfulness and composure, and was conducted to his prison, from which he was never again to be released.

On the day after his condemnation, Philip wrote and sent the following characteristic letter to the Lord Chancellor:

"My special good Lord,

I am most hartily sorry that I was so prevented by my hasty departure from the Bar, presently after the Sentence pronounced upon me, as I wanted time to make humble suit for her Majesty's favour. And I am very glad that I have the opportunity of writing to your Lordship to make humble Petition unto her Majesty in my behalf for her gracious favour together with my most harty grief for anything whereinsoever I have offended her Highness in all ye course of my life. As also to give your Ldship humble thanks for your honourable goodness always extended towards me, and to become a most earnest suiter for the continuance thereof to my wife and children. And as a dead man to this world, and in all good-will whilst I live, your Lordship's most affectionate, I humbly take my leave, beseeching God to send you all honour and happiness in this world to His glory, and my poor soul a joyfull meeting with yours in Heaven. The day after my Condemnation.

"Your Ldship's most humbly
at commandment till my last,
"PHILIPP HOWARD."

In another letter written about the same time to his friend and director, Fr. Southwell,† he is careful to explain that the pardon he asks from the Queen is not on account of any of those things of which he had been accused in his trial, but for anything in which he had offended her during the time he had "waited upon her;" that is, when he was resident at the court and in daily attendance on Elizabeth. How soon after his condemnation, it was resolved to spare his life cannot

* It is doubtful what were the exact reasons why this barbarous condemnation was never carried into execution. Possibly Elizabeth feared the consequences of the public appearance on the scaffold of another young and illustrious victim to judicial injustice; and found that her end, and his, could be more safely, if not more speedily, obtained by renewing the close confinement he had undergone during the first years of his committal.

† Ven. Robert Southwell, a Priest of the Society of Jesus,

now be ascertained, but whenever this was, it was not notified to the Earl, who for some years spent his time in a continual expectation of death, making a careful preparation for this event. Amongst other things, anticipating that he might be prevented from making, as was then customary, a speech to the people assembled to witness his death, he prepared a number of copies, in Latin and English, of a declaration,* in which he solemnly declares his innocence of all treason except the profession of the Holy Catholic Faith, and thanks God for the great honour vouchsafed to him of dying for this profession,—a consummation which indeed occurred, though not at the time or in the manner that he then anticipated. To a petition that he might be allowed to see his wife, or at least his son, who had been born since his imprisonment and whom he had never seen, no answer was returned.

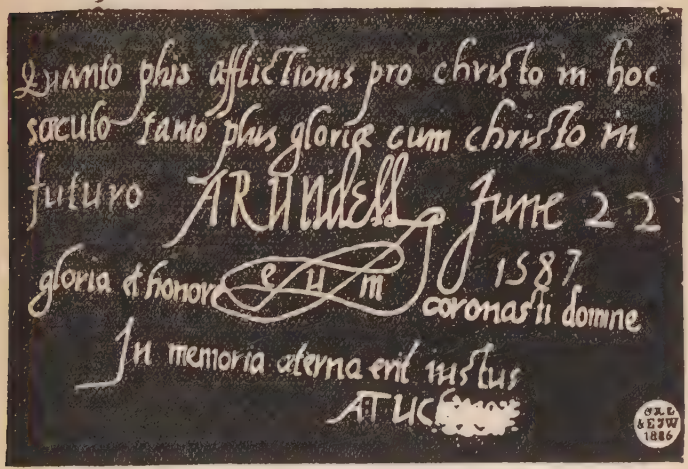
During all the years of his long and tedious confinement, the patience, courage, and cheerfulness of Philip neither abated nor flagged. He spent long hours in devotion; and the rest of his time, when not sleeping or taking the exercise ordered by the physicians, was devoted to writing or translating books of piety and devotion. Until his health finally broke down, he fasted rigorously three days in the week, besides on the vigils and eves of all the great festivals;† and these austerities he so managed that only one of his own servants knew that he practised them. He rose at five every morning, and prayed for some time with his bare knees on the cold stone, a habit which eventually caused his knees to become very black and hard. He retired to rest at nine, after making a strict examination of conscience. His former ill-treatment of his wife was the subject of much sorrow and repentance. In one of his letters to Fr. Southwell, he says:—"I call our Lord to witness that no sin grieves me anything so much as my offences to that party (his lady). God I hope of his infinit mercy who knows my heart, and has seen my true sorrow in that behalf, has remitted all, I doubt not, and so has

* See p. 21.

† "Upon Sundays and Feasts he used to read some part of the Holy Scriptures with special reverence and humility." MS. Life.

the party, of her singular charity, to my unspeakable comfort." In a letter to his wife herself,* he also says:—"He that knows all things, knows that which is past is a nail in my conscience, and burden the greatest I feel there: my will is to make satisfaction in my ability were able."

Philip's attachment to the Faith was intense and absorbing. Indeed, what he suffered for it is sufficient proof of the truth of this statement. But before he died, it was further tried in many ways. About a year after


Quanto plus afflictionis pro christo in hoc
saeculo tanto plus gloriæ cum christo in
futuro ARUndell June 22
gloria et honore 1587
coronasti domine
In memoria aeterna erit iustus

his trial, one of his keepers hinted that if he would "conform," he would be set at liberty and restored to favour; and towards the end of his life this offer was

* A few particulars of this noble lady may here be given. She was brought up as a Protestant, but when about 25 years old became a Catholic, incurring by this step the utmost rancour of Elizabeth's ill-will. After her husband's death, she lived a life of great sanctity, in imitation of her namesake, the holy widow Anne (mentioned in St. Luke's Gospel, ii, 36, 37), and died in April, 1630, at the age of 73. It is sad to record that the son of these saintly parents, Thomas, Earl of Arundel (the celebrated collector of antiquities, after whom the "Arundel Marbles" are named), apostatized from the Faith for which his father had given the best years of his short life.

renewed. But it had now no attractions for the pale prisoner in his lonely cell. The touching inscription to which allusion has been made, cut by his own hands on the rough walls he knew so well, contained a truth which he had made himself master of, and none of the glory of this world was for him. "Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc sæculo, tanto plus gloriæ cum Christo in futuro.* Arundell, June 22, 1587."

So it runs. And all his letters, writings, and conversation manifest the same courage and cheerfulness, arising from the great confidence he had in the mercy and goodness of Almighty God, in whose hands he was content to leave all things, and to know they were working for the best. "I beseech you, for the love of God, to comfort yourself whatsoever shall happen, and to be best pleased with that which shall please God best, and be His will to send. . . . I am, I thank God, and doubt not I shall be, by His grace, ready to endure the worst which flesh and blood can do against me," he writes, shortly before his trial, to his wife; and his constant reference to the love and mercy and grace of God show that the presence of his Creator was to him an abiding reality, and a never-ceasing source of peace and consolation.

It affords an interesting insight into the unsettled state of the public mind during this reign, to know that, even in his prison, in the Tower, Philip was planning the conversion into religious houses of Howard House in London,† and Norwich House in Norfolk; also to restore all the Church property still in his possession. When one—as well acquainted with the probable or possible course of political events as Philip, from his former life at court must have been—could thus plan, we may conclude there were, even then, adequate grounds for hoping for another national return to the

* "The more affliction we endure for Christ in this world, the more glory we shall obtain with Christ in the next."

† The Charterhouse, formerly a Carthusian monastery. It had been "dissolved" by Henry VIII. and the prior and most of the monks put to death. The buildings were bought by Philip's father from a certain Roger North. In the reign of James I. the property again changed hands; Thomas Sutton, founder of the Charterhouse School, being the purchaser.

Catholic Church, such as was witnessed in the reign of Elizabeth's predecessor and sister, Mary.

Months grew into years; years slowly dragged themselves away, and the time at length approached when it pleased God to release His servant from his life of hardship and trial. It was Philip's custom to note down in a calendar, towards the close of each week, the special prayers and devotions which he intended to say on each day of the following one. About seven days before his death he was doing this, and, on coming to the Sunday on which he died, he paused and said, "Hitherto and no further, this is enough," and wrote no more. From this we learn that some special revelation had been granted him, concerning the very time of his death.

In August, 1595, he was suddenly taken ill at dinner,* violent sickness was followed by dysentery, which could not be corrected; and, in spite of antidotes and medicines sent by his wife, he gradually wasted away, until, before he died, little was left of the once gay and handsome courtier but skin and bone. His request to have the assistance of a priest was rudely denied, nor were any of his relations, either Catholic or Protestant, permitted to visit him. Some time previously, Elizabeth had made a kind of promise to some of his friends that before his death his wife and children should come to him; and now, feeling death rapidly approaching, Philip wrote to the Queen and some of her Council, humbly petitioning for the performance of the supposed promise. The Lieutenant of the Tower himself delivered Philip's letter to the Queen, and brought back from her a verbal answer to the effect that, if the Earl would but once go to the Protestant service his request should not only be granted, but he should be restored to her favour, and to all his former estates and honours. This obvious and spiteful mockery of a helpless prisoner, dying through her means, is only paralleled by the brutal jest recorded of the Queen's father, Henry, who

* This circumstance was—probably with correctness—attributed to the presence of poison in a dish of wild-fowl of which Philip partook; a suspicion which was increased by the cook specially asking Philip's pardon shortly before his death.

on hearing that the Pope was sending a Cardinal's hat to B. John Fisher, remarked that he would have to wear it on his shoulders, for he certainly would not have a head to put it on—an arrangement which Henry was careful to have carried out, as far as his own part was concerned. Philip, however, received this cruel rebuff meekly, thanking the Lieutenant for his trouble, and declining to accept her Majesty's favours on this condition ; adding, that he was sorry he had but one life to lose for so good a cause.

After this incident Philip sank rapidly. At his physicians' order, he was obliged to give over saying the Divine Office, or reading at all ; the recitation of the Rosary and such prayers as he knew by heart being his constant occupation, and we are told that his beads were scarcely ever out of his hands. A few days before his death, he asked his physicians not to trouble themselves any more about him, as it was obvious that his case was beyond their skill ; adding, that he wished to attend to some business—meaning his prayers and devotions.

As soon as Philip's death became a matter of absolute certainty, not only to himself but to those about him, a very touching scene took place. Sir Michael Blount, the Lieutenant of the Tower, who had (probably according to orders received from a higher authority) always treated him with exceptional harshness and severity, came to his bedside, and, kneeling down, humbly asked his prisoner—so soon to be released—to forgive him. Philip gently replied, " Do you ask forgiveness, Mr. Lieutenant ? Why, then I forgive you in the same sort as I desire myself to be forgiven at the hands of God." Then, taking Sir Michael's hand, Philip kissed it, and, still holding it fast, in the most kind and charitable manner, said to him, " I pray you also to forgive me whatever I have said or done in any way offensive to you." The Lieutenant in tears protested that he did so with all his heart. Philip then raised himself a little on his pillow, and, in a grave voice, said : " Mr. Lieutenant, you have showed both me and my men* very hard

* His servants, who had been very harshly treated, being themselves closely confined, and admitted only at certain times to their master.

measure." "Wherein, my Lord?" said Sir Michael. "Nay," replied Philip, "I will not make a recapitulation of anything, for it is all freely forgiven. Only, I am to say unto you a few words of my last will, which, being observed, may, by the grace of God, turn much to your benefit and reputation, I speak not of myself, for God of His goodness has taken order that I shall be delivered very shortly out of your charge: only for others I speak, who may be committed to this place. You must think, Mr. Lieutenant, that when a prisoner comes hither to this Tower, that he bringeth sorrow with him. Oh, then, do not add affliction to affliction; there is no man whatsoever that thinketh himself to stand surest, but may fall. It is a very inhuman part to tread on him whom misfortune hast cast down. The man that is void of mercy God hath in great detestation. Your commission is only to keep with safety, not to kill with severity. Remember, good Mr. Lieutenant, that God, who with His finger turneth the unstable wheel of this variable world, can in the revolution of a few days bring you to be a prisoner also, and to be kept in the same place where now you keep others. There is no calamity that men are subject unto, but you may also taste as well as any other man. Farewell, Mr. Lieutenant, for [during] the time of my small [short] abode come to me whenever you please, and you shall be heartily welcome as my friend." Sir Michael, deeply touched and still in tears, then departed, little thinking that the Earl's words were prophetic: and that, as actually happened within seven weeks, he should fall into disgrace, be deprived of his office, and committed and kept close prisoner in the Tower, under a new Lieutenant who was as severe to him as he had been to others.

The last night of Philip's life was spent almost entirely in prayer; sometimes the Rosary, sometimes such psalms and devotions as he knew by heart. "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," "Lord, Thou art my only hope," and other short ejaculations were constantly on his lips, as well as the holy names of Jesus and Mary. In the morning, he asked his servants who were weeping bitterly about his bed, what time it was They answered, eight o'clock or thereabouts. "Why

then," said Philip, "I have almost run out my course, and come to the end of this miserable and mortal life" going on to ask his servants not to weep for him, since he did not doubt by the grace of God that all would go well with him. Once more the dying saint betakes himself to prayer. In a very slow, hollow, and faint voice he continued to say the Rosary until unable to articulate, the names of Jesus and Mary being the last words which he was heard to utter. The last minute of his last hour being come, lying on his back, his eyes fixed towards heaven, his long, lean, wasted arms out of the bed, his hands crossed upon his breast,—at 12 o'clock at noon, on Sunday, October 19, 1595 (after nearly eleven years' imprisonment), "in a most sweet manner, without any sign of grief or groan, only turning his head a little aside, as one falling into a pleasing sleep, he surrender'd his happy soul into the hands of Almighty God, who to His so great glory had created it." *

Till the following Tuesday, Philip's body remained in the chamber in which he died. It was then shrouded in a "poor sheet," placed in a plain coffin covered with black cloth,† and carried without any ceremony to the Chapel of St. Peter, within the precincts of the Tower. The chaplain, being of course a Protestant, deemed it a profanation to read the established service over the remains of a mere "Popish recusant." He, however, considered the occasion a fitting one to deliver himself of the following harangue: "We are not come to honour this man's religion; we publicly profess and here openly protest, otherwise to be saved; nor to honour his offence —the Law hath judged him—we leave him to the Lord. He is gone to his place. Thus we find it set down in our own book, 'Man that is born of woman,' etc. Thus God hath laid this man's honour in the dust. Yet, as it is said in the Scriptures, 'Go and bury yonder woman for she is a king's daughter,' so we commit his body to

* Perhaps in all English History no more striking contrast between two death-beds can be found than between that of Philip Howard and that of his persecutor, the great Queen Elizabeth.

† Elizabeth evidently considered that the funeral of her kinsman could not be conducted with too rigid an attention to economy. The coffin cost 10s., the black cloth 30s.

the earth, yet giving God hearty thanks that He hath delivered us from so great a fear. And thus let us praise God with the song of Deborah." A psalm and a prayer, composed for the occasion, concluded this extraordinary service; and the remains of Philip Howard were consigned to the same blood-stained grave in which his father's were.

Here they reposed till the year 1624, when, by the interest of his son and successor, the body was given up to his faithful widow, Ann Dacres, who brought it first to her house at West Horseley in Surrey, where it was placed in an iron coffin,* and shortly afterwards taken and reinterred in a vault beneath the beautiful Collegiate Chapel in the parish church of Arundel, where it still remains; to be, let us humbly trust, at no distant date enshrined in the adjoining church of another Saint Philip, there to receive the loving veneration of the faithful.†

* The inscription placed on this coffin is as follows:—"PHILIPI COMITIS olim ARUND. et SUR. ossa veneranda hoc loculo condita impetratâ a Jacobo Rege veniâ, Annæ uxoris dilectissimæ cura, THOMAE FILII, insigni pietate a Turri Londoniensi in hunc locum translata sunt anno in 1624. Qui imo of fidei Catho. professionem sub Elizabetha carceri mancipatus, deinde pœnâ pecuniaria 10,000 lib. mulctatus, tandem capitis iniquissime condemnatus, post vitam in arctissima custodia in eadem Turri an. 10. mens 6. sanctissime transactam piissime 19 Oct. 1595, non absque veneni suspitione in Domino obdormivit;" which may be thus rendered in English: "The venerated remains of Philip, formerly Earl of Arundel and Surrey, were deposited in this chest, by the care of his well-beloved wife Anne, when, by the signal piety of his son Thomas, permission was obtained from King James. They were translated from the Tower of London to this place in the year 1624. On account of his profession of the Catholic faith he was first imprisoned, then condemned to pay a fine of 10,000 pounds, and at length was most unjustly sentenced to death, under Elizabeth. After a life of ten years and six months, very holily and piously spent in the severest bondage in the same Tower, on the 19th of October, 1595, he fell asleep in the Lord, not without a suspicion that his death was caused by poison."

† The story current in guide-books and others, that a Duchess of the family subsequently extracted the head from the coffin and had it encased in gold, has no further foundation than this:—the fourteenth Duke of Norfolk, on the occasion of a funeral in the same vault, caused the coffin to be opened, and a fragment only of the skull taken out. This was done by the priest at Arundel—Mr.

Philip's imprisonment and sufferings for the Catholic Faith caused him, even during his life-time, to be regarded by both English and foreign Catholics with the highest respect and honour—a statement which is fully borne out by the frequent references to him in the Catholic books of the time. And after his death he was generally regarded as a Confessor and Martyr for his religion: an opinion which has been ratified by subsequent generations, and which, as we hinted above, alone waits the final authorization of the Holy See, to take a definite and permanent shape.

Before summing up the life of this truly saintly man in his own sentences, the writer places before his readers the following extract from the writings of a learned Jesuit, Father Cornelius a Lapide—this particular passage being taken from a Commentary on the words in Hebrews x. 5. 34, "You took with joy the being stripped of your own goods." "The most noble Earl of Arundel, Philip Howard, son and heir of the Duke of Norfolk, being taken when he was flying into France for the Catholic Religion, was cast into the Tower of London, and afterwards arraigned and condemned, and, after ten years and a half imprisonment or thereabout, he died in durance, a glorious Confessor, yea a Martyr. He was the chief Earl of England, and of a most noble family: and wonderful it is how much he lost, and with what quietness of mind he endured all adversities. Whilst he was prisoner, he was not only of example, but a singular comfort to all Catholics. No one ever heard him complain either of the loss of his goods, or of the incommodities of the prison, or the being bereaved of his liberty; and such as he heard complain or understood to be aggrieved, he endeavoured by his words and courteous usage, to comfort, strengthen and confirm. His delight was in nothing but God, and the contemplation of heavenly things. Much of the money which the Queen did allow him for his maintenance (for to every prisoner in the Tower

Tierney—and the relic was by him placed in a reliquary. Many will be interested to know that this reliquary is now in the possession of a youthful descendant and namesake of the saintly Earl,—the present Lord Arundel and Surrey.

something is assigned, more or less according to his degree), he gave unto the poor, contenting himself with a spare and slender diet. Many other things this noble Earl said, did and, suffered, which equalise, if not exceed, the deeds of the ancient worthies of the Primitive Church and therefore are most worthly to be eternised."

Philip, in company with his Master and his fellow-servants in all times, has suffered much from the attacks and misrepresentations of those who are desirous of seeing the religion for which he suffered, only in the light of their own prejudices, and are determined to admit no good at all in any victim of Protestant penal laws. "A poor fanatic," "a weak intriguing man," and similar epithets are the best that such persons can find to apply to one of the noblest victims of their popular Protestant divinity, Queen Elizabeth. True, indeed, that there is little in his life or death that is at all dramatic, or, in the vulgar sense, heroic: no impassioned scenes, no pathetic pictures for pencil or pen, and to crown all, no blood-stained apotheosis on Tower Hill or Tyburn, in the presence of numberless, perhaps sympathizing, spectators. But on this account his memory will be no less dear to Catholics, who will see in his long captivity, with all its rigour, insults and aggravations, borne with such combined meekness and dignity, a claim to share in the benediction which our Divine Lord pronounced in the Gospel, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and speak all manner of evil falsely against you, for My Name's sake."

APPENDIX.

DECLARATION WRITTEN BY PHILIP HOWARD, COPIES OF WHICH HE INTENDED TO DISTRIBUTE AT HIS EXPECTED EXECUTION. (*See p.* 12.)

"Seeing Almighty God hath vouchsafed of His infinit goodness to call me being the meanest of all His servants, and most unworthy, I must confess of so great honour to bear witness of the Catholick Faith, and Roman Church, I thought it fit, for preventing of all sinister practices, which might be used either to the disgrace of my Faith or discredit of myself to testify

that under my hand, in as effectual manner as I could, which I am ready to seal with my blood, by the grace and assistance of our Lord, whensoever need and occasion shall require: that neither the innocency of my mind, nor integrity of mine actions may be defaced by the untrue suggestions of others (as to men in my state it often happens) nor my firm resolution in the Catholick and Roman Faith perverted by the false reports of evill disposed persons. For albeit I must acknowledge myself most frail, and a heinous sinner, yet as I am bound to maintain in myself the name and Faith of a Catholick man (which next unto God I hold in greatest price and account, and which every faithfull Christian ought to esteem above all others whatsoever) so do I most desire that all men should take me for such a one, as in truth I am, and that no man should be either misled or beguiled by malicious and untrue reports to think otherwise of me, than both my words and deeds do plainly testifie. Wherefore for the satisfaction of all men, and discharge of my conscience before God, I here protest before His Divine Majesty and all the Holy Court of Heaven, that I have committed no treason, and that the Catholick and Roman Faith which I hold, is the only cause (as far as I can any way imagin) why either I have been thus long imprisoned, or why I am now ready to be executed. And I do most firmly, resolutly, and unmoveably hold and believe this One, Holy, Catholick, and Apostolic Faith. And as I will die in ye same so am I most ready at all times, if need be, to yield my life for defence thereof. And whatsoever ye most sacred Council of Trent hath established touching Faith and manners, I believe and hold. And whatsoever it hath condemned, I condemn in my soul, and renounce here under my hand, and abjure from the bottom of my heart. And I do most earnestly desire that all Catholicks conceive this opinion of me, and take me so as I have here protested myself to be and not credit any untrue reports that have, may, or shall be spread of me to the contrary: for as Christ is life unto me, so account I death a most happy and glorious gain unto me being in defence of His Faith and for His Holy Name. And thus I will conclude

with beseeching Almighty God the Father of mercies, and God of all consolation to grant peace unto His Church, charity and grace to mine enemies, salvation and felicity to the Queen and realm; and to me as an untimely fruit (being born before my time) and the meanest of His servants a constant perseverence in His Holy Faith and the love of His Divine Majesty. Amen.

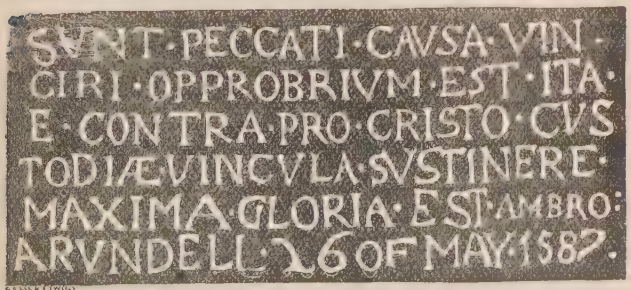
"By me a most humble and obedient child of the Catholick Roman Church. "PHILIPP Howard."

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ARUNDEL.

Immediately before her execution, Mary entrusted to her faithful servant, Sir Andrew Melville, her own rosary to be sent as a last token of affection to Philip and his wife. It may be doubted whether this interesting and valuable relic ever reached Philip himself,— who was in prison at the time,—but certain it is that the rosary itself, which is of gold, jewelled and enamelled, has remained in his branch of the family to the present time.

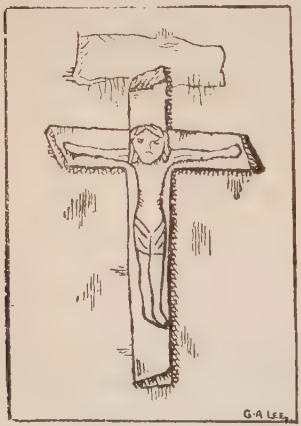
MEMORIALS OF PHILIP IN THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER. *(See p. 13)*

Several references have been made to an inscription cut by Philip on the walls of his prison. This inscription is over the fire-place in an angle of the largest



apartment in the Tower. Immediately beneath it (as may be seen by referring to the reduced facsimile that

accompanies this sketch) the following texts have been added, after Philip's death, by a certain A. Tucker—or some such name, for most of this has been obliterated —a Catholic certainly, and, probably, imprisoned for his religion too;—"Gloria et honore eum coronasti domine," and "In memoria aeterna erit justus";* and in order to make it quite certain to whom the "eum" referred, the letters composing it have been ingeniously placed in the flourishes beneath Philip's signature, "Arundell." Up the stairs, on the right of the first loop-hole, is another inscription from Philip's hands, which runs thus:—"Sicut peccati causa vinciri opprobrium est ita e contra pro Cristo custodiæ vincula sustinere maxima gloria est. ambro. Arundell, 16 of May, 1587."†



The only other memorial of Philip left to be noticed, is a small crucifix, cut in the splay of a window in a passage to the left of the large room. This pious object (a facsimile of which two-thirds of the full size, will be here noticed) has not hitherto been assigned to any particular prisoner; but, in Philip's life we are told that he engraved "y^e^ sign of the Holy Cross" on the walls of his prison; and, as there is no other cross or crucifix in this building, we may safely conclude that the little work owes its existence to him, who was so faithful a servant of Him whom it represents.

Sola Virtus Invicta.

* "Thou, O Lord, hast crowned him with glory and honour. The just shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

† "To be bound on account of sin is a disgrace; but to sustain the bonds of prison for Christ's sake is the greatest glory."

Blessed John Fisher*

(1459—1535).

By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.

John Fisher was born at Beverley, Yorkshire, probably in the year 1459, and was the eldest son of Robert Fisher, a well-to-do merchant of that then flourishing town, and of Agnes his wife. After completing his early studies at the school attached to the Minster Church of Beverley, he was sent to Michael House, Cambridge, and placed under the care of William de Melton, a tutor of great ability. This was in 1484; in 1487 he took his degree of B.A., and was elected fellow of his College soon after, and in 1491 became M.A. in which year he was appointed Vicar of Northallerton in Yorkshire. He only held this benefice for three years, for in 1494 he was made Proctor of his University; and three years after that, was appointed Master of Michael House. In 1501 the degree of D.D. was conferred upon him, and he was elected Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University.

About 1497, the Lady Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and mother of the then reigning king, Henry VII., having heard of Fisher's holiness and learning, appointed him her confessor and almoner. This

* Much light has been thrown upon the subject of the present brief memoir through the research of the Rev. T. E. Bridget, C.SS.R., who in his *Life of the Blessed John Fisher* has brought forward much that was hitherto unknown and has corrected much in the received biographies of the martyr that was unauthentic. Our own little biography has been revised in conformity with Father Bridgett's excellent work.

she was influenced by his advice in the most important matters. It was through his direction that she founded the two "Lady Margaret" Professorships of Divinity, one at Oxford, the other at Cambridge; and endowed two Colleges, St. John's and Christ's College, at the latter University. Dr. Fisher himself was appointed first Margaret Professor of Divinity, in 1503.

In 1504, Richard Fitzjames, Bishop of Rochester, was transferred to the bishopric of Chichester, and by a Bull dated October 14, 1504, Dr. Fisher was appointed by Pope Julius II. Bishop of Rochester. Rochester was the poorest of all the English sees, the income amounting to only £300 a year, and it would be naturally expected that a prelate of such reputation would soon be advanced to a richer and more important diocese. And indeed the bishoprics of Lincoln and Ely were offered to him not long after, but the holy man declined to leave a diocese which had no other fault than its poverty. Thus he continued in this see till his death.

In the same year, 1504, he was elected Chancellor of Cambridge University, and was re-elected annually till 1514, when, contrary to the usual custom, he was appointed for life. Whilst he was Chancellor, Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII., was under his care, and this Prince, during the earlier and better part of his reign, had a great respect for his former tutor, and was much influenced by him.

In April, 1509, Henry VII. died, and Bishop Fisher, one of the first preachers of the day, delivered the sermon at his funeral; he had to perform the same office for his great patroness, the Countess of Richmond, who died in July of the same year. These two sermons were published and still exist, and they fully justify Dr. Fisher's reputation as a preacher,

Henry VIII. ascended the throne on April 22, 1509, and married a few months later, by dispensation granted by Pope Julius II., Catharine of Arragon, the widow of his elder brother Arthur, a lady of singular virtue. But some years after, the King tired of his wife, who had given him no surviving male issue, and in love with Anne Boleyn, affected to have scruples

about his marriage, and solicited the Pope for a divorce from Catharine, on the ground that the Papal dispensation through which they had married was invalid. The cause of the divorce was a failure, and Henry determined to take the law into his own hands. There is still in existence a letter of instruction, signed by the King, to Gardiner, the King's agent at Rome, in which he said: "The King is loth to recur to any remedy except the authority of the See Apostolic [the Pope] if he can find there favour answering to his merit ;* " but he had not found the " favour" he expected—in other words, licence for bigamy—so he had recourse to another remedy, his own authority.

Wolsey, to whom the King attributed the failure of his cause, was disgraced, and was charged with having violated the Statute of Præmunire by acting as Legate of the Pope. This statute was passed in 1373, during the reign of Richard II., and was intended to prevent benefices being granted by the Pope without the consent of the Crown. An arrangement was arrived at between the Papal Court and the Crown, and this statute practically passed into disuse. Each Archbishop of Canterbury was successively Legate of the Holy See, without a word of objection on the part of the Sovereign. But in Wolsey's case this indictment was singularly unjust; for Wolsey had been appointed Legate at the expressed desire of the King, and had acted throughout as the King's agent, and under the King's direction. He had committed no fault save that of failure. However, Wolsey knew, better than any man, the King's nature, and that his only chance of escape was to yield. Accordingly he pleaded guilty, threw himself on the King's mercy, and resigned all his benefices and possessions into the King's hands. He died a few months after; but the consequences of the offence with which he had been charged, and which he had, for reasons of prudence, admitted, did not die with him. By the advice of Thomas Cromwell, it was argued that the clergy, by submitting to Wolsey's authority as Legate, had become partakers of his crime, and

* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII.*, vol. iv. n. 5270.

were therefore subject to the same penalties, namely, imprisonment at the King's pleasure, and the forfeiture of the whole of their possessions to the Crown; the law officers were therefore directed to make out an indictment against the *whole body* of the clergy in the Court of King's Bench.

But Henry was not acting merely out of revenge, nor merely out of avarice; he was hatching a deep plot to get the whole ecclesiastical power into his own hands. Cromwell had persuaded him that the opinion of the learned on the question of the divorce was entirely in the King's favour; nothing was wanting but the approbation of the Pope: but if that approbation was not to be had, was the King therefore to forego his rights? At present, he said, England was a monster with two heads, but were the King to take the power now usurped by the Pope into his own hands, everything would be well, and the clergy, finding that their lives and possessions were at the King's mercy, would be ready enough to do his will.* Collier says: "There was more than money required of the clergy. The King perceiving the process of the divorce move slowly at Rome, and the issue look unpromising, projected a relief another way. To this purpose he seems to have formed a design of transferring some part of the Pope's pretensions upon the Crown, and setting up an ecclesiastical supremacy. And now, having gotten the clergy entangled in a *præmunire*, he resolved to seize the juncture and push the advantage."†

Accordingly when, on Feb. 7, 1531, the Convocation of Canterbury hastily assembled and offered the King a present of £100,000, ‡ as purchase money for a free pardon, to their surprise the present was refused, unless in the decree by which the sum was voted a clause was inserted acknowledging the King as sole protector and supreme head of the Church and clergy of England. Convocation, crushed as it was by the penalties hanging over it, resisted the insertion of this clause; and for three days, negotiations were

* Lingard, vol. vi. c. 3.

† Collier ii. 62. ‡ Equal to quite £1,000,000 at the value of our day.

carried on between the King and Cromwell, through Thomas Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, father of Anne Boleyn, on the one hand, and the Bishops on the other. The King also sent for some of the bishops, and promised them, on the word of a King, that if Convocation would acknowledge him as supreme head of the Church of England, he would never by virtue of that grant assume to himself any more power, jurisdiction, or authority over them than other kings had done before him; nor would he take upon himself to make or promulgate any spiritual law, or exercise any spiritual jurisdiction, nor yet by any kind of means intermeddle with them in altering, changing, or judging of any spiritual business. Soon after, Boleyn and the other lords who were acting for Henry came again to Convocation, and repeated what the King had told these bishops, adding that anyone who should now oppose the King on this point must needs show a great distrust in his majesty's words after he had made so solemn an oath. The clergy were now, for the most part, giving way, and disposed to grant the King's demand; but Bishop Fisher, utterly refused, and besought Convocation to consider what mischief might be brought upon the whole Church of Christ by this unseemly and unreasonable grant made to a temporal prince, which had never yet been so much as demanded before, nor could be within the power of any temporal ruler. "And therefore," said he, "if ye grant the King's request in this matter, it seemeth to me to portend an imminent and present danger at hand: for what if he should shortly after change his mind, and exercise in deed the supremacy over the Church in this realm? Or what if he should die and his successor challenge continuance of the same? Or what if the crown of this realm should in time fall to an infant or a woman that shall still continue and take the same name upon them? What then shall we do? Whom shall we sue? or where shall we have remedy?" The King's Counsellors replied that the King demanded no more than might be allowed by the law of God, *quantum per legem Dei licet*, and they again reminded the clergy of the King's oath: then, as the holy Bishop confuted their

arguments, they left in great anger, saying that whoever would not grant the King's request was not worthy to be accounted a true and loving subject.

Then the Bishops and other members of Convocation, fearing the King's anger, resolved to give way and to acknowledge him as supreme head of the Church of England, trusting to his kingly word that he would make no wrong use of the title granted. The Bishop of Rochester, however, again stood to the front; and, seeing that they were fully resolved on compliance and that he was unable to change their minds, insisted that the words *quantum per legem Dei licet*, "as far as the law of God allows," should be inserted in the grant.* This was done, and the King, seeing that he could not obtain the grant without this condition, had to be content with it, and pardoned the clergy their offence on their promise to pay him £100,000.†

But it must not be thought that in allowing the King the title of Supreme Head of the Church of England that Convocation committed itself to an acknowledgement of the supremacy as it was understood later on, nor that they had then revolted from their allegiance to the See of Rome. In the whole course of the discussion there is no mention of the See of Rome. The clergy objected to the title asked for, because it was vague and hitherto unheard of, and because they feared that Henry might use it to encroach upon the liberties and privileges of the English Church. Neither was there any formal decree by which this headship was acknowledged. This was done merely by a clause inserted in the address to the King. In this address they ask pardon for any penalties incurred and offer their gift as an act of gratitude to the King for writing against Luther and for other acts in favour of the Church. After the words "English Church and clergy" comes the following

* Dr. Lingard says (*Ibid.*): "It is plain that the introduction of the words *as far as the law of Christ will allow*, served to invalidate the whole recognition; since those who might reject the King's supremacy could maintain that it was not allowed by the law of Christ."

† Dr. Hall's MS. See *Blessed John Fisher*, by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.

clause: "Of which we recognize his majesty as the singular protector, the only and supreme lord, and, as far as the law of Christ allows, even the supreme head."

When this form was proposed in Convocation, the Archbishop, Warham, begged of the prelates assembled to allow it to pass, adding that no one was obliged to speak his mind, and that silence would be taken for consent; on this, some one present exclaimed: "Then we are all silent." No one spoke further, and it was recorded in the minutes of the Convocation that the decree granting the present of £100,000 to the King (in which decree appeared this clause on the supremacy) had passed unanimously.*

Thus the Royal Supremacy, in a vague and undefined sense, was acknowledged by the Southern Convocation. At York the Northern Convocation met under the presidency of Archbishop Warham, for the see of York was vacant through the death of Cardinal Wolsey, and a decree voting a present of £18,000 to the King—in which decree was the same clause admitting the Royal Supremacy—was proposed. Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, alone had the courage to speak out. He not only voted against the recognition, but made a spirited and plain-spoken protest which, at his desire, was recorded in the acts. He protested against the title, not because it was a violation of the rights of the Pope, but because it was too vague, and, though capable of a true and right meaning, yet might also bear a false meaning which evil-minded persons would take advantage of. But notwithstanding his protest, the decree was passed.

The clergy soon regretted the step they had taken. Mr. Gairdner says:† "It was repented of almost as soon as made, for however theoretically defensible might be the title to which they agreed, and whatever pains they might have made to guard against misconstruction, the clergy could not but feel the moral disadvantage at

* Wilkins, iii. 725.

† *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII.*, vol. v. Preface, p. xvi. Of Mr. Gairdner's research and his strict impartiality in this important work one cannot speak too highly.

which they now stood in having yielded at all. Yet they were altogether helpless. Under the existing law of *præmunire* they were at the King's mercy. . . . The clergy, ground down to the last extremity, were anxious that the Bishops should retract in Parliament the acknowledgement of the supremacy made in Convocation, and threatened that unless this was done they would not pay a single penny." Chapuys, the ambassador of Charles V. in London, wrote to the Emperor:* "The clergy are more conscious every day of the great error they committed in acknowledging the King as sovereign of the Church, and they are urgent in Parliament to retract it, otherwise they say they will not pay a penny of the 400,000 crowns. What will be the issue, no one knows."† A protest against any encroachments on the liberties of the Church or on the authority of the Holy See, signed by a great number of the clergy of both provinces, was presented to the King; and a few months after, "Archbishop Warham, to atone for what he had done in Convocation, drew up a solemn protest against all enactments made in that Parliament in derogation of the Pope's authority, and of the independence of the clergy."‡

On August 23, 1532, Archbishop Warham died, and was succeeded, a few months later, by Thomas Cranmer.§ This man was a chaplain of the Boleyn family, and had distinguished himself by the part he had taken in favour of the divorce; he was thus a fitting and willing instrument for the two ends which the King had in view, viz.,

* March 22, 1531 (Gairdner).

† The Bishops had, indeed, great difficulty in collecting the money, and on one occasion Stokesley, Bishop of London, was nearly killed.

‡ Gairdner, *Ibid.* Wilkins, iii. 746.

§ The consent of the Pope for Cranmer's consecration was asked and obtained, and the Papal Bulls or documents necessary for the legal consecration of a Bishop were sent in the usual way. Moreover, he took on two occasions the oath of obedience to the Pope, required at that time from every Bishop of the Church of England; but on the previous day he declared *privately* to four witnesses that by that oath of obedience (which he had the fullest intention of breaking) he did not intend to bind himself to anything contrary to the laws of God or the rights of the King (Lingard, vol. vi. chap. 3).

the divorce from Queen Catharine, and the completion of his supremacy over the Church. Accordingly Cranmer's first act after his consecration was to summon the King before him ("a hypocritical farce," Lingard calls it, as though Cranmer "were ignorant of the object for which he had been made Archbishop,") to go through the pretence of trying the cause, and finally pronounce that the marriage between Catharine and Henry was null and void; and a few days later Anne Boleyn, who had already been secretly married to Henry, was publicly crowned Queen of England.

In January of the year 1534, Parliament, which was now completely under the management of the King and his minister, Cromwell, enacted that no canons or decrees should be made by Convocation without the King's consent; that appeals might be made from the bishops to the Court of Chancery, but not to the Pope; that bishops should be made and consecrated without the leave of the Pope; that dispensations usually obtained from Rome should be obtained from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that all payments hitherto made at Rome, as first-fruits of benefices, should cease.

After this the King required all the clergy, both secular and regular, to take the oath of succession, at the same time making a declaration that the Bishop of Rome had no more authority in England than any other foreign bishop, and that the King was supreme head of the Church of England—the saving clause "as far as is allowed by the law of Christ" being omitted. To refuse to take this oath was misprision of treason and punishable by perpetual imprisonment and forfeiture of all property. This oath was subscribed to by the greater part of the clergy, and a formal declaration against the authority of the Pope was obtained from both Convocations and from the universities. Further, in the autumn of the same year, 1534, Parliament enacted that the King and his heirs should be taken and reputed the only supreme heads on earth of the Church of England (again the saving clause was omitted), and to wish or will maliciously by word or work to deprive the King of this title, was made high treason. Then followed "a

series of appalling executions" (we are quoting from Mr. Gairdner,*) "which completely subdued in England all spirit of resistance, while abroad it filled the mind alike of Romanists and of Protestants with horror and indignation. That the nation disliked the change [of religion] as it disliked the cause of the change [the divorce,] there can be very little doubt. On no other subject during the whole reign have we such overt and repeated expressions of dissatisfaction with the King and his proceedings." Mr. Green,† speaking of this period, says: "A reign of terror, organized with consummate and merciless skill, held England panic-stricken at Henry's feet."

We may sum up briefly what has been said on the subject of the Royal Supremacy as follows: (1) It was the King, not the clergy, who was the first and chief mover; (2) the motive was, not the desire of religious reformation, but the desire of a divorce from his lawful wife; (3) nothing against the Pope's authority was desired or even contemplated by Convocation; the renunciation of the Pope's authority was not insisted upon by the King until three years after; (4) the consent of the clergy was extorted by fear of the severest penalties, it was given in silence, unwillingly, and against their convictions, and repented of as soon as given; (5) obedience was enforced by the most cruel laws, notwithstanding which many of the noblest in the country refused to acknowledge the King as head of the Church, even though they knew that they would have to pay for it with their lives.

Now, to return to Bishop Fisher. So long as he was at liberty he had been the boldest of the clergy in their resistance to the changes in matters of religion. When after long delay, the cause of divorce was before the Papal Legate's Court, as Queen Catharine's chief defender "there stood forth John Fisher, the light not only of England but of Christendom, to demonstrate that their

* *Letters and Papers*, &c., vol. viii. preface.

† *Short History of the English People*. See also *How Henry VIII. robbed England of her Ancient Faith*, Catholic Truth Society.

marriage could not be dissolved by any power, Divine or human. He declared that for this opinion he was ready to lay down his life, adding that as John the Baptist, in olden times, regarded death glorious in a cause of matrimony, and it was not so holy then as it has now become by the shedding of Christ's Blood, he could not encourage himself more, or face any peril with greater confidence than by taking the Baptist for his own example." He was equally outspoken in warning Parliament against those who, in attacking the monasteries, sought not the *good* but the *goods* of the Church and, as we have seen, when the King claimed the supremacy his firm and eloquent assertion of Peter's prerogative averted for the time the tame submission of Convocation.

At last Henry determined to use violent measures to silence the holy Bishop, and the affair of the holy Maid of Kent soon furnished a pretext. She had visited the Bishop, and this was sufficient to have his name inserted in the list of her associates, several of whom were sentenced to death, and others declared guilty of misprision of treason. Among the latter the Bishop of Rochester: and although he fully exculpated himself in a letter to his Majesty, he was nevertheless obliged to pay a fine of £300. After the King had espoused Anne Boleyn, and the Parliament had passed the Act of Succession, the Bishop of Rochester, who positively refused to take the oath, was cited by Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, to appear at his palace in Lambeth. The good Bishop, foreseeing the probable result, first made his will, and bequeathed the legacies to his two favourite colleges at Cambridge, to the poor, and his servants and others. He then commenced his journey on horseback. As he rode through Rochester, a vast multitude collected, whom he blessed while they bewailed his misfortunes, some crying that they should never see him again, others denouncing woe unto them that were the occasion of his troubles, and many bewailing the wickedness of the times.

Thus he travelled on to Shooter's Hill where he alighted from his horse and ordered dinner to be spread for him saying, "He would now make use of his time

and dine while he might." He then remounted his horse, and arrived the same evening in London.

When called before Cranmer and other commissioners, the Archbishop spoke to him of the facility with which every one except himself had taken the oath, and of the offence the King had taken at his refusal; and he intimated that his Majesty had desired the oath to be once more tendered to him, in presence of the Commissioners assembled. After reading it, the holy prelate requested that time might he allowed him for consideration, and he was thereupon remanded to his house in Lambeth Marsh. After five days had expired he presented himself again before the commissioners, and stated that he had perused the oath with as good deliberation as he could; but as they had framed it, he could not with any safety to his conscience subscribe thereto, except altered in some particulars, whereby his own conscience might be the better satisfied, the King pleased, and his actions rather justified and warranted by law.

To this they all answered,"that the King would not in anywise permit that the oath should admit any exceptions, or alterations whatever;" and, continued the Archbishop of Canterbury,"You must answer directly, whether you will, or you will not subscribe." Then said the Bishop of Rochester, "If you will needs have me answer directly, my answer is, that, forasmuch as my own conscience cannot be satisfied, I absolutely refuse the oath." Upon this he was immediately committed to the Tower.

Ten days after, Sir Richard Morrison and several others were sent into the county of Kent with orders to seize all property belonging to the Bishop wherever they could discover any. These persons, armed with the King's warrant, arrived at Rochester, and immediately swept away everything they could lay their hands upon. The books which had been given many years before to St. John's College, although still in the custody of the Bishop, they packed in thirty-two large casks. They also seized a bag containing four hundred pounds in cash, three hundred of which had been left by a

predecessor, to remain for ever a depositum to the see of Rochester, in the custody of the Bishop for the time being, against any sudden emergency which might occur. To this sum the good prelate had himself added one hundred pounds. Among the articles which attracted the notice of these Commissioners was a strong chest bound with iron, in the Bishop's oratory; this they immediately concluded contained his treasure, and to do away with all suspicion of unfair dealing towards the King, witnesses were called in. Some force was necessary to open it, when to the astonishment of all present the whole produce of the chest consisted of one hair shirt and two disciplines.

The Bishop's prison was in the Bell Tower, and the holy man was confined in a room in the upper story. The apartment was spacious and airy and perhaps the best prison in the Tower, and used for prisoners of distinction: and as the only ingress or egress was through the lieutenant's house adjoining, the prisoner was doubly secure. From the windows there was—and *is*, for the room is even now much the same as when the martyred Bishop occupied it, though the surroundings are much changed—a view of the Thames below London Bridge, of the Church of All Hallows and of Tower Hill; and the Carthusians on the way to their execution at Tyburn passed within easy view. The room was not a bad one for a prison, as prisons were in those days, yet to the aged Bishop, feeble and emaciated as he was, with a "wasted liver" and tendency to consumption, the cold and damp of the thick walls were little less than down-right torture. In a letter to Cromwell, dated December 22, 1534, the martyr begs the Secretary to to give him a little alleviation. His clothes, he says, were worn to shreds and could scarcely be kept on his back; not that he cared for his appearance, he would gladly suffer his rent suit if it would but keep his body warm. He begs also that he may have such provisions as are suitable, for with his delicate constitution and exceedingly weak digestion it was necessary for him to be very careful in his diet. There was another want still more pressing—food for the soul He was not

allowed to say Mass in his prison nor to see a priest nor even to have books save only his breviary, and he earnestly requests that he may have some priest, at the choice of the lieutenant, "to hear my confession against this holy time," and also that he may borrow some books to stir up his devotion. How far these requests were granted is not known, but the letter gives us an insight into the severity of the Blessed Fisher's sufferings. On the other hand, it would appear that while the Bishop was seriously ill, the King sent him some physicians, and also provided him with better fare.

Though deprived of his books, Blessed Fisher wrote three works during his imprisonment. The first was called *A Spiritual Consolation*, and was addressed to his sister Elizabeth, a nun at Dartford in Kent; the second was also written for her and was called *The Ways of Perfect Religion;* the third is a *Treatise on the Necessity, Fruits and Method of Prayer.**

The Bishop was committed to the Tower in April, 1534, and till November he lay there, suffering all the penalties for his refusal to take the oath of succession with the clause annexed to it, as though he had been legally convicted of misprision of treason. But during these seven months he had not been brought to trial. It appears, even, that the oath submitted to him, and which he was required to take, was not the one imposed by the statute, and therefore his imprisonment and the forfeiture of his goods were not legal. This difficulty, however, was easily got over, for when Parliament met in November a special Act was passed attainting him, in company of a few others, by name, for the very offence for which he had already suffered the penalties for seven months. Moreover, an Act was passed ratifying what had been done by the King's Commissioners and declaring that the oath which they had imposed was the very one which had been intended when the Act of Succession was passed in the previous session. Though the Bishop of Rochester had refused the oath on the 17th of April and again on the 1st of May, yet,

* The Treatise on Prayer has lately been reprinted.

by the Act of Attainder, the penalities, as regards the loss of goods, were to be enforced from the 1st of March last, and his see and bishopric of Rochester was to be void and vacant as though he were actually dead, on the 2nd of January following.

It was also enacted in the same session that the King, our sovereign lord, his heirs and successors, kings of this realm, shall be taken, accepted, and reputed the only supreme head on earth of the Church of England, * called Anglicana Ecclesia, and shall have and enjoy annexed and united to the imperial crown of this realm, as well the title and style thereof, as all honours, dignities, immunities, profits and commodities to the said dignity of supreme head of the said Church belonging and appertaining. And it was made high treason for any person after the first of February next "maliciously to wish, will, or desire by words or writing, or by craft imagine, invent, practise, or attempt any bodily harm to be done or committed to the King's most royal person, the Queen's, or their heirs apparent, or deprive them or any of them of their dignity, title, or name of their royal estates, or slanderously and maliciously publish and pronounce, by express writing or words, that the King our sovereign lord should be heretic, schismatic, tyrant, infidel, &c."

It was under this statute that Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More were tried and condemned.

During the spring of the following year, the servile bishops, together with some apostate monks and others of the clergy, instigated by Cromwell, took every opportunity of debasing the Pope's authority and of exciting among the people a contempt for his person. Not only did they preach most violently and insultingly against him, but they also circulated low and ribald verses and had coarse plays acted, all tending to bring the Pope into ridicule. On the 29th April the Carthusian Priors were tried for that they did on 26th April, at the Tower of London, openly declare and say that the King and sovereign lord is not supreme head on earth of the

* Note the omission of the words "as far as the law of Christ allows," which were so much insisted upon by Convocation.

Church of England:* and on May 4th they suffered the barbarous penalties of high treason—the proto-martyrs, in England, for Christ's Vicar upon earth.

On May 7th, Cromwell and other members of the Council met in the lieutenant's house adjoining the Bell Tower, and Fisher was brought before them and examined. Little is known of what passed on this occasion, but it would seem that some words of the Bishop's at this examination formed the grounds of his accusation for high treason. Two days after, the Bishop was subjected to another and fuller examination, but he does not seem to have compromised himself. Dr. Hall, his first biographer, tells us of a "crafty and subtle device" which was practised upon the holy Bishop to induce him to take the oath. After the Commissioners had pressed him very earnestly, thinking that he was much influenced by Sir Thomas More's refusal, they told him that Sir Thomas had taken the oath, and would shortly be restored to full liberty and to his former favour with the King. Fisher, not seeing the deceit, was sorely grieved for More's weakness; but he still persisted in his refusal. The same deceit was practised upon Sir Thomas More at his examination: he was told that the Bishop of Rochester had taken the oath and was urged to follow his example. As it had been given out already that the Bishop had submitted, and this report had reached the ears of Sir Thomas through his family and others who were permitted to visit him, Sir Thomas believed this statement of the Commissioners to be partly true; nevertheless he still held out. Happily the two faithful prisoners found means of communicating with each other, and the sorrow which each had felt at the supposed fall of the other was dispelled.

Dr. Hall also relates that about the beginning of May the King sent Rich, the solicitor general, with a secret message. And "this messenger, being come to the presence of this blessed Father in his prison, did there his errand, as it seemed, according to the King's commandments, for it was not long after his return to the King with an answer of his message, but an indictment

* They had refused to take the oath and had given their reasons.

of high treason was framed against him, and he arraigned and condemned at the bar, upon the talk that had passed between them so secretly in the prison."

On May 20, Pope Paul III., who had been informed of all that had passed, created John Fisher Cardinal, with the title of St. Vitalis. His Holiness thought that such a public mark of his esteem might induce the King to forego his sanguinary proceedings against the holy prelate; but he little knew the ruthless temper of Henry, who learning that the Holy Father had sent forward the Cardinal's hat, immediately despatched a messenger to Calais to stop the bearer until his Majesty's pleasure should be known. The King also sent his Secretary, Cromwell, to inquire of Fisher what he would do, if the Cardinal's hat should be bestowed upon him. To which the Bishop replied, "Sir, I know myself to be so far unworthy of any such dignity, that I think of nothing less; but if any such thing should happen, assure yourself I should improve that favour to the best advantage I could in assisting the Holy Catholic Church of Christ, and in that respect would receive it upon my knees."

Cromwell soon reported this answer to his royal master, who exclaimed in anger, "Well, let the Pope send him a hat when he will, he shall wear it on his shoulders, for I will leave him never a head to set it on." It is thus not unlikely that Fisher's elevation to the Cardinalate, intended by the Pope as a means of preserving his life, really hastened his death.

On 1st June a special commission was directed to Sir Thomas Audley, the Chancellor, and to the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Wiltshire, Cromwell and others, for the Cardinal's trial; but owing to severe illness he was not brought before the Commissioners till the 17th June. On that day he was taken from the Tower and brought to the Court of King's Bench at Westminster under charge of Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, encompassed, as Dr. Hall relates, with a huge number of halberts, bills, and other weapons about him, and the axe of the Tower borne before him with the edge from him, as the manner is. And because he was not yet so well recovered that he was able to walk by land all

the way on foot, he rode part of the way on horseback, in a black cloth gown, and the rest he was carried by water, for that he was not well able to ride for weakness.

He was then indicted that he maliciously, traitorously, and falsely had said these words: "The King our sovereign lord is not supreme head on earth of the Church of England."

Mr. Rich was the sole witness brought against him, and he deposed, in the presence of a jury, as to the conversation which had taken place in the Tower between himself and the Bishop. This evidence naturally surprised the venerable prisoner, and thereupon he recounted to the Court what had passed between them in the prison, using these words, "He (Rich) told me that the King willed him to assure me on his honour and on the word of a King that whatever I should say to him by this secret messenger, I should abide no danger, no peril for it, neither that any advantage should be taken against me for the same; no, though my words were never so directly against the statute; seeing it was but a declaration of my mind secretly to him, as to his own person; and for the messenger himself, he gave me this faithful promise that he would never utter my words to any man living, but to the King alone. . . . Methinks it is very hard justice to hear the messenger's accusation, and to allow the same as a sufficient testimony against me in case of treason." To this the messenger made no direct answer. But neither any pleadings nor the want of sufficient testimony moved the judges, and by their influence a verdict of guilty was soon recorded, and the Lord Chancellor asked the Bishop if he had any more to say for himself. The persecuted Bishop replied, "Truly, my lord, if that which I have before spoken be not sufficient, I have no more to say but only to desire Almighty God to forgive them that have thus condemned me, for I think they know not what they have done." The Lord Chancellor then pronounced sentence as in cases of high treason, and the holy Bishop once more asked leave to speak, which being granted, he used nearly the following words, "My lords, I am here con-

demned before you of high treason for denial of the King's supremacy over the Church of England, but by what order of justice I leave to God, who is the searcher both of the King his Majesty's conscience and yours; nevertheless, being found guilty, as it is termed, I am and must be contented with all that God shall send, to whose will I wholly refer and submit myself. And now to tell you more plainly my mind, touching this matter of the King's supremacy, I think indeed, and always have thought, and do now lastly affirm, that his Grace cannot justly claim any such supremacy over the Church of God, as he now taketh upon him; neither has it ever been, or heard of, that any temporal prince, before his days, hath presumed to that dignity; wherefore, if the King will now adventure himself in proceeding in this strange and unwonted case, so no doubt but he shall deeply incur the grievous displeasure of the Almighty, to the great damage of his own soul, and of many others, and to the utter ruin of this realm committed to his charge, whereof will ensue some sharp punishment at His hands; wherefore, I pray God his Grace may remember himself in good time, and hearken to good counsel for the preservation of himself and his realm, and the quietness of all Christendom."

At the conclusion of this discourse he was reconducted to the Tower in the same manner as he had been brought from it, only that now the edge of the axe was turned towards him. The interval of four days which intervened between his trial and execution he devoted solely to prayer and inner preparation for his last passage. The following account of his death and execution is taken from Dr. Hall's narrative:

"Thus, while this blessed Bishop lay daily expecting the hour of his death, the King, who no less desired his death than himself looked for it, caused at last a writ of execution to be made, and brought to Sir Edmond Walsingham, Lieutenant of the Tower. But where by his judgement at Westminster he was condemned as ye have heard before, to drawing, hanging, and quartering, as traitors always used to be, yet was he spared from that cruel execution, wherefore order was taken that he

should be led no further than Tower Hill,* and there to have his head struck off. After the Lieutenant had received this bloody writ, he commanded certain persons, whose service was to be used in that business, to be ready against the next day in the morning; and because it was very late in the night, and the prisoner asleep, he was loath to disease him of his rest for that time; and so in the morning (June 22, 1535), before five of the clock, he came to him in his chamber in the Bell Tower. Finding him yet asleep in his bed, he awoke him, showing him that he was come to him on a message from the King, and after saying that he should remember himself to be an old man, and that for age he could not, by course of nature, live long; he told him at last that he was come to signify unto him that the King's pleasure was he should suffer death that forenoon.

"'Well,' quoth this blessed Father, 'if this be your errand, you bring me no great news, for I have long time looked for this message. I most humbly thank his Majesty that it pleaseth him to rid me of all this worldly business, and I thank you also for your tidings. But I pray you, Mr. Lieutenant,' said he, 'when is my hour that I must go hence?' 'Your hour,' said the Lieutenant, 'must be nine of the clock.' 'And what hour is it now?' said he. 'It is now about five,' said the Lieutenant. 'Well then,' said he, 'let me, by your patience, sleep an hour or two, for I have slept very little this night; and yet, to tell you the truth, not for any fear of death, I thank God, but by reason of my great infirmity and weakness.' 'The King's further pleasure is,' said the Lieutenant, 'that you should use as little speech as may be, especially anything touching his Majesty, whereby the people should have any cause to think of him or his proceedings otherwise than well.' 'For that,' said he, 'you shall see me order myself as, by God's grace, neither the King, nor any man else, shall have occasion to mislike of my words.'

"With which answer the Lieutenant departed from him, and so the prisoner, falling again to rest, slept soundly two hours and more. And after he was awaked,

* The place originally fixed for his execution was Tyborne.

he called to his man to help him up; but first of all he commanded him to take away the shirt of hair he always wore, and to lay him forth a clean white shirt and all his best apparel, saying, 'Dost thou not mark that this is our marriage day, and that it behoveth us, therefore, to use more cleanliness for solemnity of the marriage sake?' About nine of the clock the Lieutenant came again to his prisoner, and finding him almost ready, said that he was come now for him. 'I will wait upon you straight,' said he, 'as fast as this thin body of mine will give me leave;' then said he to his man, 'Reach me my furred tippet to put about my neck.' 'O my lord,' said the Lieutenant, 'what need you be so careful of your health for this little time, being, as yourself knoweth, not much above an hour?' 'I think no otherwise,' said this blessed Father, 'but yet, in the meantime, I will keep myself as well as I can till the very time of my execution; for I tell you truth, though I have, I thank our Lord, a very good desire, and a willing mind, to die at this present, and so trust to His infinite mercy and goodness He will continue it; yet will I not willingly hinder my health, in the meantime, one minute of an hour, but still prolong the same as long as I can by such reasonable ways and means as Almighty God hath provided for me.' With that, taking a little book in his hand, which was a New Testament lying by him, he made a cross on his forehead, and went out of his prison door with the Lieutenant, being so weak that he was scarce able to go down stairs. Wherefore, at the foot of the stairs, he was taken up in a chair between two of the Lieutenant's men, and carried to the Tower gate, with a great number of weapons about him, to be delivered to the Sheriffs of London for execution. And as they were come to the uttermost precinct of the liberty of the Tower, they rested there with him a space, till such time as one was sent before to know in what readiness the Sheriffs were to receive him: during which space he rose out of his chair, and standing on his feet, leaning his shoulder to the wall, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, opened his little book in his hand, and said, 'O Lord, this is the last time that ever I shall open this

book, let some comfortable place now chance unto me, whereby I, Thy poor servant, may glorify Thee in this my last hour;' and with that, looking into the book, the first thing that came to his sight was these words; 'Now this is eternal life; that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent. I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do And now glorify Thou Me, O Father, with Thyself, with the glory which I had, before the world was, with Thee.'*

"And with that he shut the book together, and said, 'Here is even learning enough for me to my life's end.' And so, the Sheriffs being ready for him, he was taken up again among certain of the Sheriffs' men, with a new and much greater company of weapons than was before, and carried to the scaffold on the Tower Hill, otherwise called East Smithfield, himself praying all the way, and recording upon the words which he before had read: and when he was come to the foot of the scaffold, they that carried him offered to help him up the stairs. But then said he, 'Nay, masters, seeing I am come so far, let me alone, and ye shall see me shift for myself well enough;' and so went up the stairs without any help, so lively that it was a marvel to them that knew before of his debility and weakness; but as he was mounting up the stairs, the south-east sun shined very bright in his face, whereupon he said to himself these words, lifting up his hands: 'Come ye to Him, and be enlightened: and your faces shall not be confounded.'†

"By that time he was upon the scaffold, it was about ten of the clock, when the executioner, being ready to do his office, kneeled down to him, as the fashion is, and asked him forgiveness. 'I forgive thee,' said he, 'with all my heart, and I trust thou shalt see me overcome this storm lustily.'

"Then was his gown and tippet taken from him, and he stood in his doublet and hose, in sight of all the people, whereof was no small number assembled to see his execution. There was to be seen a long, lean, and slender body, having on it little other substance besides

* St. John xvii. † Psalm xxxiii. 6.

skin and bones, insomuch as most part of the beholders marvelled much to see a living man so far consumed, for he seemed a very image of death; and as it were death in a man's shape, using a man's voice; and therefore it was thought the King was something cruel to put such a man to death, being near his end, and to kill that which was dying already, except it were for pity sake to rid him of his pain.

"When the innocent and holy man was come upon the scaffold, he spake to the people to the following effect:—'Christian people, I am come hither to die for the faith of Christ's holy Catholic Church, and I thank God hitherto my stomach hath served very well thereunto, so that yet I have not feared death; wherefore I desire you all to help and assist in your prayers, that at the very point and instant of death's stroke, I may stand stedfast, without fainting in any one point of the Catholic faith, free from any fear. And I beseech Almighty God, of His infinite goodness, to save the King and this realm, and that it may please Him to hold His hand over it, and send the King good counsel.' These or the like words he spake with such a cheerful countenance, such a stout and constant courage, and such a reverend gravity, that he appeared to all men not only void of fear, but also glad of death. Besides this, he uttered his words so distinctly, and with so loud and clear a voice, that the people were astonished thereat, and noted it for a miraculous thing to hear so plain and audible a voice come from so weak and sickly an old body. Then after these words by him uttered, he kneeled down upon both his knees, and said certain prayers, among which one was the hymn of *Te Deum laudamus*, to the end: 'In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped.' Then came the executioner, and bound a handkerchief about his eyes; and so this holy Father, lifting up his hands and heart towards heaven, said a few prayers, which were not long, but fervent and devout; which being ended, he laid his head down on the middle of a little block, when the executioner, being ready with a sharp and heavy axe, cut asunder his slender neck at one blow, which bled so abundantly that many wondered

to see so much blood issue out of so slender and lean a body.

"The headless corpse was immediately stripped naked by the executioner, and left exposed upon the scaffold until eight o'clock in the evening, when it was carried by two of the men who had guarded it into Barking churchyard, and thrown without ceremony into a grave which they had dug with their halberts; and on the following day his head, being first parboiled, was fixed upon a pole and set up upon London Bridge, where it remained fourteen days, and was then thrown into the river to make room for the head of Sir Thomas More. It was said that the longer it remained, the more ruddy and venerable it seemed to grow. His body also was taken up and re-interred in the Tower."

Thus ended a noble and saintly life! Thus perished one of England's greatest sons a victim to a tyrant's lust and ambition, a martyr giving glorious witness to the sanctity of the marriage bond and to the supremacy of Christ's Vicar on earth!

Legends of St. Francis.

How St. Francis showed to Brother Leone, as they went by the way, what are the things in which consists perfect joy.

As St. Francis went once on a time from Perugia to St. Mary of the Angels, with Brother Leone, in the winter, they suffered greatly from the severity of the cold, and St. Francis called to Brother Leone, who was going on a little in advance: "O Brother Leone, although the Friars Minor in these parts give a great example of sanctity and good edification, write it down and note it well, that this is not perfect joy." And having gone a little further, he called to him the second time: "O Brother Leone, even though the Friars Minor should give sight to the blind, and loose the limbs of the paralysed, and though they should cast out devils, and give hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, and the power of walking to the lame, and although—which is a greater thing than these—they should raise to life those who had been dead four days, write that in all this, there is not perfect joy." And going on a little while, he cried aloud: "O Brother Leone, if the Friars Minor knew all languages, and all the sciences, and all the Scriptures, and if they could prophesy, and reveal, not only things in the future, but the secrets of consciences, and of men's souls, write that in all this, there is not perfect joy." Going still a little further, St. Francis called aloud again: "O Brother Leone, thou little sheep of God, even though the Friars Minor spoke with the tongues of angels, and

knew the courses of the stars, and the virtues of herbs, and though to them were revealed all the treasures of the earth, and that they knew the virtues of birds and of fishes, and of all animals, and of men, of trees also, and of stones, and roots and waters, write that not in this is perfect joy." And going yet a little while on the way, St. Francis called aloud: "O Brother Leone, even though the Friars Minor should preach so well, that they should convert all the infidels to the Faith of Christ, write that herein is not perfect joy." And as he spoke in this manner during two good miles, Brother Leone in great astonishment asked of him, and said: "Father, I pray thee, for God's sake, tell me wherein is perfect joy." And St. Francis replied to him: "When we shall have come to St. Mary of the Angels, soaked as we are with the rain, and frozen with the cold, encrusted with mud, and afflicted with hunger, and shall knock at the door, if the porter should come, and ask angrily, 'Who are you?' and we replying; 'We are two of your Brethren;' he should say: 'You speak falsely; you are two good-for-nothings, who go about the world stealing alms from the poor; go your way:' and if he would not open the door to us, but left us without, exposed till night to the snow, and the wind, and the torrents of rain, in cold and hunger; then, if we should bear so much abuse and cruelty, and such a dismissal patiently, without disturbance, and without murmuring at him, and should think humbly and charitably that this porter knew us truly, and that God would have him speak against us, O Brother Leone, write that this would be perfect joy. And if we should continue to knock, and he should come out in a rage, and should drive us away as importunate villains, with rudeness and with buffetings, saying: 'Depart from this house, vile thieves; go to the poor-house, for you shall neither eat nor be lodged here;' if we should sustain this with patience, and with joy, and with love, O Brother Leone, write that this would be perfect joy. And if constrained by hunger, and the cold, and the night, we should knock yet again, and beg him with many tears, for the love of God, that he would open to us and let

us in, and he should say still more angrily: 'These are importunate rascals, I will pay them well for this, as they deserve,' and should come out furiously with a knotted stick, and seize hold of us by our hoods, and throw us to the earth, and roll us in the snow, and beat us all over our bodies; if we should bear all these things patiently and with joy, thinking on the pains of the Blessed Christ, as that which we ought to bear for His love:—O Brother Leone, write, that it is in this that there is perfect joy. Finally, hear the conclusion, Brother Leone: above all the graces and gifts of the Holy Spirit, which Christ has given to His friends, is that of conquering oneself, and suffering willingly, for the love of Christ, all pain, ill-usage, and opprobrium, and calamity; because, of all the other gifts of God, we can glory in none, seeing they are not ours, but God's; as said the Apostle: What hast thou that thou hast not received of God? And if thou hast received it of God, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst it of thyself? But in the cross of tribulation, and affliction, we may glory, for these are ours, and therefore, says the Apostle, I will not glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

How Brother Masseo mockingly said to St. Francis, that all the world went after him: and St. Francis replied, that this was for the confusion of the world, and for the glory of God.

St. Francis was staying once on a time in the convent of the Portiuncula with Brother Masseo of Marignano, a man of great sanctity, discernment, and grace in speaking of the things of God, for which reason St. Francis loved him much; and one day, as St. Francis was returning from his prayers in the wood, at the entrance to the wood, Brother Masseo met him, and wishing to test how humble he was, asked in a mocking manner, saying: "Why after thee? why after thee? why after thee?" St. Francis replied: "What is it thou wouldst say?" And Brother Masseo answered: "Say,

why is it that all the world comes after thee, and everybody desires to see thee, and to hear thee, and to obey thee? Thou art not a man either comely of person, or of noble birth, or of great science; whence then comes it that all the world runs after thee?" Hearing this, St. Francis, filled with joy in his spirit, raised his face towards heaven and remained for a great while with his mind lifted up to God; then, returning to himself, he knelt down, and gave praise and thanks to God; and then, with great fervour of spirit, turning to Brother Masseo, he said: "Wouldst know why after me? wouldst know why after me? why all the world runs after me? This comes to me, because the eyes of the Most High God, which behold in all places both the evil and the good, even those most holy eyes have not seen amongst sinners one more vile, nor more insufficient, nor a greater sinner than I, and therefore to do that wonderful work which He intends to do, He has not found on the earth a viler creature than I; and for this cause has He elected me to confound the nobility, and the grandeur, and the strength, and beauty, and wisdom of the world; that all men may know, that all virtue and all goodness are of Him, and not of the creature; and that none should glory in His presence; but that he who glories, should glory in the Lord, to Whom is all honour and glory in eternity." Then Brother Masseo, at this humble and fervent reply, feared within himself, and knew certainly that St. Francis was grounded in humility.

How St. Francis and Brother Masseo deposited some bread which they had begged, on a stone beside a fountain; and St. Francis greatly praised Poverty; and afterwards prayed God and St. Peter and St. Paul to make them lovers of holy Poverty; and how St. Peter and St. Paul appeared to him.

The wonderful servant and follower of Christ, St. Francis, in order to conform himself perfectly in all things to Christ—Who, as it is said in the Gospel, sent

out His disciples, two and two, to all the cities and places whither He was intending to go—had, after the example of Christ, chosen twelve companions, and sent them forth into the world to preach, two and two. And in order to give them an example of true obedience, he was the first to set forth, after the example of Christ, Who began to act before He taught. Now, having assigned to the others another part of the world, he himself, with Brother Masseo for companion, took the way which leads towards the land of France. And coming one day to a certain town, and being very hungry, they went, according to the Rule, to beg bread for the love of God; St. Francis going down one street and Brother Masseo down another. But because St. Francis was a man of mean appearance, and small of stature, and accounted a vile beggar by those who knew him not, he received nothing but a few mouthful and crumbs of dry bread; whilst Brother Masseo, being tall and comely in person, had good pieces, and large, and many, given to him, and entire loaves. When they had begged enough, they went together to a place outside the town, where there was a fair fountain, that they might eat; and beside which was also a broad and convenient stone, on which each placed all the alms which he had begged. And St. Francis, seeing that the pieces of bread which Brother Masseo had were larger and better than his own, had great joy, and spoke thus: "O Brother Masseo, we are not worthy of so great treasure." And as he repeated these words several times, Brother Masseo answered him: "Father, how can this be called treasure, when we are in such poverty, and lack the things of which we have need; we, who have neither cloth, nor knives, nor plates, nor porringer, nor house, nor table, nor man servant, nor maid servant." Then said St. Francis: "And this is what I call a great treasure, that there is nothing here provided by human industry, but everything is provided by Divine Providence, as we may see manifestly in this bread which we have begged, in this stone which serves so beautifully for our table, and in this so clear fountain; and therefore I desire that

we should pray to God, that He would cause holy Poverty, which is a thing so noble, that God Himself was made subject to it, to be loved by us with our whole heart." And when he had said these words, and they had made their prayer, and partaken for bodily refreshment of the pieces of bread, and drunk of the water, they arose, and went on their way to France. And they having come to a church, St Francis said to his companion: "Let us go into this church and pray." And entering, St. Francis placed himself behind the altar, and betook himself to prayer. And as he prayed, he received from the Divine visitation such excessive fervour, which so vehemently inflamed his soul with the love of holy Poverty, that by the increased colour of his face, and the unaccustomed opening of his lips, it seemed as though he were breathing out flames of love. And coming thus, all enflamed, to his companion, he said to him: "Ah! Ah! Ah! Brother Masseo, yield thyself to me." And this he said three times, and the third time, he lifted Brother Masseo by his breath into the air, and threw him from him, to the distance of a long spear, which put Brother Masseo into the greatest astonishment. And afterwards, relating the matter to his companions, he said that during the time he was raised up and thrown forth by the breath which proceeded from St. Francis, he tasted such sweetness in his soul, and such consolation of the Holy Spirit, that in all his life he had never felt the like. And this done, St. Francis said to him: "My Brother, let us go to St. Peter and St. Paul, and pray them to teach us, and to give us to possess, the immeasurable treasure of holy Poverty, inasmuch as it is a treasure so exalted, and so Divine, that we are not worthy to possess it in our vile bodies, seeing that this is that celestial virtue by which all earthly and transitory things are trodden under foot, and all impediments are lifted away from the soul, so that she can freely unite herself to the Eternal God. And this is the virtue which makes the soul, while still retained on earth, converse with the Angels in Heaven, and this it is which accompanied Christ to His Cross, with Christ was buried, with

Christ was raised up, with Christ ascended into Heaven, which, being given in this life to the souls who are enamoured of it, facilitates their flight to Heaven, seeing that it guards the arms of true humility and charity. And therefore let us pray the most holy Apostles of Christ, who were perfect lovers of this pearl of the Gospel of Christ, that they will beg for us this grace from our Lord Jesus Christ, that, by His most holy mercy, He would grant us the merit to be true lovers, observers, and humble disciples of this most precious, most loveable, evangelical Poverty." And thus speaking, they arrived in Rome, and entered the church of St. Peter; and St. Francis placed himself in prayer in a corner of the church, and Brother Masseo in another. And as St. Francis prayed for a long time, with many tears, and great devotion, the most holy Apostles Peter and Paul appeared to him in great splendour, and said: "Because thou hast asked and desired to observe that which Christ and the Holy Apostles observed, the Lord Jesus Christ has sent us to thee, to announce that thy prayer is heard, and it is granted of God to thee and thy followers to possess perfectly the treasure of most holy Poverty. And further, in His name, we say to thee that whosoever, after thy example, shall follow perfectly after this desire, he shall be secure of the blessedness of life eternal; and thou and all thy followers shall be blessed of God." And having said these words they vanished, leaving St. Francis full of consolation, who, rising from his prayer, returned to his companion, and asked him if God had revealed nothing to him, and he answered him, nothing. Then St. Francis told him how the holy Apostles had appeared to him, and what they had revealed to him. At which both of them, filled with joy, determined to return by the valley of Spoleto, and to abandon the journey into France.

How St. Francis received the counsel of St. Clare, and of the holy Brother Silvestro, that he should preach for the conversion of many people; and how he founded the Third Order, and preached to the birds, and made the swallows keep quiet.

The humble servant of Christ, St. Francis, a short time after his conversion, having already gathered many companions and received them into the Order, entered into great consideration, and great doubt what he should do: whether he should give himself solely to prayer, or whether he should sometimes preach: and he desired much to know the will of God in this matter. And because the holy humility that was in him, suffered him not to presume on himself, nor on his own prayers, he thought to discover the Divine will through the prayers of others: and he called Brother Masseo, and spoke thus: "Go to Sister Clare, and tell her from me, to pray fervently to God, she, and some of her most spiritual daughters, that it may please Him to shew which is the best, whether I should give myself to preaching, or solely to prayer. And then go to Brother Silvestro, and say the same to him." The same Brother Silvestro it was, who when he was in the secular state, had seen a cross of gold proceeding from the mouth of St. Francis, which went lengthwise as far as heaven, and the arms of which extended to the extremities of the world; and the same Brother Silvestro was also of so great devotion and sanctity that many times he spoke with God, and whatsoever he asked of God was granted, and for this cause St. Francis had a great devotion towards him. Brother Masseo therefore departed, and according to the command of St. Francis, made his embassy first to St. Clare, and afterwards to Brother Silvestro, who, as soon as he knew wherefore he had come immediately betook himself to prayer, and when he had received the Divine answer, he turned to Brother Masseo and spoke thus: "This is what God says: thou shalt tell Brother

Francis that God has not called him to this state solely for himself, but that he may gain much fruit in the souls of others, and that many through him may be saved." Having received this answer, Brother Masseo returned to St. Clare, to know what she had obtained of God; and she replied that she and her companions had received from God the same answer as Brother Silvestro. With this reply Brother Masseo returned to St. Francis; and St. Francis received him with the greatest charity, washed his feet, and prepared his repast; and after he had eaten, St. Francis called him into the wood; and kneeling before him, he let down his hood, and stretching out his arms in the form of the Cross, he asked: "What does my Lord Jesus Christ command that I should do?" Brother Masseo answered: "As to Brother Silvestro, so to Sister Clare, with her Sisters, has Christ answered and revealed: that His will is, that thou shouldst go into the world to preach, because He has not elected thee for thyself alone, but also for the salvation of others." Then St. Francis, having heard this reply and knowing by this, what was the will of Jesus Christ, arose, with great fervour, and said: "Let us go, in the Name of God;" and he took for his companions Brother Masseo and Brother Agnolo, both holy men.

And going by the prompting of the Holy Ghost, without taking thought of the way or the road he came to a village called Savurniano. And St. Francis began to preach: and first of all he commanded the swallows who were singing that they should keep silence, until he had done preaching; and the swallows obeyed him, and he preached with so much fervour, that all the men and women in that village were minded to go forth, and abandon the village; but St. Francis suffered them not, and said to them: "Do not be in haste, and do not go hence, and I will order that which you must do, for the salvation of your souls:" and then he thought of his Third Order, for the salvation of the whole world. And he left them much comforted, and well-disposed to penance; and he departed thence, and went by Cannaio, and Bevagno. And passing along, in fervour of soul,

he lifted up his eyes and saw many trees standing by the way, and filled with a countless multitude of little birds; at which St. Francis wondered, and said to his companions: "Wait a little for me in the road, and I will go and preach to my sisters the birds." And he entered into the field, and began to preach to the birds that were on the ground. And suddenly those that were in the trees came around him, and together they all remained silent, so long as it pleased St. Francis to speak; and even after he had finished they would not depart until he had given them his blessing. And according as Brother Masseo afterwards related to Brother James of Masso, St. Francis went among them and touched them with his cloak, and none of them moved. The substance of the sermon was this: "My little sisters, the birds, you are much beholden to God your Creator, and in all places you ought to praise Him, because He as given you liberty to fly about in all places, and has given you double and triple raiment. Know also, that He preserved your race in the ark of Noe that your species might not perish. And again, you are beholden to Him for the element of air, which He has appointed for you; and for this also, that you neither sow nor reap, but God feeds you, and gives you the brooks and fountains for your drink, the mountains and valleys also for your refuge, and the tall trees wherein to make your nests. And since you know neither how to sew nor to spin, God clothes you, you and your young ones. Wherefore your Creator loves you much, since He has bestowed on you so many benefits. And therefore beware, my little sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to please God." As St. Francis spoke thus to them, all the multitude of these birds opened their beaks, and stretched out their necks; and opening their wings, and reverently bowing their heads to the earth, by their acts and by their songs they shewed that the words of the holy Father gave them the greatest delight. And St. Francis rejoiced, and was glad with them, and marvelled much at such a multitude of birds, and at their beautiful variety, and their attention and familiarity;

for all which he devoutly praised their Creator in them. Finally, having finished his sermon, St. Francis made the sign of the Cross over them, and gave them leave to depart; and thereupon all those birds arose in the air, with wonderful singing; and after the fashion of the sign of the Cross which St. Francis had made over them, they divided themselves into four parts; and one part flew towards the East, and another to the West, another to the South, and another to the North, and all departing went their way singing wonderful songs; signifying by this, that as St. Francis, standard-bearer of the Cross of Christ, had preached to them, and made on them the sign of the Cross, after which they had divided themselves, going to the four parts of the world; so the preaching of the Cross of Christ, renewed by St. Francis, should be carried by him and by his Brothers to the whole world; and that these Brothers, after the fashion of the birds, should possess nothing of their own in this world, but commit their lives solely to the Providence of God.

How a little boy-brother, whilst St. Francis was praying in the night, saw Christ, and the Virgin Mother, and many other Saints talking to him.

A certain little boy, most pure and innocent, was received into the Order during the lifetime of St. Francis, and it was in a little place where the Brothers, of necessity, slept on truckle beds. Now once on a time, St. Francis came to this place, and in the evening, after Compline, he lay down to sleep, that he might be able to rise in the night and pray, when the other Brothers were asleep, according to his custom. Then the little boy set his heart on carefully watching the ways of St. Francis, that he might know his sanctity, and especially that he might know what he did when he got up in the night. And in order that he might not sleep too soundly, the boy, when he lay down by the side of St. Francis, tied his cord to the cord of St. Francis, that he might feel when he got up; and of this

St. Francis perceived nothing. But in the night, after his first sleep, when all the other Brothers slept, St. Francis arose and found his cord fastened to something, and he softly untied it, so that the boy did not feel anything, and went into the wood which was close to the house, and entering a little cell which was there, betook himself to prayer. After a while the boy awoke, and finding that the cord had been unfastened, and that St. Francis had arisen and gone away, he arose also, and went to look for him: and finding the door open, which led to the wood, he thought that St. Francis might have gone there; and entered the wood himself. And nearing the cell where St. Francis was praying, he began to hear much speaking; and approaching nearer to see, and to make out what it was that he heard, he beheld a wonderful light, which surrounded St. Francis; and in it he saw Christ, and the Blessed Virgin Mary, and St. John the Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist, and an immense multitude of Angels, who were speaking with St. Francis. Seeing and hearing all this, the boy fell to the earth as one dead. Then, the mysterious vision being ended, St. Francis, returning to the house, stumbled with his foot against the boy who lay as though dead; and in compassion, he lifted him up and carried him in his arms, as a good shepherd does with his lambs. And afterwards learning from the boy how he had seen this vision, he commanded him not to tell it to anyone, as long as he should be alive. And the boy grew in great grace with God, and devotion to St. Francis, and became a celebrated man in the Order; and after the death of St. Francis, he revealed to the Brothers the vision which he had seen.

Of the marvellous Chapter which St. Francis held at St. Mary of the Angels, at which were present more than five thousand Brothers.

The faithful servant of Christ, Francis, was once holding a general Chapter at St. Mary of the Angels, at which Chapter more than five thousand Brothers assembled; and there came also St. Dominic, head and founder of the Order of Friars Preachers, who was then on his way from Borgogna to Rome. And hearing of the assembling of the Chapter, which St. Francis was holding in the plain of St. Mary of the Angels, he went to see it, with seven Brothers of his Order. There was also at the said Chapter a Cardinal most devoted to St. Francis, who had prophesied to him that he should be Pope, as it afterwards came to pass. This Cardinal had come expressly from Perugia, where the Court was to Assisi; and he came every day to see St. Francis and his Brothers, and sometimes sang the Mass, and sometimes preached to the Brothers in Chapter. The said Cardinal found the greatest delight and devotion whenever he came to visit this holy company. And coming to the little plain of St. Mary of the Angels, he saw the Brothers grouped in companies, here forty, there a hundred, there eighty together, all occupied in speaking of the things of God, in prayer, in tears, and in exercises of charity; and this with such quietness, and such modesty, that there was not heard one sound, or any disturbance. And marvelling at such a multitude, so well ordered, with tears, and with great devotion, he said: "Truly this is the camp, and the army of the knights of God." There was not to be heard in all this multitude, an idle word, or unseemly jest; but wherever a company of Brothers assembled together, they either prayed, or said the Office, or wept over their own sins and those of their benefactors, or spoke of the things which are for the salvation of souls. The tents in this encampment were of willow-trellis and of rush matting, and divided into groups consisting of the Brothers of the various Provinces;

and hence this Chapter was called, "the Chapter of the Trellises," or, "of the Rush-mats." Their bed was on the bare ground, with a little straw for those who had it; and for pillows, they had stones or logs of wood. For which cause, so great devotion spread from them to those who heard or saw them, and so great was the fame of their sanctity, that from the Court of the Pope, which was then at Perugia, and from the other districts of the valley of Spoleto, there came many counts, barons, and cavaliers, and other gentlemen of rank, and many parish priests, cardinals, bishops, and abbots, and many other clerics, to see this so great, and holy, and humble congregation, like which the world had never another containing so many holy men together. And chiefly they came to see the most holy head and Father of this holy people, who had robbed from the world so noble a prey, and assembled together so devout and fair a flock to follow in the steps of the true Shepherd Jesus Christ. The General Chapter being therefore assembled, the holy Father and General Minister of all, St. Francis, with fervour of spirit, expounded the word of God: and preached to them, with a loud voice, that which the Holy Spirit made him speak; and for the theme of his sermon, he proposed to them these words: "My sons, great are the things promised to us from God: yea, too great things are promised to us if we observe that which we have promised to Him. Brief are the delights of this world; the pain which follows after them is perpetual; little are the pains of this life, but the glory of the other life is infinite." And on these words, he preached with the greatest devotion, comforting the Brothers, and persuading them to obey and reverence the holy Mother Church, and to have fraternal charity, to praise God for all men, and to have patience in the adversities of this world, and temperance in prosperity, and to observe modesty, and angelic chastity, and to have peace and concord with God, and with men, and with their own conscience, and to love and observe holy poverty. And after this, he said: "I command all you who are here assembled, by virtue of obedience, that none of you have care or

solicitude for anything to eat, or anything necessary for the body: attend only to praying and praising God, and all solicitude for your body leave to Him, inasmuch as He has special care for you." And all received this command with glad hearts and with joyful countenances; and the sermon of St. Francis being ended, they prostrated themselves in prayer. At which St. Dominic, who was present during all these things, marvelled greatly at the commandment of St. Francis, and considered it indiscreet, not being able to think how so great a multitude, should be able to govern itself, without any care or solicitude for the things necessary to the body. But the Chief Shepherd, Christ the Blessed, willing to show how He has care for His sheep, and singular love for His poor, immediately inspired the people of Perugia, of Spoleto, of Fuligno, of Spello and Assisi, and the other surrounding districts, so that they carried what was needed to eat and to drink to this holy congregation. And behold there come speedily, from the neighbouring districts, men with mules, horses and carts, laden with bread and with wine, with beans, and with cheese, and with other good things to eat, such as the poor of Christ had need of. Besides this, they brought napkins, earthen pots, bowls, drinking-cups, and other vessels necessary for so great a multitude; and he considered himself blessed who could bring the most, or serve the most diligently so that even the knights, and barons, and other gentlemen, who had come to see the sight, were the first, with great humility and devotion, to serve them. For which cause, St. Dominic, seeing these things, and knowing of a surety that Divine Providence worked for them, humbly acknowledged that he had wrongfully judged that St. Francis had given an indiscreet commandment, and forthwith went, and kneeling down, humbly confessed his fault; and added: "Truly God has special care of these holy poor little ones, and I knew it not; and from this hour, I promise, first of all, to observe holy, evangelical Poverty; and I anathematize, on the part of God, all the Brothers of my Order, who shall presume to have property." Thus was St. Dominic much edified by the faith

of most holy Francis, and the obedience and poverty of so great and well-ordered a company, and by the Providence of God, and the copious abundance of all these good things.

Of the most holy miracle which St. Francis performed when he converted the fierce wolf of Gubbio.

At the time when St. Francis dwelt in the city of Gubbio, there appeared in the neighbourhood an enormous wolf, terrible and ferocious, which devoured not only animals but even men also, insomuch that all the citizens stood in great terror, because many times he had approached the city, and all carried arms when they went out of the city, as though they were going to battle; yet with all this if anyone met him alone he could not defend himself against him. And for fear of this wolf it had come to such a pass that no one had the courage to go out of the city. Therefore St. Francis had compassion on the men of the place, and desired to go out to this wolf, although all the citizens together counselled him not to do so: and making the sign of the most holy Cross he went out into the fields, he and his companions, all his confidence resting in God. And the others hesitating to go any further, St. Francis took his way to the place where the wolf was. And behold! seeing the many citizens, who had come out to witness the miracle, the wolf made at St. Francis with open mouth. And when he had come near, St. Francis made on him the sign of the most holy Cross, and called him to him, saying: "Come along, Brother Wolf, I command thee on the part of Christ, that thou do no harm, neither to me, nor to anyone." And O wonder! immediately that St. Francis had made the holy Sign, the terrible wolf shut his mouth, and ceased to run, and did as he was commanded, coming gently as a lamb, and lay down to rest at the feet of St. Francis. Then St. Francis spoke to him thus: "Brother Wolf, thou hast done much damage in these parts, and many evil deeds, ravaging,

and killing the creatures of God, without His permission; and not only killing and devouring the cattle, but having the hardihood to destroy men made in the image of God, for which cause thou dost deserve to be hung upon the gallows like a convict, as being a thief and the worst of murderers; and all the people cry out and murmur because of thee, and the whole neighbourhood is hostile to thee. But, Brother Wolf, I would make peace between them and thee, so that thou offend no more, and they shall pardon thee all past offences, and neither men nor dogs shall persecute thee more." At these words, the wolf, by the motions of his body, and his tail, and his eyes, and by inclining his head, shewed that he accepted what St. Francis had said, and was ready to observe it. Then St. Francis said again: "Brother Wolf, since it pleases thee to make and to keep this peace, I promise thee that I shall have thy food given to thee continually by the men of this place, as long as thou shalt live, so that thou shalt suffer no more hunger, for I know well that it is hunger which made thee do all this evil. But since I have obtained for thee this grace, I desire, Brother Wolf, that thou promise me never more to harm man or beast; dost thou promise me this?" And the wolf by inclining his head made evident signs that he promised. And St. Francis said to him: "Brother Wolf, I would have thee pledge me thy faith that thou wilt keep this promise, without which I cannot well trust thee." And St. Francis holding out his hand to receive his faith, the wolf immediately lifted up his right paw and gently placed it in the hand of St. Francis, thus giving him such pledge of faith as he was able. Then St. Francis said: "Brother Wolf, I command thee in the Name of Jesus Christ that thou come now with me, without doubting of anything; and let us go and confirm this peace in the Name of God." And the wolf obediently went with him like a mild and gentle lamb; which the citizens saw, and marvelled greatly. And immediately the news spread over the whole city, and all the people, men and women, great and small, young and old, thronged to the Piazza to see the wolf with St. Francis. And

all the people being gathered together, St. Francis got up to preach, telling them amongst other things, how it was on account of sin, that God permitted such calamities, and also pestilences. Much more terrible he said "are the flames of hell which the damned will have to endure eternally than the fangs of the wolf, which cannot destroy more than the body. How much more then are the jaws of hell to be feared, when we see so many held in terror by the jaws of a little animal! Turn therefore, beloved, to God, and do worthy penance for your sins, and God will deliver you now from the fires of hell." And the sermon ended, St. Francis said: "Listen, my brethren: Brother Wolf, who is here before you, has promised, and has pledged me his faith to make peace with you, and never to offend again in anything; and you will promise to give him every day that which is necessary; and I make myself surety for him, that he will faithfully observe the treaty of peace." Then all the people promised with one voice to feed him continually. And St. Francis, before them all, said to the wolf: "And thou, Brother Wolf, dost thou promise to observe and to keep the treaty of peace that thou wilt not offend either man or beast, or any creature?" And the wolf knelt down and inclined his head, and by gentle movements of his body, and his tail and his ears, shewed as well as he could that he was willing to keep all he had promised them. Then said St. Francis: "Brother Wolf, I desire that as thou hast pledged me thy faith to this promise outside the gates, thou wilt pledge me thy faith again before all the people, and not deceive me in the promise and guarantee which I have given for thee." Then the wolf lifting up his right paw placed it in the hand of St. Francis. Whilst this and the rest that has been told above was taking place, there was such joy and admiration amongst all the people, both through devotion to the Saint, and through the novelty of the miracle, and also on account of the peace made with the wolf, that all began to cry to Heaven praising aud blessing God for sending to them St. Francis, who by his merits had delivered them from the jaws of the cruel beast. And

after this, the said wolf lived two years in Gubbio; and went sociably into the houses, going from door to door, without doing harm to anyone, or anyone doing harm to him, and was continually entertained by the people. And thus, as he went through fields and lanes, never did any dog bark at him. Finally, after two years, Brother Wolf died of old age; at which the citizens grieved much; for whilst he went so gently about the town, they remembered the virtue and sanctity of St. Francis.

How St. Francis made the wild turtle-dove tame.

A certain youth had caught one day a great number of turtle-doves; and as he was taking them to market he met St. Francis, who, having a singular compassion for these gentle creatures, looked at the doves with eyes of pity, and said to the youth: "O good youth, I pray thee give me these gentle birds, to which, in the holy Scriptures, chaste and humble and faithful souls are compared; and do not let them fall into the hands of cruel men who would kill them." And immediately the young man, being inspired by God, gave them all to St. Francis; and he received them into his bosom and said to them tenderly: "O my little sisters, simple, innocent and chaste doves, why have you let yourselves be snared? See, I will snatch you from death and make nests for you, wherein you may increase and multiply according to the commandment of our Creator." And St. Francis went and made nests for them all; and they took to their nests, and began to lay eggs, and hatched them without fear before the eyes of the Brothers; and they were as tame and familiar with St. Francis and all the other Brothers as if they had been domestic fowls always accustomed to be fed by them; and they would not depart until St. Francis with his blessing gave them leave to go. And to the young man who had given them to him, St Francis said: "Little son, thou wilt yet be a Brother in this Order,

and wilt serve Jesus Christ nobly." And so it came to pass: for the said youth became a Brother and lived in the Order in great sanctity.

Of the beautiful Sermon preached in Assisi by St. Francis and Brother Ruffino.

Brother Ruffino, by continued contemplation, was so absorbed in God, that he became almost insensible and speechless, and moreover had neither grace, nor courage, nor eloquence in preaching; nevertheless, St. Francis commanded him one day to go to Assisi and preach to the people that which God inspired him to say. To which Brother Ruffino replied: "Reverend Father, I pray you to excuse me, and send me not, because, as thou knowest, I have not the grace of preaching, but am simple and stupid." And St. Francis said: "Since thou hast not obeyed promptly, I command thee by holy obedience, that thou go, in thy breeches only, to Assisi, and enter into a church, and preach to the people." At this command, Brother Ruffino stripped off his habit, and went to Assisi, and entered a church, and having made his reverence to the altar, he ascended the pulpit and began to preach; at which the children and the men began to laugh, and said: "Now see, these men do so much penance, that they become fools and beside themselves." In the meanwhile, St. Francis, thinking over the prompt obedience of Brother Ruffino, who was one of the highest gentlemen of Assisi, and of the hard command which he had given him, began to reproach himself, saying: "Whence hast thou so great presumption, son of Peter Bernardoni, thou sorry wight, to command Brother Ruffino, who is one of the highest gentlemen of Assisi, to go and preach to the people, as if he were a madman? By God's grace, thou shalt prove in thyself that which thou hast commanded to others." And immediately, in fervour of spirit, he stripped himself in like manner, and went his way to Assisi, taking with him

Brother Leo, to carry his habit and that of Brother Ruffino. And the townsmen of Assisi seeing him in the same plight, derided him, declaring him and Brother Ruffino both mad, through excess of penance. And St. Francis entered the church, where Brother Ruffino was preaching in these words: "O most dearly beloved, fly the world and forsake sin; restore that which belongs to others, if you would escape hell; keep the commandments of God, by loving God and your neighbour, if you wish to go to heaven; do penance, if you would possess the kingdom of heaven." Then St. Francis ascended the pulpit, and began to preach so wondrously of the contempt of the world, of holy penance, of voluntary poverty, and of the desire of the heavenly kingdom, and of the nakedness and opprobrium of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, that all they that were present at the sermon, both men and women, a great multitude, began to weep bitterly, with great devotion and compunction of heart: and not only in the church, but through all Assisi that day, there was such weeping for the Passion of Christ, that the like was never known. And the people being thus edified and consoled by this act of St. Francis and Brother Ruffino, St. Francis re-clothed Brother Ruffino and himself, and thus re-habited they returned to the convent of the Portiuncula, praising and glorifying God, who had given them grace to overcome themselves by the contempt of themselves, and to edify the little sheep of Christ by a good example, and to shew how much the world is to be despised. And in that day, the devotion of the people increased so greatly towards them, that he reputed himself blessed who could touch the hem of their habit.

How St. Clare, by command of the Pope, blessed the loaves which were on the table; and how there appeared on each loaf the sign of the Holy Cross.

St. Clare, most devoted disciple of the Cross of Christ, and noble plant of St. Francis, was of such sanctity, that not only Bishops and Cardinals, but the Pope himself

desired, with great affection, to see her, to hear her, and oftentimes visited her in person. Amongst other times, once, when the Holy Father went to her Convent, to hear her speak of heavenly and divine things whilst they were together, holding divers discourses, St. Clare meanwhile had the tables prepared, and the loaves placed on them in order that the Holy Father might bless them. The spiritual discourse being ended she inclined herself with great reverence, prayed him to be pleased to bless the loaves before their repast. The Holy Father answered: "Sister Clare, most true and faithful one, I desire that thou bless these loaves, and make on them the sign of the most holy Cross, to which thou hast entirely given thyself." St. Clare replied: "Most Holy Father, pardon me, who would be worthy of too great rebuke, if before the Vicar of Christ, I who am a worthless woman, should presume to give this blessing." And the Pope answered: "In order that this may not be imputed to presumption, but to the merit of obedience, I command thee by holy obedience, that thou make on these loaves the sign of the most holy Cross, and bless them in the name of God." Then St. Clare, like a true daughter of obedience, most devoutly blessed these loaves, with the sign of the most holy Cross. Wonderful to relate! immediately there appeared on all these loaves the sign of the Cross, most beautifully engraved; then of these loaves, some were eaten, and some miraculously preserved. And the Holy Father, having seen the miracle, took of the loaves with him, and departed, leaving St. Clare with his blessing.

Of the miracle which God worked, when St. Anthony, being at Rimini, preached to the fishes of the sea.

Christ the Blessed, wishing to shew the great sanctity of His most faithful servant, St. Anthony, and how devoutly his preaching and holy doctrine were to be listened to, on one occasion among others reproved the folly of the faithless heretics by means of animals without

reason, that is to say, by the fishes, even as in former days in the Old Testament by the mouth of an ass he had reproved the ignorance of Balaam. For once on a time, St. Anthony being at Rimini, where were a great multitude of heretics, desiring to bring them to the light of the true Faith and the way of virtue, he preached for many days, disputing on the Faith of Christ, and on the Holy Scriptures; but they, not only not consenting to his holy words, but, as those who are obstinate and hardened, refusing even to listen, St. Anthony one day, by Divine inspiration, went his way to the bank of the stream, where it flowed into the sea; and standing thus, by the shore, between the river and the sea, he began to speak, and as it were, preach to the fishes, in the Name of God, saying: "Hear the word of God, ye fishes of the sea and the stream, since the unbelieving heretics scorn to hear it." And as soon as he had thus spoken, immediately there came to him, swimming towards the shore, so great a multitude of fishes, big, little and middle-sized, as were never seen before in the sea and in that river; and all of them held their heads up above the water, and all remained attentive before the face of St. Anthony, all of them docile, and in the greatest order and tranquillity; so that in the forefront, close to the shore, came all the smallest fishes and after them the middle-sized fishes, and behind these again, where the water was deeper, the great fishes. All the fishes being now therefore thus placed and in order, St. Anthony began to preach solemnly; and thus he said: "My brothers the fishes, much are you indebted and bound to return thanks to our Creator, Who has given you so noble an element for your habitation, so that as it pleases you, you can have sweet waters, or salt, and wherein is given you many a place of refuge from the tempests; and also this same clear and transparent element, and the food by which you live. God, your gentle and beneficent Creator, when He made you, gave you command to grow and multiply, and bestowed on you His blessing; after which came the Deluge, when all the other animals universally perished, you only being preserved by God from all hurt.

Besides all this, He has granted to you fins, that you may wander at pleasure wheresoever you will. To you it was given, by the commandment of God, to preserve Jonas the prophet, and on the third day to cast him on dry land, safe and well. You it was who offered the tax-money to our Lord Jesus Christ, Who was so poor that He had not wherewith to pay. You were the food of the Eternal King, Jesus Christ, immediately before the Resurrection and after it, by a singular mystery; for all which causes, you are bound to praise and to bless God, Who has given you such and so many benefits, more than to other creatures." At these and similar words of St. Anthony, the fishes began to open their mouths, and to incline their heads, and by these and other signs of reverence, after the manner they were able, to praise God. Then St. Anthony, seeing such reverence in the fishes towards God their Creator, rejoiced in spirit, and with a loud voice said: "Blessed be the Eternal God, because that the fishes of the waters honour Him more than the heretics, and the animals without reason hear His word better than unbelieving men." And the more St. Anthony preached on, the more the multitude of fishes increased, and not one left the place it had taken. At this miracle, the people of the city began to hasten together, amongst whom came the aforesaid heretics, who, seeing a miracle so marvellous and so manifest, had compunction in their hearts, and with one accord, threw themselves at the feet of St. Anthony, to hear his words. Then St. Anthony began to preach of the Catholic Faith, and so ably, that all the heretics were converted to the true Faith of Christ; and all the faithful were built up anew, and comforted, and confirmed in the Faith, with the greatest joy. And this done, St. Anthony dismissed the fishes with the blessing of God; and they all departed, with wondrous signs of gladness, as did the people also. And after this, St. Anthony remained many days in Rimini, preaching, and bringing forth much spiritual fruit in the souls of the people.

The English Martyrs:

A LECTURE GIVEN AT STONYHURST COLLEGE, BY THE REV. JOHN MORRIS, S.J.

My dear Boys:

I am going to talk to you to-night about the English Martyrs. I should not be astonished if many amongst you were inclined to call out to me at once, "The English Martyrs! Who are they?" Not to know who they are is, I am afraid, nothing very extraordinary. There was a time, and that not so very long ago, when there was not a boy in a Catholic College who was not quite at home with Challoner's *Missionary Priests*, and as that book tells all about many of the martyrs, every one then knew something about them. But nowadays Challoner is thrown on one side, and the English Martyrs are in danger of being forgotten. Surely that will not do. We owe them too much for that. It would be horribly ungrateful in us to neglect them after all that they have done and all that they have borne in order that we may be Catholics, as they were. They died for our religion, and so prevented it from being stamped out of the country altogether. If all had been cowards, as too many were, there would have been no English Catholics left; but there were brave souls who professed the old faith at any cost, and the martyrs were the bravest of the brave. No, we will not be ungrateful to those who so nobly teach us that

our faith is worth suffering for; yes, and that our faith is worth dying for.

But now, thank God, that is not all. Until comparatively lately that was all. For centuries we were left to ourselves to see what we owed to the martyrs. But on the 4th of December 1886, Rome spoke. On that day it was decreed by the Holy See for which the martyrs died, that there were many of them whom we might at once venerate publicly and invoke under the title of Blessed, and that there were many more into the story of whose deaths the Pope proposes to examine, and to whom he gives the title of Venerable Servants of God. It will never do for us to be indifferent or careless about those of whom the Pope speaks to us in this manner. These are our English Martyrs of whom he speaks, martyrs who died for the faith since England turned Protestant and broke away from Rome. And they were not a mere handful, nor was the period of persecution a short one. The first martyrs died in 1535, and the last in 1681, so that a century and a half elapsed between the first and the last; and for numbers, the Holy See has already admitted the names of three hundred and fifteen, almost all of whom died on the scaffold or on the gibbet. The cases of 44 others have been postponed for further consideration, but these are chiefly those who died for their faith in prison. With some of these martyrs we in this College are closely connected. Nineteen of them were students at our first home at St. Omers, as you are students here at Stonyhurst. Of these nineteen three became Franciscans, and now give glory to that Seraphic Order as well as to their old College by their martyrdom; and of the sixteen boys of the College who became Jesuit martyrs, two were still more closely connected with us, for Fr. Peter Wright was Prefect of the College, and Fr. Thomas Holland was Prefect of the Sodality and afterwards confessor of the boys.

There are three things that I propose we should examine together this evening respecting the English Martyrs, and I hope that the result of our talk about them may be that none of you may ever say again that you know nothing about them, and that every one of you may wish to know more and may read with interest whatever you may come across

respecting them. The three things for us to discuss to-night are, first, what did they die for? Secondly, what were their sufferings like? And thirdly, what sort of people were they?

We begin with the important question, what did they die for? I call it important because on this it depends whether they were really martyrs or no. "Not the pain but the cause makes the martyr," says St. Augustine; and what St. Paul says of charity I may apply to the martyrs, and say that "though I give my body to be burned," if it is not for the true faith and for Christ's Church, it is no martyrdom.

What did they die for? They died for the Roman Catholic religion. They would not have been martyrs if this had not been the cause of their death. But they were found guilty of high treason and suffered the penalties of high treason. Yes, that is true; but their treason was their religion. It will be easy enough for me to show you this. The two principal offences that were treated as high treason were, in Henry VIII's time, rejecting his spiritual supremacy; in Elizabeth's, being in England at all, if a priest, and being absolved by the priest, if a layman. Nothing can be simpler than the high treason under Henry VIII, which made martyrs of Blessed Cardinal Fisher, Sir Thomas More, the Carthusians, and others. The Parliament in 1534 enacted first, the King's Highness to be Supreme Head on earth of the Church of England; and then, having made this the King's title, it further enacted that "if any person, after the 1st day of February next coming, did maliciously wish, will, or desire, by words or writing, to deprive the King, the Queen, &c., of their dignity, title or name of their royal estates, every such person should be adjudged a traitor." Hence it followed, as plainly as that two and two make four, that to deny that the King was Supreme Head on earth of the Church of England was high treason, to be punished with all its fearful penalties. But the Catholic religion required every one to deny this usurped spiritual supremacy of the King. It was the Pope's and not the King's, and a Catholic could not say otherwise without committing a grievous sin against Faith. Such men were surely martyrs. The King and the Parliament of England required them to say what they could not say without sin, and they died a horrible and painful death rather than say

it. Protestant historians have said that these men died because they would not acknowledge the right of succession to the Crown vested by Parliament in the children of Henry VIII and Ann Boleyn. This is simply untrue. Blessed Cardinal Fisher, Sir Thomas More, Richard Reynolds and the Carthusians, have a testimony in their favour that cannot be gainsaid. The original indictments on which they were tried and condemned still exist in the Public Record Office, and they were accused and found guilty of denying the King's Supremacy over the Church, and they died for nothing else.

For the cause of the death of another of Henry's martyrs we will take evidence of a very different sort. Blessed Friar Forest, O.S.F., was burnt in Smithfield in a very horrible way, for he was hung by a chain round his waist over a fire. In that fire a great image was burnt, which image is wrongly drawn in every picture of the execution that I have ever seen. One has our Lord, another the Blessed Virgin, a third a crucifix, and a fourth King David. It was really the wooden statue of a knight on horseback, called Darvel Gathern, brought to London from a Welsh village, where it was anciently held in great reverence. An old tradition said that it would one day burn a forest, and in mockery it was made to feed the fire in which Friar Forest was burned. On the gallows from which the Blessed Franciscan hung, two doggerel verses were set, the first relating to Darvel Gathern, the other showing that there was no doubt amongst the people that the holy friar died because he would not acknowledge as a part of the Gospel that the King was head of the Church.

> "And Forest the frier,
> That obstinate lyre,
> That wilfully shal be dead,
> In his contumacie
> The Gospell doth deny,
> The Kyng to be Supreme Head."

Later on, by far the larger number of the martyrs died under an Act of Parliament made in the 27th year of Queen Elizabeth, 1585. This Act made it high treason to be in England, after having been made priest by Roman authority after the accession of the Queen. But did not the Catholic

religion require that the poor, oppressed, persecuted Catholics in England should have the help of the sacraments? Those sacraments they could only have by priests being sent over here to administer them, and it was high treason for the priest to come. This again surely was to die for the Catholic religion, that is to say, to be a martyr.

Then for the laity, the same Act of Parliament made it felony, punishable with death to harbour a priest. If the Catholic religion called on the priest to come and administer the sacraments, it called on the layman to enable him to administer them when he had come. The layman was only acting as a good Catholic was bound to act when he gave the priest shelter and food, and the means of fulfilling the duties of his priesthood. If one was a martyr, the other was a martyr. It was for his religion that both one and the other suffered. The difference between the punishment of priest and layman *under this act* was that the layman was hanged until he was dead, and the priest was cut down alive and then butchered. Felony and high treason were both capital offences, but the sentence was accompanied by more frightful circumstances in one case than the other.

Many laymen also suffered all the penalties of high treason. There were laws before this one of 1585 by which not only were Catholics heavily fined for purely spiritual acts like hearing Mass, but by which their lives could be taken. It was high treason to have asked or to have received absolution from a Catholic priest. Before the 27th of Elizabeth, priests and laymen were executed as traitors for denying her spiritual supremacy, though her father's Act of Parliament had been repealed under Mary and not re-enacted in so many words when Elizabeth renewed the schism. But any stone is good enough to throw at a dog, and any pretext was sufficient to condemn a Catholic. In Blessed Fr. Campion's case the accusation was that a number of priests, who met for the first time at the bar of the Court in which they were tried, had conspired together in Rome and Rheims to procure the Queen's death and to stir up rebellion in the realm. Blessed Cuthbert Mayne, the Protomartyr of the seminary priests, was found guilty of having a Bull and having published it in England. The Bull in question was a copy of the jubilee of the preceding year. Other counts in

his indictment were that he had an Agnus Dei, that he had said Mass, and that he had maintained the usurped power of the Pope and denied the Queen's supremacy. BB. Nelson and Lacy, priests, and Sherwood a layman, were condemned for denying the Queen's supremacy: BB. Hanse, Lacy, Kirkman and other priests for "seducing the Queen's subjects from their obedience," of which it was sufficient evidence by the Act of 1581 that they had heard confessions and given absolution. But all such pleas were rendered unnecessary by the Act of 1585, which hanged the priest and his entertainers. And it was not only against priest after priest that this law was put into execution. The merest trifle was enough to make out that the layman was the priest's entertainer. Thomas Bosgrave was hanged with Fr. Cornelius because, when the Jesuit father was being hurried away by the officers without a hat, he "clapped his own hat on the confessor's head saying, 'The honour I owe to your function may not suffer me to see you go bareheaded.'" Swithin Wells was absent from home when Edmund Genings, a priest, was taken at Mass in his house, and the magistrate told him "though he was not at the feast, he should taste of the sauce." A layman in Yorkshire was hanged for giving a priest a pot of ale on a journey. Lady Babthorpe, who tells the tale, could not remember his name, but she says, "This I know: he suffered death for paying for the drink the priest drank. As I heard, it was but one pot, which was some penny or twopence. This layman died constantly." This was Marmaduke Bowes, a married man, who had conformed externally to the Church of England. Hearing of the apprehension of Hugh Taylor, a priest, he went to York to see if he could help him at the assizes. "As soon as he was alighted from his horse, without pulling off his boots, he went straight to the Castle Yard to speak in the priest's behalf. But being himself hereupon questioned, he was immediately apprehended, tried and condemned upon the statute lately made against harbouring and relieving the priests. Some say he was hanged in his boots and spurs." Robert Ashton, of Croston in Lancashire, was hanged at Tyburn in 1592, for procuring a dispensation from Rome to marry his second cousin. Margaret Clitheroe, the glorious martyr of York, was pressed to death because

she would not plead, out of charity for the souls of the jurymen. Margaret Ward, a gentlewoman of London, and John Roch, a waterman, were hanged for helping a priest to escape from prison. Anne Line, at her execution, said with a loud voice, "I am sentenced to die for harbouring a Catholic priest; and so far am I from repenting for having so done, that I wish with all my soul that where I have entertained one, I could have entertained a thousand."

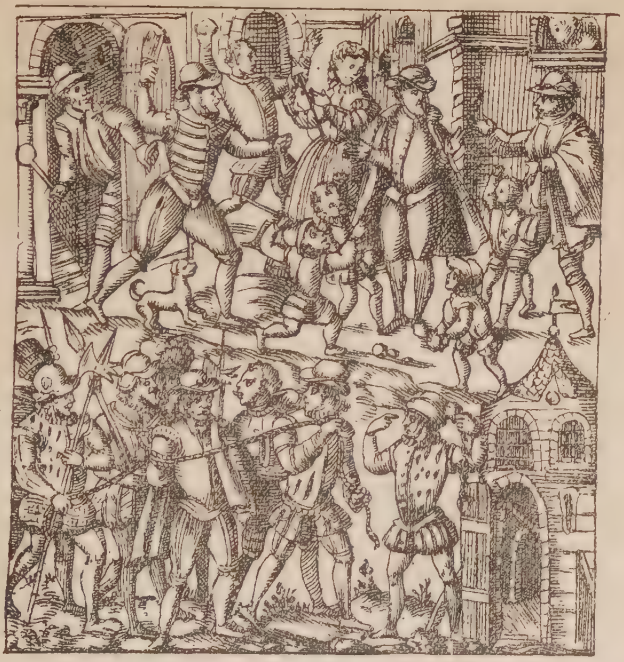
Enough I think has been said to show *why* the martyrs died. We may now safely pass on to our second question which is, what did they suffer? To answer this question fully would require a volume; and more especially if we were to describe all the sufferings of the priests. We should have to go back to the difficulty of getting out of England in order to be educated as Catholics, much more as ecclesiastics, and to the largely increased danger of getting back again into England when sacred orders had been received. There were spies in the very Colleges abroad to betray the Church students, so that their description might precede them and they might be arrested on landing. When they had succeeded in landing they were in imminent danger, for lay-people did not dare to give shelter and a welcome to those whom they did not know. Some almost starved on their first arrival, like Devereux: Anderton and Marsden were taken when driven ashore by a storm at a point of the coast where they had no intention of landing; Fr. Henry Walpole was arrested before he had been four and twenty hours on English soil; Fr. Heath, the Franciscan, walking from Dover to London barefoot, ventured to call at the Star Inn, near London Bridge; having no money to defray his charges he was hurried out of doors at 8 o'clock on a cold winter's night, and laid himself down at some citizen's door, where he was immediately arrested; and plenty of others besides the martyrs had similar "beginnings of sorrows."

Suppose them safely landed, and sheltered in some good Catholic house, their painful and perilous life was before them. Some remained shut up for many months at a time in an out of the way room of some great house, their existence known to comparatively few, unable to move except with the greatest caution, lest Protestant servants or neigh-

bours might betray them. Others were disguised as confidential servants: others again in gay clothes as men of the world. Some were obliged to change their disguises constantly; hardly one of them was called by his own name. And all this because a price was set on their heads, because spies were everywhere, searches incessant. Yet it was made a ground of accusation against them that they went in disguise and had many an *alias*. Even their brethren abroad could hardly understand it, for they did not know how fierce the persecution was. Fr. Augustine Baker, the celebrated Benedictine contemplative and historian, tells of himself the story that meeting some Benedictine brethren during his travels in Italy, he told them that in England he wore a coloured coat and a sword, whereupon they left him saying that no monk who did such things could save his soul. For every priest in England disguise was necessary, or the very end for which he had come to England would be frustrated.

And they were hunted down like vermin. Hiding places had to be made for them and for their altar furniture, for at any moment the house might be surrounded and searched. All old Catholic houses had these hiding places, and, as you know, we have one in this very College. The priests were often taken at Mass, and then they were not allowed to take off their vestments, but as they were, they were dragged through the rabble to prison, sometimes on a sorry horse with their legs tied together, and they seated looking towards the horse's tail. Alas, all this happened the more easily through the greatest of all dangers, the "perils by false brethren." The very man who had seemed so devout at Mass, like Eliot the traitor in Mrs. Yates' house at Lyford, who betrayed Blessed Father Campion, would be the man who would earn for himself the patronage of such a Minister of the Queen as Secretary Walsingham, by calling in the local magistrate and the *posse comitatis* to carry off to prison the celebrant of the Mass and all who had assisted at it.

Then came the imprisonment. We nowadays have no idea of what those prisons were like. If the prisoner had wealthy friends, in many of the prisons his money could buy him peace and comparative liberty. Priests thus in prison were often far more useful than those who were free. Catholics could come to them with little danger, be sure to



En quos Presbyteros pretio corruptus Judas
Prodidit, aut pœnis legum conterritus hospes:
Funibus implicitos, claudendos carcere, custos
Accipit, in limbos et tetra ergastula trudens.

The priest, in secular disguise, is recognized in the street by a spy or priest-catcher, and on the cry being raised, "a traitor! a traitor!" the men and boys take up stones to throw at him. He is arrested, bound, and led away to prison amidst the jeers of the people.

find them, and obtain there access to the sacraments they needed. Money did it all. Gaolers bought their offices and expected to be repaid. They would petition that priests or laymen might be sent to them who could pay them handsomely. These might say Mass—liable of course to a sudden inroad of the officers or of some zealous magistrate. There many priests were for years, some of their number now and then taken out to be hanged, and at last by way of a gaol delivery, twenty or thirty at a time put on shipboard and landed on the coast of France or the Low Countries.

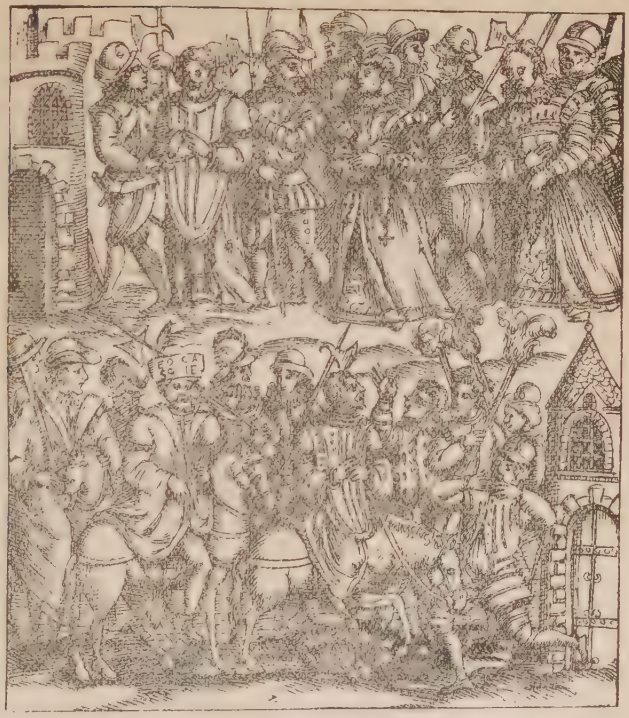
But there were other poor prisoners in abundance who for one reason or another were very differently used. Either they were too poor to pay for better treatment, or they were committed with strict injunctions to their gaolers that their usage was to be severe, or they were in those prisons where the hardships were greater: for there was a great difference between one prison and another, and sometimes the friends of a prisoner would pay for his transfer from a hard prison to one that was more easy. The Church does not account every man a martyr who, when committed to prison for conscience sake, dies in confinement, but that man is a martyr whose death is caused by the hardships of the prison. There was plenty of such imprisonment amongst our martyrs. In the Tower they could treat a prisoner fairly if they liked, but the usage that Fr. Southwell met with was such that his Protestant father petitioned the Queen "that, if his son had committed any thing for which by the laws he had deserved death, he might suffer death; if not, as he was a gentleman, he hoped her Majesty would be pleased to order that he should be treated as a gentleman, and not be confined any longer in that filthy hole." Another specimen, taken almost at random, may be that of William Davies, who, when he arrived in custody at Bewdly, "sick and weary as he was, was thrust down into a dungeon amongst felons that lay under sentence of death, so closely penned up together that they had no room to stir, nor any other convenience to lie down or rest on or sit on, than a sort of a stone seat two feet high, which the malefactors very civilly offered Mr. Davies to sit on in the day and sleep on at night. But his chief suffering here was from the insupportable stench of the place, the prisoners being obliged to do

all their necessities in that close place." There are cases of prisoners being intentionally killed by stench. For instance, Mr. Ailworth, a young Irish gentleman, whose only offence was that of letting Catholics meet in his house for Mass, was "put into a filthy dungeon destitute of all things, Recorder Fleetwood strictly forbidding any one to be admitted to visit him or give him anything; so the young gentleman in eight days' time was brought to his end by the stench and filth of the place." It may be mentioned, as an instance of the strictness of the judgment at Rome in the cause of the martyrs, that Ailworth has not found a place among those who are now declared Venerable, but his case has been postponed with many others for further proofs. The most striking of the murders of this sort was that of the Carthusian monks, ten of whom were sent to Newgate that they might be killed by slow starvation, combined with the stench and misery of their dungeon. Of them we learn that Margaret Giggs, whom B. Thomas More treated as an adopted daughter, "moved with great compassion of those holy fathers, dealt with the gaoler that she might secretly have access to them, and withal did win him with money that he was content to let her come into the prison to them, which she did very often, attiring and disguising herself as a milk-maid, with a great pail on her head full of meat, wherewith she fed that blessed company, putting meat into their mouths, they being tied and not able to stir nor to help themselves, which having done, she afterwards took from them their natural filth. This pious work she continued for divers days, until at last the King understanding to his great admiration that they were not dead, commanded a stricter watch to be set over them, so that the keeper durst not let in this good woman any more, fearing it might cost him his head if it should be discovered." This the King's agent, Archdeacon Bedyll, called their being "despatched by the Hand of God," when they had been in Newgate sixteen days. Of the ten all were so killed but one, and he was hanged, drawn and quartered after three years more of imprisonment.

It is needless to say that imprisonment often meant being laden with irons. Of one we are told that the shackles were rusty when they were put on him, and were worn bright by long usage. Of more than one we have

the touching story that they paid the gaoler when he put their irons on, and he, expecting more, took them off again and received nothing; then replacing them, to his surprise was again rewarded. B. Everard Hanse at his trial when called on to plead, held up his left hand, and was reproached by the Recorder for spiritual pride that he would not hold up his anointed right hand. "But the truth was, he did it because his right hand was occupied in easing himself by holding up the great bolts wherewith the blessed man was exceedingly laden; for being admonished he forthwith stretched forth his right hand." In another case a martyr was allowed to hire a boy to help him to bear his irons which were more than he could carry. This was Roger Cadwallador, of whom a pretty story is told, that "a notable person coming up to him in his sickness, and he lying on his bed with his shackles on his legs, shaking them, said to him, 'The high priest of the Old Law had little bells about the rim of his vestment, and I, stirring my legs, say: *Audi Domine, hæc sunt tintinnabula mea:* Hear, O Lord, these are my little bells.' Signifying belike that these were as acceptable to God as that sound of the little bells."

From the fetters and shackles we must pass to the torments. The use of torture was then the practice in England, as it was in all other countries at the time. It was not used as a punishment, but as the means of extorting information from a prisoner, even sometimes an avowal of his own guilt, more often that of the complicity of others. The humane maxim of our modern law, that a man must be presumed to be innocent till he is proved to be guilty, was then unknown. A man can still be condemned on his own confession, but in those days every effort was made to induce him to criminate himself and others. We must not therefore look on the torture of our martyrs as anything invented especially out of hatred for the Catholic religion or inflicted on Catholics only, any more than the frightful penalties for high treason. The special hardship in the case of the martyrs lay in their being tortured to make them tell that which it would have been a sin and a shame for them to tell. The priests were asked where they had been housed, where they had said Mass, who were present at their Mass, whose confessions they had heard, where other priests were to be



Captos dum celebrant, in sacro lictor amictu
Raptat per medias populo insultante plateas.
Capti rure alii manibus pedibusque ligati
Imponuntur equis, primasque vehuntur ad urbes.

The priest has been taken at Mass, and is led away to prison through the streets in his sacred vestments, accompanied as fellow-prisoners by the devout people who have heard his Mass. Other priests are brought in on horseback from the country, men with torches leading the way at night. One of the priests, who is riding with his feet tied together, has on his hat "Edmund Campion, the seditious Jesuit."

found, and other questions of this character. Now it is plain that if they answered these questions, they would have inflicted the most grievous injury on innocent persons, for it would have brought them within reach of the wicked penal laws. The prayer of a priest was that if he were taken, it might be outside and not in a house, for the latter would bring ruin on the devoted family that sheltered him. Clearly then he could not tell where he had been, or who had availed himself of his ministry, be the cost to himself whatever it might on his refusing to tell. Under the fearful tortures in the Tower of London many broke down and became spies and informers; the nobler spirits bore the extremity of torment rather than speak.

There were tortures of various sorts. There was Limbo, a dark hole, filthy and full of rats and vermin. There was Little Ease, a cell so small that a man could not sit, stand, or lie down in it. There was a thing called the Scavenger's Daughter, "a hoop or circle of iron, into which the whole body was, as it were, folded up, and hands, feet and head bound fast together." B. Luke Kirby and B. Thomas Cottam suffered it. Needles were thrust under B. Alexander Briant's nails. Roland Jenks, a Catholic bookseller in Oxford, had his ears nailed to the pillory and was obliged to deliver himself by cutting them off with his own hands. This however was a sentence rather than a torture to extort an answer. The worst torture of all, and that which was by the far most frequently used, was the rack. Of this there were two kinds. One was to be hung up by the hands, and this was so painful a torment that Fr. John Gerard who underwent it, says that none but those who have tried it can imagine how grievous it is. The other was to have cords fastened to the hands and feet and passed over windlasses, by which they could be stretched as tight as the presiding magistrate chose. By this instrument it was that Norton, the rack-master of the Tower, boasted that he had made B. Alexander Briant a foot longer than God had made him. By this it was that Nicholas Owen, better known as the Jesuit lay-brother Little John, was so badly ruptured and torn that he died in their hands. By this B. Edmund Campion was so racked that when asked by the gaoler how he felt his hands and feet, he answered "Not ill, for he felt

Devincti ad carros, perque urbis compita ducti,
Libera servili lacerantur terga flagello.
Supplicio hoc functis, moxque tanquam erronibus aures
Perfossæ, igniti terebrantur acumine ferri.

A man is being whipped at the cart's tail, and on his return from this punishment an official heats an iron with which his ears are to be pierced and he is to be branded as a rogue. Two ministers are looking on.

them not at all." One of the touching incidents of his trial was that when called on to raise his hand to plead, it was so disabled by the racking that he could not lift it, and a priest who stood at the bar with him, lifted it for him and reverently kissed it.

Of the other kind of racking we have a sufficient example in the case of the poet and martyr, Fr. Robert Southwell. He was hung from the wall by his hands, with a sharp circle of iron round his wrist, pressing on the artery, his legs bent backwards and his heels tied to his thighs. This was in the house of the notorious Richard Topcliffe. In a letter of wonderful familiarity addressed to Queen Elizabeth, "humbly submitting himself to her Majesty's direction in this or in any service," this monster of cruelty told his "most gracious sovereign" that "if her Highness' pleasure be to know anything in his heart, this torment will enforce him to tell all." In this Topcliffe was wrong. The firmness and patience of the gentle Jesuit overcame the cruelty of his tormentor. Topcliffe never allowed him to rest except when he seemed to be dying. Then they would take him down and bring him to himself by burning paper under his nose; he would then vomit a quantity of blood, after which he was hung again. All this time he was so patient, and the expression of his countenance was so sweet, that even the servant who watched him began to look upon him as a saint. His only exclamations were: "My God and my all!" "God gave Himself to thee, give thyself to God!" The heroism of the holy man bore this cruelty for four days without betraying one of his benefactors, and thus Topcliffe failed in his promise to the Queen. Fr. Southwell was taken from his hands to the Tower, and there cast for a month into the vile filthy hole that induced his father to ask the Queen as a favour that he might be executed rather than left there. And this was one of the most cruel parts of the torture, that when the poor victim was unable so much as to put food into his mouth or in any way to help himself, he was then deprived of the barest necessaries of life. Blessed Ralph Sherwin told his brother that after he had been twice racked, he lay five days and nights without any food or speaking to anybody: all which time he lay, as he thought, in a sleep before our Saviour on the Cross. And his fellow-martyr Blessed Alexander

Ut quibus excepti domibus mysteria Christi
Egerunt, quosque a funesto schismate sanctae
Junxere Ecclesiae prodant, et talia multa,
Distendunt miseros diris cruciatibus artus.

When a man was examined on the rack, cords were tied on his wrists and ankles, and by means of windlasses these were tightened as the examiners directed. Other prisoners were sometimes brought to witness the torture or to hear the groans of the victims, to induce them to say what was required of them.

Briant who had had needles thrust under his nails, after his fearful racking was sent to the dungeon they call Walesboure "where not able to move hand or foot or any part of his body, he lay in his clothes fifteen days together without bedding in great pain and anguish."

From the rack we must pass on to the gallows. The way that led to the place of execution was itself the cause of much suffering to the martyrs. Being condemned for high treason, they were drawn on hurdles to be hanged. In London, from Newgate to Tyburn the distance must have been a couple of miles; in York from the Castle to the place of execution, there also called Tyburn, their painful journey can hardly have been less. Think not of what the roads are now, but of what they were then. They can be muddy or dusty now, in spite of Macadam; but in those days the highway was as bad as our worst country lanes are now. In dry weather the martyr was half suffocated with dust before he arrived at the gallows, and when it was wet he was splashed with mud and water. In either case his head was beaten against the stones, and after all this, on arriving at the scaffold he was expected to be in trim to make a speech to the satisfaction of the people, or to dispute with the ministers who buzzed about him like flies.

They were laid on the hurdle and tied to it, usually feet first, but it is said of Fr. Edmund Arrowsmith that "the blessed man was bound upon the hurdle with his head to the horse's tail for his greater ignominy." When Fr. Henry Walpole and Alexander Rawlins were drawn from York Castle, Father Walpole was ordered to lie down with his head by the feet of Mr. Rawlins; but this was "to prevent as much as could be their pious communications"—in other words, that they might not be able to make their confessions to one another on the way. Fancy what it must have been for those martyrs to go up and down the steep arch of Ousebridge in such a position! And the martyrs were not less brave over this than in bearing their other sufferings. As John Body "was drawn along the streets on a hurdle, his head being in danger of being hurt by the stones, an honest old man, pitying him, offered him his cap in part to save his head; which Mr. Body with thanks refused, adding withal that he was just now going to give his head, life,

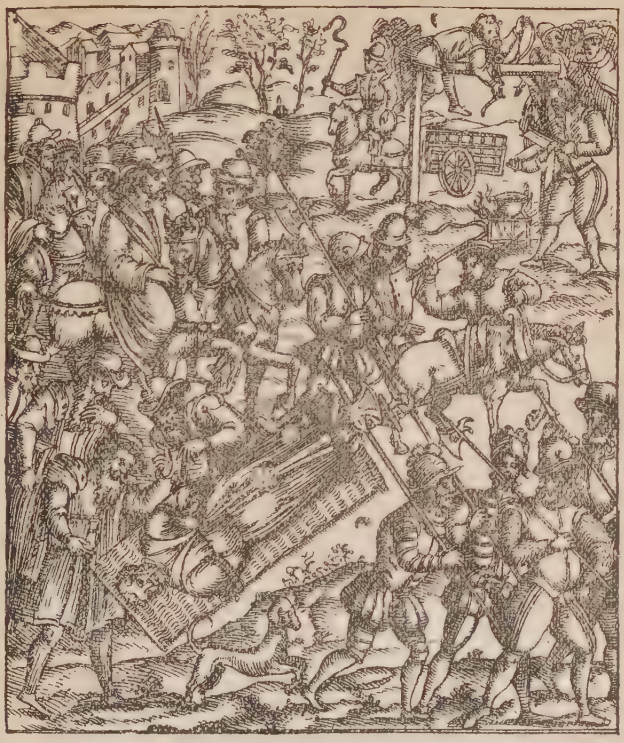
and all, for his Saviour's sake." Fr. Henry Heath, O.S.F., offered to lay himself down on the ground to be drawn in that manner over the stones and through the mire.

In the earlier cases the hurdle was drawn by one horse. Later there were more, as we learn from the story of Edward Waterson, who suffered at Newcastle in 1593. Of him it is said that "whilst this blessed martyr was drawn upon the hurdle to his execution, upon a sudden the hurdle stood still; and the officers, with all their whipping and striving, could not make the horses to move it, and fresh horses passing by, they took them and put them to the hurdle, yet they could not, though they broke the traces, any way move him or the hurdle; who seeing their attempts to be frustrate, were forced to take the martyr from the hurdle and to lead him on foot to the place of execution, saying: it would be a note to the Papists what had happened that day." Father Morse was "handed down by the Sheriff very courteously to the sledge, on which he was drawn by four horses to Tyburn." This was in 1645. Arthur Bell, O.S.F., William Ward, Thomas Reynolds, and Bartholomew Roe, O.S.B., about the same date were drawn by four horses also.

It was usual in London for the hurdle to be stopped in Holborn, and a drink offered by charitable people to the poor man who was being taken to execution. James Duckett was hanged simply for having had a single copy of a Catholic book bound. Peter Bullock, a Protestant bookseller, who was under sentence of death, hoped to save his own life by giving this evidence. "As they were carried towards the place of execution, on the way Duckett's wife called for a pint of wine to drink to him; he drank, and desired her to drink to Peter Bullock and freely to forgive him: for he after all his hopes, was in the selfsame cart, carried also to execution." At the gallows Duckett "kissed him, both having the ropes about their necks." Edward Morgan "was laid on the hurdle incommodiously enough, as well because his head was laid too low, as also because the rope which he had about his neck was drawn so strait that he could scarce take his breath; but this being perceived was remedied in Holborn; upon which occasion the sledge being obliged to stand, some one very courteously offered him a glass of wine to drink, which he did not refuse, and withal

he took that opportunity of informing the people of the cause for which he was going to die, namely, barely for being a priest, whilst all the standers-by were in admiration at that cheerfulness and joy which they discovered both in his words and looks." Fr. Philip Powell, O.S.B., when on his way from the gaol of the King's Bench to Tyburn, was "presented with wine, and he taking the glass in his hand, asked leave of the Sheriff to drink to his coachman, meaning the carter that drove the horses." This driver the martyrs often remembered in their final distribution of alms; as well as the hangman and sometimes even the priestcatcher. Thus William Ward "gave unto the Sheriff forty shillings, beseeching him to distribute that small sum of money amongst the poorer sort of Catholics, the saint himself giving to the hangman two shillings and sixpence, which is, said he, for thy good office thou art to do me; and looking about him a little, he espied the carman who had driven the hurdle to the gallows and gave him two shillings, which is, said he, for thy pains too, though thou be no Catholic: this done, he threw an inkhorn and handkerchief and some other things left in his pocket amongst the people, and then composed himself to die." And John Lockwood showed a like charity to the priestcatcher, Cuthbert Langdale, who had brought him to York lying on his horse as he could not sit upon it for weakness, being an old man nearly ninety. "Having delivered up his prisoner to the gaoler, he was making haste homeward when Mr. Lockwood very friendily called to him, at the same time pulling out his purse, 'Hark you, Cuthbert,' says the old gentleman, 'I have e'en given you a great deal of trouble in bringing me to this happy place: here take that angel [10s.] for your pains, and the Lord be with you,' and five shillings more he gave the under priestcatcher for his share in the trouble and so they took leave of each other, and parted very good friends."

In the two chief places of execution in London, Tyburn and St. Thomas Waterings, a cart was used. The person to be hanged stood up in it, the rope was put round his neck, and when the signal was given, the cart was driven from under him and he was left hanging. This was by far the most convenient method at an immense gallows like that of Tyburn, which consisted of three upright posts, at the top



In Crate vimineâ positi, lorisque ligati,
Per saxa ad furcas et per loca fœda trahuntur.
Carnifices laqueos, cultrosque, ignesque parati
Expeaiunt, primæque attendunt tempora mortis.

The hurdle is dragged through the streets at a horse's heels, the sheriff and other officials accompanying it, and the poor "traitor" is worried with controversy when he would prepare himself for death. The gallows, the cart, the fire and caldron are all in readiness for his arrival.

of which were three beams meeting and forming a triangle large enough to allow fifteen or twenty persons to be hanged together. It went by the name of "the triple tree."

The other method, adopted everywhere else, and particularly at York, the Tyburn of which city had work to do second only to its namesake near London, was to rest a ladder against the cross-beam of the gallows. The hangman mounted first and either sat astride on the beam or remained on the top of the ladder. The man to be hanged mounted a certain number of rounds of the ladder and then stood facing the people, with his back against the ladder, and so the rope was put round his neck. At the right time the hangman, taking him by the shoulders, turned him off the ladder, so that he hung by the ladder's side, or else the ladder itself was turned which produced exactly the same result. The prevalence of the phrase, "to be turned off," shows how common hanging was in the country, as the words were not applicable to the London method.

The practice varied as to the treatment of a man when he arrived at the gallows. Fr. Arrowsmith, S.J., was untied when he arrived at the ladder's foot, while Fr. Powell, O.S.B., was tied up so that he could not kneel down in the cart. Fr. Scott, O.S.B., tried to wear his religious habit at his execution but he was ordered to take it off before he was placed on the hurdle; but John Duckett, and Fr. Corby, S.J., "both appeared in their own weeds in this last scene of their lives, going with hair cut, shaven crowns, and the one in the religious habit of the Society of Jesus, the other in his clergyman's cassock." This was as late as 1644, by which time one would have supposed that people in England would have forgotten what the tonsure and religious habit meant. In far earlier time B. Alexander Briant, had "made shift to shave his crown, because he would signify to the ministers that he was not ashamed of his holy orders."

To carry out the sentence of quartering it was necessary that they should be stripped, but there was much variety as to the time when this was done. Fr. Henry Garnet, S.J., was at once stripped to his shirt, which he had caused to be made very long, foreseeing that he should hang in it. This was probably therefore the more usual practice. So when Swithin Wells was hanged over against his own house door,

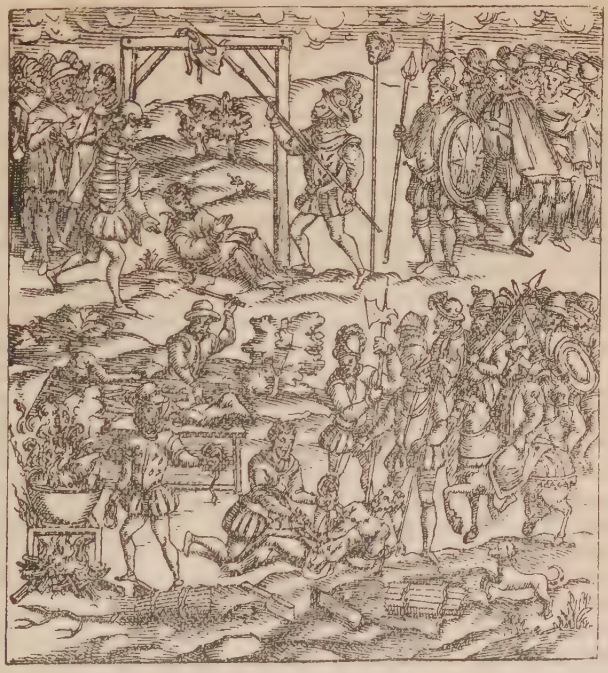
on a gallows set up by the Earl of Leicester in Grays Inn Fields, he said, "Despatch, Mr. Topcliffe, despatch; are you not ashamed to suffer an old man to stand here so long in his shirt in the cold?" And John Almond "having stood long in his shirt, the weather being cold and the morning frosty, yet showed he no shivering nor once to quake, but most readily yielded his hands to be tied by the executioner." On the other hand William Ward was stripped whilst hanging; and Reynolds and Roe, O.S.B., "hung till they were fully dead in their clothes, and afterwards were quartered." But the large majority of those who were hanged, whether in their clothes or not, were cut down alive—indeed the exceptions were very rare—and the stripping gave them all the more time to come to themselves and be sensible of their pain.

Before we come to this we must spend a word or two more on what preceded the quartering or even the hanging. And first it is most interesting to see how often the martyrs succeeded in winning souls at the close of their lives, often amongst the malefactors who were "in the same condemnation." William Patenson, for example, "the night before his execution was put down into the condemned hole with seven malefactors who were all to suffer on the next day; and being more concerned for their eternal salvation than his own temporal life, he so movingly preached to them repentance for their sins and a sincere conversion to God and His Church, that six of the seven were reconciled by him; and on the next morning professed themselves determined to die in the Catholic faith, as they did, with great marks of repentance for their past crimes and a willingness to suffer that ignominious death in satisfaction for them. The persecutors were so enraged at this that they treated Mr. Patenson on this account with more than ordinary cruelty." Four malefactors were reconciled by John Thulis, and they died with him; Hugh Green absolved two women who were hanged before him; Fr. Heath, O.S.F., reconciled in the very cart one of the malefactors that were executed with him.

Passing over what might be said respecting the sermons we might call them, rather than speeches, spoken under very varying circumstances by the martyrs, we must next look to the actual hanging. We have seen how it was done, and it

must be remembered that there is an essential difference between the ancient and the modern method. In our time death is caused by the long drop which dislocates the neck; but in earlier times there was no drop at all. When the cart was driven away the rope was tight and the victim was left swinging; and on the ladder he stood at the height from the ground at which he was to hang. This is the meaning of the humane advice given by the York hangman to John Amias, that "he should descend a step or two lower, affirming that he would suffer less." The consequence of this was that a man was a long time dying when hanged. He died at last, I suppose, a death by apoplexy from the pressure of the blood on the brain. It was therefore very easy to cut a man down alive, as in cases of high treason the sentence of the law required.

It depended on the sheriff, on the hangman, and even on the humour of the bystanders, whether the time a martyr was allowed to hang was enough to kill him, or even enough to deaden his pain. The people were allowed to come quite close and sometimes even to interfere. In Fr. Henry Garnet's case they cried "Hold! hold!" when the executioner made three several attempts to cut the rope before he was dead. In some cases the interference of the spectators was even more active. Blessed John Paine, dying at Chelmsford, "very meekly when the ladder was about to be turned, said 'Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,' and so did hang, not moving hand or foot. *They very courteously caused men to hang on his feet,* and set the knot to his ear, and suffered him hang to death, commanding Bull, the hangman of Newgate, to despatch in the quartering of him lest, as they said, he should revive, and rebuked him that he did not despatch speedily." In the case of Fr. Southwell, S.J., "the unskilful hangman had not applied the noose of the rope to the proper place, so that he several times made the sign of the cross whilst he was hanging, and was some time before he was strangled; which some perceiving drew him by the legs to put an end to his pain." So again John Almond, "hanging for about the space of three *Pater nosters*, some of the standers-by pulled him by the legs to despatch his life." Roger Cadwallador "hung very long and in extraordinary pain, by reason that the knot, through the unskilfulness of the hangman, came



Ad breve suspensi, tempus, cum morte secunda
Confligunt, ferroque armatus viscera tortor
Eruit et flammis mandat: sed membra, caputque
Dissecat, et contis summa ad pinnacula figit.

There have been three victims. One is just cut down, one is stripped and his bowels are thrown into the fire, the third is already cut up, his head is on the pole and parts of him are in the caldron of boiling pitch preparatory to being hung over the city gates.

to be directly under his chin, serving only to pain and not to despatch him. Insomuch that when the people were persuaded that he was thoroughly dead, he put up his hand to the halter, as if he had either meant to show how his case stood or else to ease himself; but bethinking himself better, and perhaps a scruple coming into his head, to concur to hasten his own death, he had scarce touched the halter but he presently pulled away his hand. And within the space of a *Paternoster* after he lifted up his hand again to make the sign of the Cross, which made all the standers-by much amazed, and some of the vulgar, desirous to rid him of his pain lifted him upwards by the legs twice or thrice, *letting him fall again with a swag.* Then after a little rest, when they thought him quite dead, he was cut down, but when he was brought to the block to be quartered, before the bloody butcher could pull off his doublet, he revived and began to breathe; which the multitude perceiving began to murmur, which made the undersheriff cry out to the executioner to hasten: but before they had stripped him naked he was come to a very perfect breathing. It was long after they opened him before they could find his heart, which notwithstanding panted in their hands when it was pulled out."

Here the sympathy of the people was with the martyrs, and though it was often so, it was not always. A frightful instance of deliberate barbarity occurred at Tyburn when Fr. Barkworth, O.S.B., was martyred. "He recommended himself to the prayers of the Catholics, and the cart was driven from under him. Here some cruel wretch, fearing lest the weight of his body should put the martyr too soon out of his pain, for he was tall and bulky, *set his shoulders under him* to bear up at least some part of that weight; so that he was cut down whilst he was yet alive, and when the butcher was seeking for his heart, he pronounced these words, 'O God, be merciful to me.'" Happily there are few such instances of cruelty as this, but in the large majority of cases the sentence of the law was carried out to the letter without interference. How awful that was may be seen from a single example, in which we have the details from the brave gentlewoman who stood by the martyr to the last and actually held his head while he was being disembowelled. It is a long

story, but it is only by looking at details that we can form a true conception of what our glorious martyrs suffered, or of the courage they and their friends could show. As for this brave gentlewoman, may her name be held in everlasting benediction, say I.

The following, then, is a part of Mrs. Willoughby's account of the manner of death of Hugh Green at Dorchester in 1642. "Pulling his cap over his face, his hands joined over his breast, in silent prayer he expected almost half an hour his happy passage by the turning of the ladder, for not any one would put a hand to turn it, although the Sheriff had spoken to many. I heard one bid him do it himself. At length he got a country clown, who presently, with the help of the hangman, who sat astride on the gallows, turned the ladder, which being done, he was noted by myself and others to cross himself three times with his right hand; but instantly the hangman was commanded to cut him down with a knife, which the constable held up to him, stuck in a long stick, although I and others did our uttermost to have hindered him. Now the fall which he had from the gallows, not his hanging, did a little astonish [that is, stun] him; for that they had willed the hangman to put the knot of the rope at his poll, and not under his ear, as it is usual. The man that was to quarter him was a timorous unskilful man, by trade a barber, and his name was Barefoot, whose mother, sisters and brothers, are devout Catholics. He was so long a dismembering him that he came to his perfect senses and sat upright, and took Barefoot by the hand, to show as I believe that he forgave him; but the people pulled him down with the rope that was about his neck. Then did this butcher cut his belly on both sides, and turned the flap upon his breast, which the holy man feeling, put his left hand upon his bowels, and lifting up his right hand, he crossed himself, saying three times, Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, mercy! The which, although unworthy, I am witness of, for my hand was on his forehead, and many Protestants heard him and took great notice of it, for all the Catholics were pressed away by the unruly multitude except myself, who never left him till his head was severed from his body. Whilst he was thus calling upon Jesus, the butcher did pull a piece of his liver

out instead of his heart, and tumbling his guts out every way to see if his heart were not amongst them; then with his knife he raked in the body of this most blessed martyr, who even then called on Jesus, and his forehead sweat; then it was cold, and presently again it burned! his eyes, nose and mouth ran over with blood and water. His patience was admirable; and when his tongue could no longer pronounce that life-giving name of Jesus, his lips moved, and his inward groans gave signs of those lamentable torments which for more than half an hour he suffered. Methought my heart was pulled out of my body to see him in such cruel pains, lifting up his eyes to Heaven and yet not dead. Then I could no longer hold, but cried, 'Out upon them that did so torment him:' upon which a devout gentlewoman, understanding that he did yet live, went to the sheriff, who was her uncle's steward, and on her knees besought him to see justice done and to put him out of his pain, who at her request commanded to cut off his head. Then with a knife they did cut his throat, and with a cleaver chopped off his head, and so this thrice most blessed martyr died." Mrs. Willoughby and another gentlewoman went to the sheriff and begged the martyr's body which he gave, but the "blinded Dorcestrians," as she well may call them, drove them away, and from "ten o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon stayed on the hill and sported themselves at football with the martyr's head, and put sticks in his eyes, ears, nose and mouth." At last they buried the head near the body of the martyr, for they were afraid to set it upon their gate, as they thought that the head of Fr. Cornelius, S.J., set upon their town gate in 1594, had brought upon them a plague.

The sentence said that the "traitors" were to be beheaded and quartered, and their heads and quarters placed where the King or Queen should direct. London Bridge and Temple Bar were the usual places for their heads, and the other city gates for their quarters, and a ghastly sight they must have afforded. At the place of execution there was a great fire, which served a double purpose. In it the heart and entrails were burnt,—and on it a great caldron of pitch was heated, in which the head and quarters were dipped before they were hung up. And then they were left to be literally, in the

Psalmist's words, "food for the birds of the air." John Ingram, one of the martyrs, thinking of this, showed how quietly he was looking death in the face when he cut a Latin epigram* on the subject on the Tower walls. I give you a translation with which a friend has furnished me:

> "Tombs from the living rock the rich enclose;
> My living tomb the crop of hungry crows."

I have said enough to give you some idea of what our brave martyrs suffered, and at the same time something has also been done towards the answer of my third question, What sort of men were they? But to give a full answer to it, I must refer you to their lives. They were holy men, pure-minded, self-denying, zealous men, upon whom these cruelties were inflicted. The priests had come over with their lives in their hands to keep up the faith in England, and the laymen at the hazard of their lives took them into their houses and became partakers of their good deeds. These men were not unexpectedly overtaken by the persecution. They knew what risk there was in their work for their own souls and the souls of others; and they whose generous offers of themselves to God were accepted, and the hundreds of others who were martyrs in will but not in deed, deserve all the gratitude that we can give them for the priceless gift of our faith that they have preserved for us.

I will content myself with a single quotation to show the sort of training that gives a man the spirit of a martyr. Fr. Whitbread was the Provincial of the Jesuits, and preaching to his religious brethren at the College at Liège on St. James' day, 1678, upon the Gospel of the day, he chose for his text, *Potestis bibere calicem quem ego bibiturus sum? Dicunt ei, Possumus.* "Can you drink the chalice which I am to drink? They say to Him, We can." After having told them that the times were now indeed quiet, but God only knew how long they would be so, he thus most remarkably repeated his text. "*Potestis bibere calicem?* Can you undergo a hard persecution? Are you contented to be falsely betrayed and

* Pro tumulo lapides fodiuntur viscera terræ
Ut vivos dives possit habere suo:
Ast ego non quæro tumbam; sed vivida tumba
Pro nostro exsangui corpore corvus erit.

injured and hurried away to prison? *Possumus:* We can, blessed be God. *Potestis bibere?* Can you suffer the hardships of a gaol? Can you sleep on straw and live on hard diet? Can you lie in chains and fetters? Can you endure the rack? *Possumus:* We can, blessed be God. *Potestis bibere?* Can you be brought to the bar and hear yourself falsely sworn against? Can you patiently receive the sentence of an unjust judge, condemning you to a painful and ignominious death, to be hanged, drawn and quartered? *Possumus:* We can;" and each time he uttered these emphatic words he joined his hands before his breast and lifted up his eyes to Heaven. Now this fervent exhortation to martyrdom was made two months before that last persecution broke out, and before the anniversary of that exhortation came round, Fr. Whitbread, and several of his brethren of the Society were in possession of the martyrs' crown and palm branch. They died on the 20th of June, 1679.

I have referred you to the lives of the martyrs that you may learn more fully what manner of men they were. It is not in my power to go through those lives with you now; I wish it were; but there is still one thing that I can do without detaining you unduly. I can give you some of the words, many of them the last words, of these Blessed and Venerable Servants of God. "They should laugh that win," said Hanse. "I shall be shortly above yonder fellow," said Sherwin pointing to the sun. He was the brave protomartyr of the English College at Rome, who when asked there whether he was ready to go to England when his superior should send him, answered, "To-day rather than to-morrow." Thompson said that in all his life he never had been so joyful. Thirkeld: "This is the day that the Lord hath made." "This way to heaven is as short as any other," was the brave speech of that brave woman Margaret Clitheroe. "Come ye blessed of God," said Ludlam. "Let us live in hope," was Genings' saying. "Farewell all hawking, hunting and old pastimes: I am now going a better way." This was said by that noble soul, Swithin Wells. White when racked said, "Lord, more pain, if Thou pleasest, and more patience." Waterson: "If he might have the kingdom of France to stay there till next midsummer, he would rather choose to go for England."

"Thy yoke, O Lord is sweet and Thy burden light:" Davies. Carey, a layman, kissing the halter, "O precious collar!" Rigby, another brave layman, "I would not change my chain for my Lord Mayor's great chain." He also said that his pains were "a fleabite in comparison of that which it pleased my sweet Saviour to suffer for me." "Though I shall have a sharp dinner, yet I trust in Jesus Christ I shall have a most sweet supper:" Sugar. Of this martyr, Grissold, his spiritual child and fellow-martyr, said on his way to the gallows, when expostulated with for following the hurdle through the mud: "I have not thus far followed him, to leave him now for a little mire." "Now I see verified in me what was foretold me by happy Thomas Bullaker," said Fr. Bell of his fellow-Franciscan and fellow-martyr. "Why weep you for me who am glad at heart of this happy day?" said Duckett. "Is this the countenance of one who lies under so gross a guilt?" asked Pickering, the Benedictine laybrother, lifting the cap at the last moment to show his bright innocent face. "I come, sweet Jesus, I come:" Fr. Wright. "Come, my sweetest Jesu, that I may be inseparably united to Thee in time and eternity. Welcome ropes, hurdles, gibbets, knives and butchery. Welcome for the love of Jesus, my Saviour:" Fr. Morse.

Three short anecdotes and I have done. It is said, but I do not know where I learned it, that when John Kemble was on his way from London to Hereford to be tried for his life, the constable in charge of him pointed out Hereford and told him it was the place where he was to die. The brave old martyr,—he was eighty years old—said, "Well, let us sit down and look at it, while we smoke a pipe." I was told, I wish I could remember by whom, that the people in that part of the country, to this day, speak of "Kemble's pipe," when they wish to describe perfect self-possession in danger.

Fr. Evans, S.J., had been condemned to death, but his execution had been deferred so long that it was thought that he would not suffer, and he had even liberty to go out of prison. Suddenly orders came that he was to die the next day. The gaoler, who went to acquaint him with the news and to bring him back to prison found him engaged in some

innocent recreation. He unconcernedly replied, "What haste is there? Let me first play out my game," and so he did, and then returned to prison. Here he could scarce contain himself for joy, which he expressed as well by taking up his harp, as by several other tokens of a soul transported with the thought of the happiness now so near at hand.

My last story is about Roger Wrenno, a weaver, who died with John Thulis, at Lancaster, in 1616. The rope with which he was hanged broke and he fell to the ground. After a short space he came perfectly to himself and began to pray very devoutly. On this the ministers came to offer him his life if he would take the oath of allegiance. "The good man at this presently arose, saying, 'I am the same man I was and in the same mind: use your pleasure with me,' and with that he ran to the ladder, and went up it as fast as he could. 'How now,' says the Sheriff, 'what does the man mean, that he is in such haste?' 'Oh,' said the good man, 'if you had seen that which I have just now seen, you would be as much in haste to die as I now am.' And so the executioner, putting a stronger rope about his neck, turned the ladder, and quickly sent him to see the good things of the Lord in the land of the living, of which before he had had a glimpse."

That we may get there too, my dear boys, there is something to be done in living and in dying. Let us so live, and let us so die, that we may be with the martyrs in Heaven. In living and in dying, we, like them, must be on God's side always, cost us what it may.

BLESSED EDMUND CAMPION, S.J.

(1540-1581.)

BY THE

REV. FRANCIS GOLDIE, S.J.

THE busy whirl of cabs and omnibuses, of carts and carriages, that eddies round the Marble Arch, the ever-changing crowds that surge by, make us forget that there we are on holy soil. Three hundred years ago, Tyburn reared its three-legged gibbet close by, and the blood of martyrs ran freely beneath it for the cause of God and of His Church. Now that the Church has, by public act, recognized these her valiant sons, it is well to make known their heroism, that God may be glorified in them, and that men may pay honour to whom honour is so rightly due. Among the many who died there, and to whom the Holy See has decreed the title of Blessed, was a priest of the then new-born Society of Jesus, the first of his brethren to shed his blood on an English scaffold. His life is full of interest, as it is full of lessons—not only for his brethren, but for all the household of the faith, and even for those who are outside.

Edmund Campion was born within the sound of Bow bells, in the year 1540. He was the son of an honest Catholic bookseller. It was a year of grave events. The dissolution of the greater monasteries, in England, by Henry VIII., was another step towards the destruction of her ancient faith, while the solemn approval by Pope Paul III. of the Society of Jesus, was a promise of help near when danger was greatest. The boy would have been apprenticed to a trade, if his bright wits had not won for him the interest of one of the great city companies, who sent him to the well-known Blue Coat School. There was plenty of rivalry in those days between the scholars of the

tests, young Edmund came so well to the fore, that, when Queen Mary entered London in state, on her obtaining the English crown, he was chosen, though but a lad of thirteen, to make a set speech to her as she went by. The Lord Mayor of London, on that occasion, was good Sir Thomas White: and no wonder, when he re-opened, as a lay college, the Cistercian House of St. Bernard, at Oxford, that a place was found in the new St. John's for this promising youth. No wonder, too, that Edmund soon became a special favourite of the founder, and made his mark in the University. But that rapid success was a serious danger to his soul.

Queen Mary's short reign was over, and her base-born sister, Queen Elizabeth, quickly showed how hypocritical had been her profession of Catholicity, and how resolved she was to follow in the footsteps of her father. The readiest speaker in Oxford, Campion was called upon by the Queen's too fervent favourite Dudley to deliver a funeral oration over the body of his murdered wife, poor Amy Robsart, whose fate is familiar to the readers of *Kenilworth*. Edmund's friend and protector, Sir Thomas White, was dead. He had died a staunch Catholic; and though Edmund made over him a panegyric, eloquent as it was sincere, yet he had found a still more powerful friend in Dudley, whom Elizabeth, in her shameless passion, had raised rapidly to honours and afterwards made Earl of Leicester, and whom the University, to flatter the royal lover, elected as Chancellor. Campion never doubted the truth of the Catholic faith, but like many before and after his time he could not bring himself to sacrifice his splendid prospects by open confession of an outlawed creed. He was the star of all the gay pageants and learned discussions by which Oxford entertained the Queen on her visit to the University. Cecil, her Prime Minister, was forward with promises of patronage and support.

Campion unhappily allowed himself to be persuaded into receiving the deaconship in the new state religion, as a necessary step to preferment. But his mind found no rest. God clamoured for his soul. He sought for excuses for his outward conformity. But the more he sought, the more clear proofs did he discover that the old faith alone was true, and that the new was false. In vain had he looked to Scripture or to the ancient church. They both declared against him. He talked out his difficulties with too many for his doubts to be long a secret, and the Greeks' Commons

from whom he held his fellowship, insisted that he must make a clear profession of Anglicanism at the well-known pulpit at St. Paul's Cross in London. Others there were of his friends who had sacrificed all for God, and one of these, Gregory Martin, quondam tutor to the ill-fated and heroic Earl of Arundel—a brilliant scholar of St. John's—wrote from beyond the seas urging him to come out of the peril and snare.

It was a snare—for Campion was made Proctor and Public Orator of the University, and so raised as high in office as one could be, before taking his degree of Doctor. Young men imitated his style of writing and of speech, his very dress and mannerisms, and gloried in being called Campionists. One of these was Richard Stanihurst, whose father was a good Catholic and yet Recorder of Dublin and Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. In Ireland and in the house of Mr. Stanihurst Campion at last determined to take refuge. There he hoped to be safe to follow the Catholic faith, under such powerful protection, At the same time he was anxious to have a hand in settting up again the ancient Catholic University of Dublin, which like so many other seats of learning, had been utterly ruined by the change of religion. The Lord Deputy of Ireland, Sir Henry Sidney, as well as the Lord Chancellor, if anything favoured the old religion. So being then about twenty-one, Edmund settled down quietly in the Recorder's house in Dublin where, surrounded by books and immersed in study, he led so strict and so holy a life that the good Irish folk called him the angel.

But the storm-clouds were every day gathering thicker and thicker. The persecutions of Elizabeth and her cruelty to her captive guest, Mary Stuart, found their answer in the ill-starred rebellion of the North. Philip II., always dilatory, was planning an invasion of Ireland, in the name of St. Pius V.; and in a paroxysm of rage and terror, fresh measures were adopted by the Queen against the Catholics. Sydney was on the eve of leaving Ireland, and could thus offer no further protection to Campion. One good turn, however, he did for Edmund. He gave him secret warning of his peril, and Campion fled at once through the darkness of night to Sir Christopher Barnewall, at his home in Turvey, where he was hidden away in a garret. It was his first taste of suffering for the faith. However, he continued to devote himself to literary work, and wrote in his narrow cell an interesting sketch of Ireland as it then

was. An old serving woman coming into his hiding-place, during the very day on which he got there, to tidy up, thought the poor stow-away was an apparition, and ran off to tell Lady Barnewall that a ghost was in the garret, writing a book. She got well laughed at for her pains. But the search for Campion was so hot that he felt his stay endangered his kind hosts; so he took ship for England, disguised as the servant to Lord Kildare's steward, and under the name of Patrick, out of devotion to the great Apostle of Ireland.

The officers searched the ship for him, and he stood by, as with big oaths they cursed the villain Campion who had again escaped them, he all the while praying heartily to his new namesake to shelter and defend him. Edmund found England far too perilous for him. Still he dared to be present in court during the trial and condemnation of the aged martyr, Blessed Dr. Storey, who had been kidnapped in the port of Antwerp, and against the law of nations brought over to England, where he was tried, and suffered the death of a traitor. The trial was conducted with such disregard of all law and justice, that Campion felt that as a layman he could do little for the progress of the faith, and hastened to rejoin a number of his old Oxford friends, who had sought in a university in a Catholic land the opportunity of pursuing their divinity studies and preparing themselves for the priesthood so as to keep alive the Catholic religion at all costs in their dear fatherland. Two Oriel men—Dr. Allen, the future Cardinal, and Dr. Oliver Lewis, afterwards Bishop of Cassano—and a host of others, had founded an English College at Douay, in Flanders, the nursing-mother to be of so many martyrs, confessors, and apostles. There, by affiliation to the university of that town,—whose Chancellor, Dr. Smith, was himself an Oxford man,—higher education could be obtained for the English exiles; and thither young men and old flocked from our shores to fill up the glorious regiment of saviours of their country.

The very day of Dr. Storey's cruel death, Campion was crossing the Channel, when his vessel was overhauled by an English frigate, and the passengers were asked for their passports. Edmund naturally had none, so he was carried off by the captain of the "Hare," who put into his own pocket the money which Campion's friends had collected for his journey, and threatened to take him to London. But on the way from Dover to town it became pretty clear

tion, so dropping gradually behind his captor, who evidently was not at all anxious about his charge, Campion soon parted company with him, and once more put the sea between him and his well-loved country. Cecil complained to young Stanihurst that England had lost in Campion one of its diamonds. And that was in the very days of Shakespeare!

A year of peace, but not of idleness, went by in the quiet of Douay. Campion finished his theological studies and took the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, while giving lectures at the same time in the English College. The new Chancellor of the University, a Fleming, who heard him speak on St. Michael's day, was forced to admit that his country could not show a genius like to him. But more than this, Edmund ascended the first steps on the altar, receiving the four minor orders and the subdiaconate. He was then thirty-one. But his heart was not even yet at rest. What he called "the abomination of the sign of the beast," the Anglican deacon's orders, which he had received at Oxford, called for the expiation of penance. At his first coming to Douay he had made a complete offering of himself, of his life and blood to His Lord and Master for the land he loved. A voice within him urged him, as it had so many before and after, to go in a penitent spirit to the Holy City, and there, by the favour of the two great Apostles, to seek admission into the Society of Jesus. He made no reserve in his obedience, leaving his future in the hands of God; but still he resolved, in case he were received, to beg his superiors to grant him the wish of his heart, and to allow him to spend himself and be spent for the restoration of the faith in England. And before he started on his journey, he began his apostleship by urgent letters of farewell to some of his old friends, Catholic and Protestant, so full of power, that many were induced to follow his example of leaving home and all to follow Christ. Among those to whom he wrote was his old friend, the aged Anglican Bishop of Gloucester, whom he had known and loved—Cheney, whose views were far apart from those of the other so-called bishops of Elizabeth's new-fangled hierarchy, and from the fanatical clergy subject to him. He was like a High Churchman of our time, believing neither in the Calvinism nor the Lutheranism of his days, and yet professing, illogically, to stand by Councils and Fathers, though, as his young friend clearly saw, both condemned his position in an heretical and schismatical body. This letter which still

exists, as Fr. Persons says, "doth so rattle up the old man of 60 years old (but yet with great modesty, and show of reverence and hearty good will) as it may easily appear how abundantly God has imparted His Holy Spirit unto him, for his letter is truly apostolic."

Many were the friends who came out with Campion to the gates of Douay, to bid him good-bye, as he went on the road, trodden by many a Saxon king and English saint, to the Apostles' shrine. And, like them, his only retinue was poverty. Begging alms by the way, he met, coming back from a tour in Italy, "an old acquaintance that had known him, in times past, in Oxford in great pomp and prosperity of the world." The English gentleman rode by without recognizing the poor pilgrim, but something in his looks struck him and he turned back, recognized Edmund, and leaping from his horse shook warmly his old friend's hand, pitying him deeply because sure that he had fallen among thieves. But he was very disgusted when he found that it was only a case of practical following of Gospel counsel. However he held out his purse and told him to take what he wanted. But Campion would have nothing, and, so Persons tells us (he himself was then at the University), "made such a speech unto him of the contempt of this world and eminent dignity of serving Christ in poverty, as greatly moved the man, and as also his acquaintance that remained yet in Oxford, when the report thereof came to our ears."

It was late in 1572 when Campion reached Rome. Worn out with his embassage to Spain in the suite of the Pope's nephew, St. Francis Borgia, quondam Duke of Gandia, and at that time General of the Society of Jesus, died on his return to Rome, shortly after Edmund's arrival. So there was needs a long delay before he could present himself for reception to the General, as the electors had to gather in from the foreign provinces of the Society to choose a successor. Nor was it till April 23, of the following year that Father Everard Mercœur (Latinized into Mercurianus) of Liège was elected.

Campion was the first postulant received by the new General. The official examiners were so completely satisfied with his answers that he was received as a novice without any further probation. No doubt their previous knowledge all went to confirm their decision. In fact he had come to be so well known by the various Provincials and Fathers deputies for the election —there was then no

English Province,—that there was a contest over him, as to which should secure his service. Campion rejoiced to think that his lot was now entirely in God's hands, and his only prayer, and an earnest one, was, that He would, through his superiors, dispose of him when and as He willed. The Austrian province won the day, and Prague in Bohemia was chosen as the place of his novitiate. Thitherwards he travelled in the summer, on the close of the Congregation, in company with Fr. Maggi his Provincial and several German and Spanish Fathers, as far as Vienna. Thence he started for the novitiate with Father James Avellanedo, the confessor to the Empress, a man who had held weighty posts in Europe and India, and who told Fr. Persons in after years "how exceedingly he was edified with the modesty, humility, sweet behaviour and angelic conversation of Campion which made him ever after to have a great affection for our nation."

Bohemia, the home of the Hussites, had then well nigh lost its faith: and as John Huss owed his socialistic and anti-Catholic ideas to Wycliffe, Campion felt that as an Englishman he might by God's holy providence gain some souls in that land back to the faith, "in recompense of so many thousands lost and cast away by the wickedness of Wycliffe." The novice by his fervent life gave great edification to all, for his only thought was to serve God and to live in peace and charity with all around. In two short months the novitiate was moved, on Oct. 10, 1573, to Brünn in Moravia, where things were worse even than in Prague, and where the Bishop hoped that a house of prayer and penance might effect a change for the better. There Fr. Edmund spent a year's novitiate. One of the novice's duties was to catechize in the neighbouring hamlets. The results were great; but Campion was ever noted as the most successful, and he won many converts to the truth.

In spite of the humiliations and hard life of a Jesuit novitiate, or, rather, because Campion had thoroughly caught the spirit of a true companion and imitator of his Divine Lord, love made all that labour light. The blessed martyr, writing to his former fellow novices, shows how he valued the trials of his probation. "Beautiful kitchen, where the Brothers fight for the saucepans in holy humility and charity unfeigned! How often do I picture to myself one returning with his load from the farm, another from the market; one sweating stalwartly and merrily under a sack of rubbish, and another under some other toil! Believe me,

my dear brothers, that your dust, your brooms, your poles, your loads are beheld with joy by the angels, and get for you from God more than if they saw in your hands sceptres, jewels, and gold in your purses." Father Campion's novice-master was made Rector of a College of Prague, and on Sept. 7, 1571, he went to his new post, taking with him his favourite pupil. Amidst the prayerful retirement of Brünn the future martyr had been favoured with a vision of our Lady under the stately and venerable type of St. Luke's painting at St. Mary Major's, of which a copy was in the novices' chapel. She offered to him a purple robe as a promise of his victory.

In the College of Prague Edmund's talents were at once brought into play. He was made professor of rhetoric to the young gentlemen and nobles of Bohemia, while other humble duties were assigned to him in-doors. He had to be the first out of bed at a very early hour of the morning, to call the community, and had to be the last up at night to see that all lights were out, and that all had retired to rest, while his recreation was often spent in helping the cook in the kitchen. The following year, 1575, when he had taken his first vows, he set up the Sodality of Our Lady among the students, and the year after he was moved into the convictus or boarding school, and was appointed prefect of discipline, in addition to other duties. Never was he known to make any other difficulty to his superior, when he laid any new labour upon him, but only: "Does your reverence think I am fit to discharge that office?" If the superior said "Yes," he accepted it without more ado. And his companions thought it a miracle that one man could bear so many loads.

Amidst all his varied occupations, Blessed Campion's fall at Oxford and his reception of Anglican orders was ever a source of trouble to him. And it was in vain "to tell him, that which he knew right well himself, that it was no order or character at all, seeing that he that gave it to him was no true bishop, and had no more authority than a layman, and that indeed these bishops themselves did not consider that any character was given, as in Catholic ordinations, by imposition of hands." Still, the very memory of this mark of his open apostacy made him sad and unhappy. Nor was he ever freed from his inward grief, till the absolute order of his General came from Rome, not to trouble himself about this scruple, and, in 1578, he was ordained deacon and priest by the Archbishop of Prague. He said his first Mass on Our Lady's birthday

Meantime news from Rome renewed all his old desires to labour directly for his native land. The blood of martyrs had begun to flow in England Blessed Thomas Woodhouse, an old Marian priest, had given his life for the faith at Tyburn. Blessed Cuthbert Mayne, the first of the illustrious band that came from the English seminaries across the water, was martyred at Launceston, on November 9, 1577. He was of St. John's College, like Campion, and was one of those whom our blessed martyr had persuaded by letter to throw up his position, and to come out of England to Douay. Campion learned, too, that several of his old Oxford friends had entered the Society of Jesus in Rome, of whom the best known are Robert Persons of Balliol, his biographer and future companion, Henry Garnet of New College, and William Weston of All Souls, all three of whom were in turn to be Superiors of the Society of Jesus in England.

Dr. William Allen, the main-spring of the second Apostolate of England, the founder of Douay College, had come to Rome on behalf of the cause he had so much at heart, and pressed the Society of Jesus, now that many English had joined it, to take its share in the good work. As usual, the matter was laid by the Father General Mercœur before the official Consultors of the Order, and principally owing to the earnest representations of Father Claudius Aquaviva, who in a year or so later, 1581, succeeded Father Mercœur as General, it was resolved, that Fathers Campion and Persons should be sent to England as forerunners of others of the Society. Like St. Gregory the Great, Father Aquaviva wished to go himself; and, like St. Gregory also, as he was prevented from going, he availed himself of his high authority when General, to keep up fresh supplies of missioners, in spite of serious difficulties. Dr. Allen wrote at once on December 9, 1579, a beautiful letter to give the good news to Campion his "father, brother, son." But marching orders did not arrive till the following March, 1580. The very night before, a good father, well known for his piety, had written over Campion's cell, "Father Edmund Campion, Martyr." Another father painted a garland of roses and lilies on the wall of Campion's cell, just above where his head usually rested.

The letters, one from the General to the Rector and another to Father Campion, simply ordered him to come at once to Rome. When the Rector gave him the command, he

able to hold his tears for joy of heart, went to his room and there upon his knees gave full vent to weeping and thanksgiving, offering himself wholly to rack, cross-quartering, or any other torment or death whatsoever." And then, literally with nothing but the clothes on his back, his breviary, and a few MS. notes, he started on his way. But a brother of the reigning Duke of Bavaria insisted on taking him in his carriage as far as Innsbruck, and though he went on foot thence to Padua, he there got orders to go the rest of his road on horseback. He arrived in Rome on April 5, in Passion week. When the Father General had told him clearly that he was to leave for England in a fortnight, he begged neither to be superior of the expedition nor to have anything to do with the preparations for the journey, so as to be able to spend the whole time in saying Mass and visiting the various shrines, thus to get his soul ready by prayer at Rome, and on his way, for the great work before him.

The students at the English College invited him to spend a day or two with them, and begged him to preach to them. Father Persons, who was appointed superior of the expedition, and Blessed Campion did not start alone. Besides four old priests of St. Thomas' Hospital there went with them Blessed Ralph Sherwin, Blessed Luke Kirby, and Edward Rishton, all three priests from the English College, —the two first martyrs to be, and the third a confessor and exile for the faith :—two students, Thomas Burscough, who was ordained at Douay, and John Paschall, who later made shipwreck of his faith; and lastly, little Ralph Emerson, lay brother of the Society of Jesus, for whom long imprisonment was in store. The party obtained the blessing of his Holiness Gregory XIII., who gave them the money for their journey. They laid aside their religious and clerical garb for greater safety. Father Campion refused to wear new clothes, and dressed himself in a rusty buckram suit, with a poor cloak. A number of the English in Rome and of the Jesuit Fathers accompanied them on their road as far as the bridge over the Tiber, well known as Ponte Molle, and so, on April 28, they started on their road.

The travellers had but a few horses for the weak and old among them, but Fr. Campion only availed himself of them one morning when suffering from ague and diarrhœa. No wonder he fell ill, for during the first ten days there was a perpetual downpour, and not merely was he soaked to the skin, but his boots sometimes "stuck so fast in the mire in

out again." One bright spot on the toilsome journey was the week of hospitality that the great St. Charles Borromeo gave to the weary travellers in his palace at Milan. He insisted on Father Campion making a discourse each day after dinner. Once over the snow-covered Mount Cenis, —no diligence, no tunnel in those days,—the party found the road blocked by Spanish troops, so they boldly made their way through Geneva, and, more boldly still, avowed their country and their creed, and even went to beard in his house the Calvinist Beza. Father Campion, who had taken once more the name of Patrick, played well his part of Irish servant to young Paschall. They said a *Te Deum* however, when they got safely away from Geneva.

The journey was such as martyrs would make. Each hour had its appointed prayer. Meditation, and then Mass when possible, examination of conscience, Litanies of the Saints, recitation of the Breviary, and reading and conferring on Holy Scripture, and especially on the Acts of the Apostles, filled up their time. "But Father Campion had a fashion to leave the rest every morning and to get ahead for half a mile or more to make his prayers alone and utter his zealous affections to his Saviour without being heard or noted. Nor would he allow himself to be overtaken until he had finished his devotions, commonly an hour or so before dinner; then he would stay to go in company with the rest, and would be so merry and talk of suffering for Christ with such comfort, and this was commonly the subject of their talk, that one might easily perceive with whom he had been in conversation in his prayers before." At last, after six weeks of weary journey, the party were welcomed heartily at Rheims, whither the English College from Douay had been forced for a time to migrate. Again Campion was begged to preach, and he took for his text, 'I have come to cast fire on the earth," and so ardent was he, and so often he cried "fire, fire, fire!" that some people outside were going to fetch the water-buckets to put it out.

As they neared their goal the Fathers realized to the full the dangers of their expedition. The spies of Cecil and Walsingham had dogged their steps, four of their hirelings were on their way from Rome to bear witness against them, letters had been waylaid giving the names of the apostles, and Queen Elizabeth had published a proclamation declaring that the Catholic powers, at the instigation of some of

realm. On passing through St. Omers, the Flemish Jesuits tried to dissuade Persons and Campion from going further, as they would certainly be recognized at once on landing. However, it was at last settled that Father Persons should cross first, disguised as a soldier. He was to send word to Blessed Campion, and if all fared well, Father Edmund, under the name of Edmunds, and as a jewel merchant, was to follow after him. So little was the jaunty soldier suspected at Dover, that Father Persons told the officer there on duty that a friend of his, a Mr. Edmunds, would shortly follow him and begged him to be civil to him, and more, to forward him a letter which Father Campion could show on landing, bidding him to haste to London to get rid of his jewels, as a favourable opportunity had presented itself. Father Edmund took the feast of his old College patron's day as an augury of success, and on the evening of St. John the Baptist's day, June 24, sailed with a fair wind from Calais and was under the white cliffs of Dover before day-break. As soon as he landed, he concealed himself behind a rock and there on his knees commended his cause and whole coming to Almighty God, whether it were to life or death. Then with Brother Ralph Emerson, who was called his servant, he went in search of the friendly officer with letter in hand. But strict orders had come meantime from the government to keep a sharper look out, and a description had been forwarded of a brother of Cardinal Allen who was expected, and who happened to be very like Fr. Campion. So the two travellers were arrested and taken before the mayor, and it was agreed that horses should be got ready and the two prisoners be carried to London under a guard. "Fr. Campion prayed hard to St. John the Baptist while the discussion was going on. Suddenly an old man came out from the room where the Judge and the officers were talking and said to the two, 'You are dismissed. Good bye.'" He at once rode to Gravesend with brother Ralph and there took boat to London, wondering what he should do when he arrived there. Thanks to Fr. Persons and a convert of his, Mr. George Gilbert, a young man of family and wealth, to whom Blessed Campion owes in no small degree his present honour,* a club of gentlemen had been organized to aid in

* It was at George Gilbert's expense, under the direction of Fr. William Good, that the paintings were executed on the walls of the English College at Rome, on account of which the honours of Beatification were awarded to the Beati by Leo XIII.

every way the missioners in England. And when the boat came to the Quay at London, one of the club who was on the look out, seeing him with little Brother Ralph, whom he knew by Persons' description, stepped up to the boat side and said, "Mr. Edmunds, give me your hand; I stay here for you, to lead you to your friends." The house of the association was within the very lion's jaws, for it was no other than that of the chief pursuivant in Chancery Lane. The man had been bought over so no place could be less suspected, or more secure. There, too, had Fr. Persons found his shelter, but at that moment he was away from town. "There came about me," writes Fr. Campion, "'many noble young gentlemen; they salute me, they approach me, they adorn me, they arm me, and last of all they send me out of the city on horseback." The humble jewel merchant was metamorphosed into a grand gentleman. But before he left town the association begged him to preach to them on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, three days after his safe arrival. A great hall in a house of Lord Norreys, near Smithfield, was hired, and "gentlemen of worship and honour offered to be at once conveyers of the hearers, and porters on watch" for their security. He took for his text the confession of St. Peter and the promise which was its reward. The fame of the sermon got abroard, and friends in court warned the Father to be on his guard, as spies had received orders to feign themselves devout Catholics, thus to be present another time and to betray him. So the next ten days, while awaiting Father Persons' return, were spent in private meetings in various friends' houses.

Every day the Queen and her advisers grew more angry as the arrival of fresh priests became known, and several captures of Catholic priests called for more care and watchfulness. London had become too hot to hold them. As soon therefore as Father Persons returned, a meeting was held in a small house in Southwark to settle some grave questions before they separated. Several priests and laymen were present. The chief question to be discussed at the meeting was how to rebut the accusation which had gone abroad that the Jesuits had come into England for political and revolutionary ends. It was thought enough to be prepared to deny the allegation solemnly and on oath; but just when the Fathers were bidding each other good-bye at Hoxton, before leaving London, Mr. Pound, a gentleman of rank, came deputed by the many Catholic prisoners in the Marshalsea prison, to urge in their name that some more

definite measures be taken, to contradict the rumour. He begged that a declaration written by each Father, signed and sealed, should be left in the hands of some trusty friends, to be produced and published if, after their death, these falsehoods should be urged against them. Father Campion, taking a pen in his hand, wrote upon the end of a table in less than half-an-hour the declaration which was to play hereafter so important a part. Written off without any previous study, while his friends were waiting his departure, it was so pithy, both for matter and language, as to please greatly the unprejudiced reader and sting his opponents. In it he challenged a discussion on religion before the Council to show how it affected the State, before the University to prove its truth, and before the men of the law to show how the English statute book itself justified his creed. He offered even to preach before the Queen. At the same time he declared that his holy calling and the orders of superiors warned him from any matters of State. Father Campion gave a copy to Mr. Pound; the other, which he kept for himself is now carefully treasured at Stonyhurst College. Pound showed his to other friends, who begged to be allowed to transcribe it, and quickly it became spread about, and fell into the hands of friends and foes alike, and more than one copy was laid before the Queen's Council.

At once fresh and sweeping measures of persecution were adopted, and the Catholic gentry were packed into the state prisons; and, when these were full, castles, whose ruinous state made them unfit dwellings for men, were crowded with the best and noblest of the land. Meanwhile, well provided with horses, money and changes of disguise by the devotion of the Catholic Association, Fathers Campion and Persons bid each other good-bye, and set out each on his separate mission, full of peril, as it was full of profit. Each was accompanied by a trusty squire, who shared his danger and served as guide. Blessed Edmund passed through Berkshire, Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire, calling at gentlemen's and noblemen's houses, both Catholic and Protestant. "We entered, for the most part," Persons narrates, "as acquaintance or kinsfolk of some person that lived within the house, and when that failed us, as passers-by, or friends of some gentlemen that accompanied us; and after ordinary salutations, we had our apartments, by the Catholics' aid, in some retired part of the house,

where putting on our priests' dress, which we always carried with us, we had secret conference with the Catholics that were there, or such of them as might conveniently come, whom we always caused to prepare themselves for confession late that night. Next morning very early we had Mass, and the Blessed Sacrament ready for such as wished to communicate, and after that an exhortation which had been prepared on horseback, and then we made ourselves ready to depart again." When they were able to prolong their stay, they would repeat these exercises. Such was the plan the Fathers followed.

Once more they came back to the south. Campion was so hotly sought after that he dared not enter London, but he met Fr. Persons and other priests at Uxbridge. There it was determined that Fr. Edmund should use his brilliant pen to write a Latin appeal to the Universities, where his memory was still fresh and in honour. With the enthusiasm which formed such a large part of his character, he chose for his subject, "Heresy at its wits' end," and, though the idea seemed a strange one at a time when heresy was the master of the whole material power of the realm, the Father insisted that its very activity and cruelty showed that it had no better arguments to produce. The two Fathers renewed their vows, heard each other's confessions, and then again bade good-bye.

Fr. Campion, as had been resolved, made his way towards Lancashire, the road beset by ever-increasing perils, while Persons betook himself to London to plan some way of setting up a press to print the work as soon as it should be ready, and other controversial books. Guided as before by some dauntless gentlemen, Father Campion went northward by Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire to Yorkshire, where in the shelter of Mr. Harrington's house at Mount St. John, amidst the picturesque hills above Thirsk, he stayed some twelve days to work at his promised book, known by the name of the "Ten Reasons." One of Mr. Harrington's sons was so struck with his father's guest, that he left friends and home to study at Douay, and returned to be martyred at Tyburn. When Father Campion reached Lancashire he preached assiduously, people of high station passing the night in barns to secure a place to hear his morning sermons. All felt the attraction, not so much of his wonderful eloquence and cultured accent, but of his earnestness and of a hidden power which they knew came from above.

While staying at Blainscough Hall, the home of Mr. Worthington, whose wife was a niece of Cardinal Allen, the pursuivants got on his track, and would have seized him, if a maid-servant, in a pretended fit of anger, had not pushed him into a miry pond. The mud served as an effective disguise.

A safe place had been found for the printing press at Lady Stonor's at Stonor, near Henley-on-the-Thames; and Father Persons, who was anxious that Father Campion should superintend the "Ten Reasons" as it passed through the press, recalled him to the south, with orders not to stay at any private house, but only at the inns, in order to avert suspicion. While the book was being printed, Fr. Campion evangelized the neighbourhood, and passed the anniversary of his arrival in England, St. John's day, 1581, at Twyford, in Buckinghamshire. On the 27th of that month of June, when the dons and students entered St. Mary's, Oxford, for Commemoration—the Church served, in those days, the purpose of the Theatre—they found on the benches copies of the new work, while others were distributed up and down the colleges by a priest of the name of William Hartley, who in 1588 gave his life for the faith. "Nothing else is wanting," wrote Fr. Campion to his new Father General and old friend, Fr. Aquaviva, on July 9, "to the cause of Christ than that, to our books written with ink, others should succeed, which are being daily published, written in blood."

The "Ten Reasons," and its audacious publication, only added heat to the raging persecution. Once more Father Campion bade good-bye to his companion and superior, after they had mutually renewed their vows and been to confession, and, early in the morning, they mounted and so parted, Father Edmund with Brother Ralph Emerson, for Lancashire and thence for Norfolk, Father Persons returning to London. He had given orders as before, that Campion should not visit gentlemen's houses on his way. But a letter reached Father Edmund on the road from Mr. Yates, of Lyford Grange, in Berkshire, then a prisoner in London, to beg him call on his wife and a few Brigittine nuns who happened to be at his house. The Father rode after his superior to obtain leave to go. Father Persons' reply was, "I know your easy temper. You are too soft to refuse anything that is asked of you. If once you get there, you will never get away." He allowed him to go, but limited him as to time, and putting him under obedience to Brother

Ralph, they parted. So after dinner the next day Father Campion left Lyford. But a large party of Catholics came that very afternoon to visit the nuns. Grieved to have missed the Father, they persuaded Blessed Thomas Ford, one of two priests staying at the Grange, to ride after him and bring him back. Mr. Ford came up to Father Campion in an inn not far off Oxford, and found him surrounded by a number of students and masters of the University, who were trying in vain to get him to preach to them. The arrival of Blessed Ford was soon known, and one and all urged his request, as they hoped thus to share in the privilege of hearing Campion. But he would not yield, yet at last being so hard pressed, melting into tears, he said he was under obedience to Brother Ralph. So they all turned on the Brother; who in turn, overborne, agreed that Father Campion should return to Lyford, while he went off to Lancashire to get the Father's papers, and that they should afterwards meet in Norfolk. This weakness, on Brother Emerson's part, was to him a subject of lifelong regret.

What was known to a large number of University men could not long remain a secret, and there was a traitor about, anxious to gain pardon for crime, by the capture of Father Campion. On Sunday morning, the 16th of July, the nuns, the students, and Catholics, altogether 60 in number, with the two priests, and Eliot, the spy, were present at the Father's Mass, and at his touching sermon on the Gospel of the day—Jesus weeping over Jerusalem. Never had he preached as then. Campion intended to leave as soon as dinner was over. But the meal had hardly begun before a man on the look-out announced that the house was entirely surrounded by armed men. Before getting admission, Eliot had learned that his prey was there, and had sent orders to a magistrate to come with a hundred men to do the Queen's bidding. Father Campion wished to give himself up at once to save the rest, but the two priests hurried him off to one of the many hiding-places, in the hollow of the wall, over the gateway. There, on a narrow bed, the three just managed to stow themselves away, preparing, by mutual confession and earnest prayers, for their fate. The stout Berkshire yeomen did not like the dirty work of invading the home of a neighbour, and, at Eliot's bidding, of upsetting the whole house. They sought the whole afternoon in vain and when at last they withdrew, vented their annoyance

on Eliot. The wretch pretended that his warrant gave him authority to break down the walls, and insisted on returning. The priests were already being congratulated on their escape, and had to beat a second retreat. Mrs. Yates, the lady of the house, remonstrated with the magistrate at her night's rest being interrupted, and the gentleman politely promised she should not be disturbed; so she had her bed made up in the room next to where Blessed Campion lay hid. She ordered the searchers, when they were tired, to have a good supper served them, and they were soon all fast asleep. Then Mrs. Yates insisted on hearing a fresh sermon from Father Campion, and he was eloquent as ever. All prudence seems for the moment to have been forgotten, and the sentinels posted at the door were up and gave the alarm. But in a moment all was still again. The hunted priests had regained their hole. Next morning, however, the search was renewed. Eliot noticed a wall which was as yet unbroken, and one of Mrs. Yates' servants, who was by his side to mislead him, betrayed his alarm by the ashy paleness of his face. In another moment a hammer crashed through, and the three priests were disclosed.

Very unwillingly Mr. Forster, the sheriff of the county, received orders to send Fr. Campion, with the two priests and some of his audience, on to London. Eliot, full of his success, rode in triumph at their head. Oxford men came out to see him as he passed through Abingdon; and at Henley, Fr. Persons sent his man to note how the Father bore himself, for his friends would not let him go himself. At Colebrook, orders arrived that Campion should make his entry into town on Saturday when the streets would be crowded with market folks, and the prisoners, who had been hitherto treated as gentlemen, now had their elbows pinioned behind their backs, their hands tied in front, and their feet fastened beneath their horses' bellies; while to the Father's hat was attached,—the fashion with perjurers in those rough days,—a paper on which was written in large letters, "Campion, the seditious Jesuit." So on July 22, all round the crowded streets and squares of the metropolis, the cavalcade of scorn was led till the jaws of the fatal Tower received its victims. Father Campion bade his guards a kindly good-bye, cheerfully forgiving any wrong they had done him, and assuring them he sorrowed more for their state than for his own. He had already forgiven Eliot as freely and as forcibly: "and absolution,

too, will I give thee, if thou wilt but repent and confess; but large penance thou must have."

The governor of the Tower, Sir Owen Hopton, thrust his victim into the wretched hole so well named, "Little Ease." But, four days after, July 25, Blessed Campion was taken to the water side, to the house of the Earl of Leicester, and there for the first time since the festivities at Woodstock, found himself face to face with the royal favourite, and his royal mistress, who was accompanied by the Earl of Bedford and the Privy Councillors. They told him they found no fault with him save that he was a Papist; "And that," he answered with deep respect and enthusiasm, "is my greatest glory." Queen Elizabeth offered him life, liberty, riches, honours, anything he might ask, but at the price of his soul. We can imagine his answer. When taken to the Tower, Hopton at once caught his cue. He treated the Father with all consideration, while he suggested to him that the highest honours at court; even the broad lands and mitre of Canterbury were within his reach if he would but give way; and Sir Owen spread the news abroad that Campion had accepted the bribe. When, however, the offer to become a Protestant was made openly to him, he treated it with such scorn that it was at once resolved to have recourse to torture.

It was probably on the day on which St. Ignatius had died, July 31, that Father Campion first tasted the horrors of the rack-chamber. He knelt on the threshold, and made the sign of the Cross, and, as they stripped him and bound him to the rollers, called on Jesus and Mary for help. No voice could come up from that subterranean hell: but it was noised about London that Campion was yielding that he had betrayed his friends, and that he would soon openly become a Protestant. That some of his companions, under the awful torture of strained muscles and dislocated limbs, had told some secrets, seems too clear; but Burleigh was obliged to own, in a confidential letter to Lord Shrewsbury, that from Campion they could extort nothing of moment. But the slander did its work for the time. Mr. Pound wrote to the Father to implore him to say what truth there was in the awkward rumours afloat. Campion was allowed to receive the letter and to send a reply, but both were intercepted, and it was said that in the answer, though he had, in weakness, confessed to some of the houses at which he had stayed, he had discovered nothing of secret, nor would he, "come rack, come rope." The

great aim of Elizabeth's advisers was to connect Campion rightly or wrongly, with the schemes afloat of foreign invasion or home treason, from which, both by natural inclination and by the express orders of his superiors, he had kept carefully aloof. As he never was allowed to confront those whom he was said to have accused, it became evident, that even if the words of his letter to Pound were truly given, he meant nothing more than that he had never divulged anything that his torturers did not know before.

The European fame of Campion, the extraordinary renown his "Ten Reasons" had won him, from friend and foe, made Burleigh and Cecil feel they could not treat him like an ordinary priest or recusant unless they could first damage his credit as a scholar. Nine Deans and seven Archdeacons were told off to answer the book which they affected to despise. But now that the author was in their clutches, after the prison dietary, the rack, the sorrow of heart, there did seem a chance that he might fail to maintain the challenge he had made to support his faith against all comers. So the servile Bishop of London was ordered to prepare a series of public discussions. In the venerable Chapel of the Tower, without a book to aid them, without even a chair-back to rest against, BB. Campion and Sherwin, with other Catholic prisoners, were brought face to face with the Deans of St. Paul's and Windsor, and other disputants, who were seated at a table, supplied with any number of works of reference. A Catholic who was there tells us that Father Edmund looked ill and weary, his memory nearly gone, his force of mind almost extinguished. Yet he won admiration from all by his ready answers, by his patience under the coarse abuse and ill-timed jests of his well-fed and well-prepared adversaries. They jeered at his ignorance of Greek, a false reproach which in his humility he accepted in silence, they denied his quotations from Luther, because they could not find them in their emended edition; they threatened him with torture and with death. In spite of the odds against him, there was no doubt which way the victory inclined. What with Campion's saintly meekness and his unanswerable arguments, the Venerable Philip Earl of Arundel owed his after conversion to what he then saw and heard, when from a Protestant and a courtier of the voluptuous Queen he became a confessor and a martyr of the faith. Each fresh discussion, and there were four in all, proved more fatal to the Protestant cause; and when at length his enemies determined they should cease,

spite of the boasting of the sleek dignitaries of the new creed, it became clear to all that Campion had been neither traitor to his friends, nor would be to his God. His success was sung in doggrel rhymes in the streets—

> Let reason rule and racking cease,
> Or else for ever hold your peace;
> You can't withstand God's power and grace,
> No, not with t'Tower and racking place.

As it had been decreed by the Queen's Counsel that Father Campion must die, false witnesses were now suborned, as a last resource, to prove his share in the schemes by which outraged Europe hoped to tear Elizabeth from the throne. But when neither rack nor perjury could entrap him, an imaginary plot had to be trumped up. The rack, which he had declared was more bitter than death, was again applied to extort a confession from Father Campion, and with such savagery that he thought they meant to kill him then and there. Still, as Lord Hunsdon said, they might sooner pluck his heart out of his breast, than wring one word from him against his conscience. When the jailor asked him next day how he felt his hands and feet, his answer was, "Not ill, because not at all."

At last the indictments were drawn up. It mattered little what they were, for the Crown lawyers had their orders to carry a conviction at any cost and in any way. So on Tuesday, Nov. 14, the grand old Hall of Westminster, the scene of many of the greatest trials in English History, saw Blessed Campion, with Blessed Cottam and Fr. Bosgrave of the Society of Jesus, BB. Sherwin, Kirby, and Johnson, with Rishton a priest, and Orton a layman, brought up before the Grand Jury. When the indictment had been read, Father Campion, who was the spokesman all through the trial, protested before God and his holy angels his innocence of any treason, and Sherwin added, "The plain reason of our standing here is religion and not treason." When called upon to plead, one of the prisoners had to lift up B. Campion's tortured arm, made helpless by the rack, which he did, reverently kissing it, as the martyr stoutly answered, "Not guilty." Next day Blessed Briant of the Society of Jesus, BB. Richardson, Shert, Ford, Filby, with two other priests, Hart and Colleton, were brought up to plead to the same indictment.

The trial commenced on Monday the 20th, if trial that could be called which Hallam stigmatizes as "unfairly conducted, and supported by as slender evidence as any

perhaps that can be found in our books." The Chief Justice Wray, who presided, was a Catholic at heart, and the shameless travesty of justice in which he took an unwilling part is said to have shortened his days. Skilfully, but hopelessly, for three hours the arguments of Counsel and the perjuries of degraded witnesses were met and answered by Fr. Campion, and the verdict was given —to order after an hour's debate. When asked what he had to say why he should not die, with his face beaming and with noble dignity, the eloquent martyr replied, "It was not our death that we ever feared. But we knew that we were not lords of our own lives, and therefore, for want of answer would not be guilty of our own deaths. The only thing that we have to say now is, that if our religion do make us traitors, we are worthy to be condemned; but otherwise are, and have been, as true subjects as ever the Queen had. In condemning us you condemn all your own ancestors—all the ancient priests, bishops, and kings —all that was once the glory of England—the island of saints and the most devoted child of the See of Peter. For what have we taught, however you may qualify it with the odious name of treason, that they did not uniformly teach? To be condemned with these old lights—not of England only, but of the world—by their degenerate descendants, is both gladness and glory to us. God lives, posterity will live: their judgement is not liable to corruption, as that of those who are now going to sentence us to death." No wonder Blessed Cottam said he was quite willing to die, after hearing Campion speak so gloriously.

Then the hideous sentence was pronounced, and Campion made the oaken rafters ring with a jubilant "Te Deum laudamus, Te Dominum confitemur," while B. Sherwin responded, "This is the day which the Lord has made, let us exult and rejoice in it," and such a chorus of praise and joy rose from the dock as astounded and touched the vast throng. The prisoners who had been arraigned on the second day were brought up for like judgement on the Tuesday.

Cruel treatment and heavy irons awaited the Blessed Campion on his return to the prison. But nothing could alter his gentle patience. A week after his sentence, his sister brought him the offer of a rich benefice if he would but change his religion. He proffered Eliot, his betrayer, now a yeoman of Her Majesty's guard, who came to visit

him and express his sorrow at his fate, a recommendation to a Catholic Duke in Germany, in whose territory he could live in safety should his life be menaced by Catholics as he feared. This charity converted Campion's jailor. The martyr prepared for death by a five day's fast, and spent the two last nights, Wednesday and Thursday, 29th and 30th of November, in prayer. Out of the condemned, three victims were selected for the first sacrifice, Campion the Jesuit, Briant of the Rheims College, and Sherwin of that of Rome.

It was in a dreary downpour that, on December 1, the three were brought out to be tied on two hurdles, each of which was fastened to the tails of two horses. BB. Sherwin and Briant were bound to one, Campion to the other. As they were dragged through the mud and over the stones of the unpaved streets, a mob of ministers and fanatics followed them, calling on them to be converted. Still the Catholics had from time to time a chance to speak to them, and a gentleman like another Veronica, wiped the mire from B. Campion's face. As they passed beneath the New Gate, where now the prison stands, Campion tried to raise himself—"*Moriturus te saluto*"—to pay homage to the statue of our Lady that had escaped the iconoclasts' hammer in the niche above. The crowds grew denser, as at the end of the long road the gallows came in sight. The martyrs' faces were bright as the sun shone out. "They are laughing," the people cried, "they do not care about death." A new gibbet had been put for the Blessed Dr. Storey's death. The blood of a martyr had hallowed the cross. Close to the triple tree was a group of noblemen on official duty, but many a Catholic gentleman and even a priest pressed up to witness the sacrifice. Father Campion was the first who was made to get into the cart which stood beneath the gallows, and then he put, as he was bid, his head into the noose. And, when the buzz of the thousands ceased, he began gravely, "*Spectaculum facti sumus Deo et Angelis, et hominibus :* 'We are made a spectacle or a sight unto the Lord God, unto His angels, and unto you men,' verified this day in me." The sheriffs bade him confess his treason against the Queen, but he only reiterated his innocence, saying, "If you esteem my religion treason, then I am guilty; as for other treason, I never committed any." So, too, he explained, that the only secret he had kept back under torture, was merely the fulfilment of his priestly functions. So for some time he

stood in earnest prayer, oftentimes interrupted by captious questions. A minister would have had him to pray with him. "You and I," he replied, "are not one in religion; wherefore, I beg you to content yourself. I bar none of prayer, but I only desire those of the household of the faith to pray with me, and in mine agony to say one 'I believe.'" Then they bade him to sue for the Queen's forgiveness, and to pray for her. "Wherein have I offended her? In this I am innocent. This is my last speech; in this give me credit. I have prayed, and do pray for her." "For which Queen?" broke in Lord Charles Howard. "For Elizabeth, your queen and my queen, unto whom I wish a long quiet reign, with all prosperity." And so the cart was drawn away, and a long groan went up from the crowd. The body swung in the air till life was extinct. As it was cut down and quartered on the block, a drop of blood and water splashed out on young Henry Walpole, and in an instant he felt himself called to be a Catholic, and, in due time, to be a Jesuit and a martyr.

Sherwin, proto-martyr of the English College, was the next to die. And, last of the three, Father Briant, freshly dedicated to God in the Society of Jesus, whose beautiful young face, lit up with desire of martyrdom, won the hearts of all who stood by.

It was not until the 28th and 30th of May following, that the other Blessed Martyrs, who had been condemned with Campion, met their deaths at Tyburn. As they had all stood together at the bar of human injustice, at Westminster, so they all met together again in Heaven, to receive from Divine Justice the unfading crown amongst the white-robed army of martyrs.

The compiler of this sketch acknowledges his great obligations to Simpson's "Campion," *a source from which every writer on the Blessed Martyr must necessarily draw. He has also followed most carefully Father Persons' MS. memoir.*

Ven. John Ogilvie, S.J.

(1580–1615).

BY MRS. FRANCIS KERR.

John Ogilvie—a Scotchman, a Priest, a Jesuit, and, with profoundest submission to the judgment of the Holy See be it added, a Martyr for the Catholic Faith and Divinely instituted Primacy of the Roman Pontiff—was born at Drum, near Keith, in Banffshire, in the year 1580. He came of an ancient lineage, for the Ogilvies sprang from the Earls of Angus. His immediate ancestors, Ogilvies of Drummuir, were a branch of the house of Airlie, the founder of which received the Barony of Ogilvie from William the Lion. Courage, presence of mind, and endurance, seem to have belonged to the race by nature, and in the 17th century the head of the family, a Lord Ogilvie, is recorded as still an adherent of the Catholic faith. The father of the martyr, however, appears to have given up his religion, and he himself was brought up a Calvinist. He was the eldest of the family, as he tells us himself, and the heir to the family estate. To the brave and chivalrous spirit he had inherited from his ancestors, and to a more than common share of the quickness of intelligence for which Scotchmen are proverbially noted, there seems to have been added in John a singular gravity combined with great sweetness of character. He had a profound reve-

rence for God, His written Word, and all holy things; and at the same time a simplicity, candour, docility, and amiability of disposition which attracted the affection and esteem of all.

With a view to his acquiring the learning becoming his position, and of enlarging his mind by travel, the young Calvinist was sent abroad at the early age of twelve, and we are told that he visited the chief cities of the continent. Why this plan for continuing his education should have been pursued by his parents, we have no means of discovering; but without doubt God had His plan of mercy with regard to him in the arrangement. Very early in his life the Calvinist doctrine that the human will was of little or no account, and that the decree of God determines some to everlasting life and others to everlasting death independently of their moral conditions, appears to have grated on his truth-loving soul. As he grew older his ardent mind eagerly sought after religious truth. Haunted by the fear of sinking into entire scepticism, he consulted many eminent men of the day, but still found himself in a painful state of doubt. In his perplexity he had recourse to earnest prayer that God might discover to him which of the so-called Christian religions was the true one. The light of faith at length came, as it ever does in such cases, and he resolved at once to seek admission to the one true fold. He attributed his conversion in great part to the help he derived from two texts of the Bible. The first exposed the error of Calvinism, the second, the principal means whereby truth is to be attained; those texts were:—the first, "God our Saviour will have *all* men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth" (1 Tim. ii. 4.), the other, "Come to me *all* ye who labour and I will refresh you. Take up my yoke . . . and you shall find *rest to your souls.*" St. Matt. xi. 28, 29.

He was received into the Catholic Church by the famous Cornelius à Lapide, and continued his studies for a time at the Scotch Colleges of Louvain and Ratisbon. Thence he went in 1597 or 1598 to the Jesuit College at Olmutz, and there offered himself, along with others, to the Society of Jesus. Refused admission by

the Provincial on account of an epidemic, Ogilvie followed him to Vienna, and obtained his consent to enter the novitiate at Brünn. Having completed there a most fervent noviceship, he was sent to study philosophy at Gratz, and afterwards taught literature at the College in Vienna, where he also studied eloquence for a year. All this occupied some five or six years, when he returned to Olmutz and there had charge of the sodalities of Our Lady. These were in a state of great fervour; Holy Communion every Sunday and holy day, with two days devoted to preparation, was the rule. It is mentioned that the boys of their own accord carried crosses during the stations on Good Friday, and practised such penances afterwards that Father Ogilvie had to mitigate their zeal; but his own ardour left its mark on them, and his name was long remembered by the blessings of those among whom he had worked.

He is thus described by those who knew him at this time: "He had a quick and penetrating mind, a profound respect for God and holy things, a great deference to his superiors, pleasant to his equals, ever ready to render a service, and wonderfully zealous for the salvation of souls. His humility and modesty were so great, that he seemed to be the servant of all, and he often evinced a true thirst for martyrdom."

At last ordained priest in Paris, in 1613, the heart of the young Scotch Father was inflamed with a burning zeal to devote himself to the perilous mission of striving to mitigate the spiritual destitution of his beloved country, and to win back some at least of his countrymen to the faith of their fathers. The obstacles appeared at first insuperable, on account of the almost incredible difficulty of even effecting a landing in Scotland; but the ingenuity and determination of the young priest suggested means whereby these obstacles could be surmounted, and he at length obtained from his superiors the much-desired permission to return to labour in his native land. He came with another Jesuit Father, both of course in disguise. Fr. Ogilvie was disguised as a soldier, and passed by the name of Watson. "I entreat your reverence," wrote the Earl of Angus to the general of the Jesuits, "to send

none but those who wish for this mission, and are strong enough to bear without flinching the heat of the day; for persecution increases, and those who receive the missioners are in exceeding danger. It is law that whoever receives a priest, hears a Mass, or celebrates one, is liable to be arraigned for high treason." On arriving in Scotland the missioners separated. Father Ogilvie went to the North for a few weeks, but spent the winter in Edinburgh in the house of William Sinclair, advocate. As the latter deposed afterwards, Father Ogilvie seemed to have but one thought, that of strengthening Catholics and converting heretics. It was his habit to say Mass very early, and during the day to visit and console the sick, his new converts, and those in prison for the faith. The night was chiefly given to prayer. His host also deposed how much he had already made himself beloved in Scotland. Among the prisoners was Sir James Macdonald, the husband of Lady M. Campbell, who bore witness to the great number of Protestants he had reconciled, instancing two or three lords from Renfrewshire and others, less known than these, but also of the nobility. Some business, possibly that for the king to which he alluded in his trial, took him about Easter-time to London, and even for a few days to Paris; but he spent the summer in Edinburgh, occasionally visiting Sinclair, and saying Mass in his house. In October he went to Glasgow, where he was so soon to be done to death by his arch-enemy and judge, John Spottiswood, the so-called archbishop of that city. The danger was greater there than elsewhere, for, owing to ancient feudal rights, the archbishop, besides having his own court and officials, shared in the temporal jurisdiction of the Crown.

Before beginning however the account of his sufferings, we shall do well to glance at the reasons which caused Fr. Ogilvie to be so remorselessly hunted down. In the earlier periods of the persecution, wholesale massacres appear to have been common enough in Scotland, but in later times the usual policy was to punish with immediate banishment, with or without previous torture any priests who penetrated into the land.

King James upon whose mind, as Lingard observes, the maxim, "No bishop, no king" had made a deep impression, had himself been in no little fear of the insolent tyranny of the ministers, the cause of his mother's downfall; and had succeeded, by threats and by bribery in establishing episcopacy in Scotland.

This once accomplished, the king no longer needed to make a show of conciliating the Catholic party as a balance to Presbyterianism, but was able to give full vent to his resentment against them, both for their refusal to acknowledge his spiritual supremacy, and for their disapprobation of his views on the deep theological questions in which he delighted to dabble. The people, meanwhile, were furious with the ministers who, after having left no stone unturned for the destruction of the bishops, now quietly slipped into the unoccupied sees; and nothing would persuade them they were not papists in disguise.

Spottiswood was anxious to clear himself before the people and to win the king's favour, and he resolved that so noted a Jesuit as Father Ogilvie should not escape, had he ever the fortune to get him in his power. A correspondence is extant between him and one of the king's chamberlains, which refers to the price to be paid down to a certain gentleman for his promise to betray the Jesuit and others.

The chance which the pseudo-bishop looked for occurred only too soon. Five gentlemen of high position expressed their desire that Fr. Ogilvie should come to Glasgow to receive them back into the Church: he went gladly for the purpose, and what occurred we learn from his own account. "Six months ago," he tells us, "I came to Glasgow to absolve five persons from heresy. The day after my arrival, having finished offering the Holy Sacrifice, I was betrayed by one of those whom I was to have reconciled to the Church. He was a man of very high family." The circumstances were briefly as follows: Father Ogilvie was walking with a friend in the street, when, on a secret signal, he was suddenly arrested by a servant of the archbishop; a crowd of officials and armed citizens quickly gathered in such

numbers that the Father was lifted off his feet, and well nigh carried to the provost's house, there to await the pleasure of the archbishop. The latter hastened to the place, having been told that the city was in arms. On seeing the Father he called to him to come near; and striking him on the face, fiercely asked how he dared say his Masses in a reformed city. The Father replied that to strike him was the act not of a bishop, but of an executioner. The mob present then fell on him, plucking out his beard, tearing his face with their nails, and deluging him with their blows. He was so stunned with the blows on the head he had received, as he himself tells us, that only the shame of being stripped brought him to himself and enabled him to make an indignant remonstrance. All he had about him, breviary, relics, and money, were taken. Spottiswood in his "Relation" says: "a tuft of hair of the Founder of the Jesuits, was, I think, his chiefest jewel." Fourteen persons were arrested at the same time, owing to the discovery of all his papers. His baggage, though hidden with great secrecy, had been separately given up. As it included Church furniture, "a letter for finding our property in Scotland," as the Father tells us, "besides a catalogue of names," he felt it most acutely. "They were in a very safe place had men only been honourable and silent." He was now taken to the Tolbooth, where the gaoler threatened him with torture. The holy priest laughingly besought him to keep his promise; "for," said he, "I glory in my cause and triumph in my punishment."

The archbishop now wrote a notable letter to the king on all that had passed. He tells his Majesty that stores of vestments and books had been tracked, which doubtless the Jesuits were laying up "for the day on which they reckoned"—that eight burgesses had been tried for attending the Masses of the Jesuit—he begs for his own share of fines imposed, and of moneys allowed to the treasurer for purposes of bribery and reward; he suggests that certain members of the Government and himself should be commissioned to try the prisoners, especially the Jesuit, so that, as the goods and lives of the same were in his Majesty's hands, the full

penalties of the law might be carried out in proportion on each; while, "should the Jesuit, whose examination should be secret, refuse to confess, he might be compelled to do so by the torture of the boots."

Spottiswood's next move was to imprison Father Ogilvie in the archiepiscopal palace, so as to have him under his own eye. He had him brought up at once before himself, the Lords Fleming, Boyde and Kilsyth, the pseudo-bishop of Argyll, the provost of the city, and others, for examination. There were present a large gathering of ministers and barons. Nine other prisoners, accused of Catholic worship, and whose depositions are extant, also appeared. The interrogatories were long, and we can only give samples of the questioning and of his admirable replies. Being asked if he had said Mass in the royal dominions, he answered: "If this is a crime, it ought to be investigated not on the oath of the accused, but by witnesses." Again:—if he were a priest:—"If you have proved to demonstration I have said Mass, by the same witnesses you have proved I am a priest. Also:—"What the law compels me to say I will say, and nothing more." When ordered to swear to his answers: "The law excludes oaths in criminal cases, and examines by witnesses only, and that rightly, lest the judges should be deceived, and lest the accused should perjure themselves to the damnation of their souls redeemed by the Blood of Christ, for the safety of their bodies." To the enquiry: "What did you come to Scotland for?" he replied: "To unteach heresy." Owing to his determined silence in some cases, he was ordered to state the kind of things to which he would not reply. He at once declared: "To whatever would prejudice myself or an innocent neighbour." The examiners agreed to his terms, and he then swore to his name, family, relations, rank, where he had studied, and to the religious order to which he belonged. He was informed it was high treason to assert that the Pope had spiritual jurisdiction in the king's dominions. He answered: "It is an article of faith that he has." "Do you dare to put your signature to that?" "Even with my blood if need be," and he forthwith subscribed his name.

It may be well here to point out the line taken by Father Ogilvie throughout the examinations, and during the trial. On all matters concerned with doctrine, or doctrinal points not yet defined by the Church, he refused to give his opinion. To do so would have been to admit the spiritual authority of his examiners. For, to demand an oath about this or that regarding the power of the Pope was obviously itself exceeding the limits of their jurisdiction. His silence was moreover a lawful rejection of the king's claim to search the inmost consciences of men. Thus to the question: "Can the Pope depose a king?" his answer was that "he could not depose a lawful king and obedient son of the Church as such, but that many doctors held he could depose an heretical king." "But what do you say?" "When I am judge of king and Pope I will say what that Pope can do;" was the reply; "at the present time, till questioned juridically by the Pope, the judge of religious controversy, or by one having authority from him, I am not bound to give an opinion." During this examination he quoted the condemnation of regicides by the Council of Constance, and declared his abhorrence of them.* He then turned the tables on his opponents by reminding them how a few years before, at the instigation of some of the preachers, the Presbyterians in great numbers had attempted the murder of the king in council.

The Father tells us that during the whole examination he had felt in a burning fever. He had not tasted food for twenty-six hours. A shivering fit came on,—he was told he might warm himself. A brutal fellow threatened to push him into the fire. He parried such insults with the gayest banter: "Should you make up your mind to do so, you could not choose a fitter time; do you not see how cold I am?" The Lord Provost told him before the assembled company that he was no Ogilvie, and that his mother lived in the town. Before long the supposed mother was confronted with him; "however," writes the martyr, "she does not recognise me, saying I am not

* It is well known that the Constitutions of the Society of Jesus expressly forbid anything to be either taught or printed which can possibly appear to countenance regicide.

lucken-handed and not a halflin (half-witted) but very sharp! So I have my laugh at those who laughed at me." In his prison in the palace, he was now fastened with two rings to a lump of iron, 200 lbs. in weight, "shaped like a pole, so that I could only sit or lie on my back, but nothing more except a little standing."

It was about this time that Spottiswood pretended to discover the existence of twenty-seven Jesuits in Scotland. He communicated this piece of news to the chamberlain, and announced that he hoped to unravel their plots by the torture of the one already in his hands. Accordingly orders arrived from headquarters that Father Ogilvie should go to Edinburgh to be there examined by the Privy Council, but before he was allowed to leave Glasgow, he was submitted to the torture of the "boots." This instrument is thus described by one who had seen it in use. "It is formed of four splints bound together, of the length of the leg, much like what is put round a young tree to protect it. A wedge of iron inserted between the splints, and driven in by sheer force with a hammer, crushes the limb as if to break it and often makes the marrow spirt out of the bones." Most touching details of his sufferings are given in some of the contemporary records. His unflinching spirit met torture with a smile or a joke. Once only was a cry wrung from him by extremity of pain. "We will not stop," said a bystander, "till the marrow comes out of your bones." He held out his leg and bade them do their worst. "I knew," writes one who had seen much of him, "that he bore all his sufferings for the love of God, not only patiently, but with the greatest fortitude and joy; and this I knew from the testimony of his enemies themselves." This invincible courage he drew from prayer. Often was he heard to whisper gently: "O Lord Jesus, in Whom I have trusted, grant that I may be found faithful to Thee, and forgive these men, who know not what they do." "In all Scotland," writes Father Mayne, O.S.B., "he was famed for his courage and gentleness, as gentle in suffering as formidable in opposition. Many were so touched that they asked to be instructed in the Truth." Sealed though his

lips had been as to his converts and those who harboured him, his persecutors spread the report he had betrayed his friends; so that on riding out of Glasgow to go to Edinburgh he was followed by the relations of the prisoners, who pelted and abused him as much as did his worst enemies. "I was greeted with showers of mud and snow," writes the Father in his account. "I rode on cheerfully as if I did not care, so that the people wondered at my coolness. I called out 'it is past joking when the head is aff,' as the Scotch proverb has it. A woman in the crowd cursed my 'ill faur'd mug.' 'Christ's blessing on your bonnie face,' answered I, and the Protestants took notice that I blessed those who cursed me."

The move to Edinburgh took place on Dec. 8th. Spottiswood, who had preceded him thither, lodged him at first in his house, but before long he was taken to a dungeon strictly guarded in the castle. Any who liked might visit him; and numbers did so. Careless questions were put to them by other apparent visitors: where they had seen him before, and how they knew him; so that, being off their guard many discovered themselves and others. Their names were then at once circulated as having been betrayed by him!

To those who out of curiosity questioned him about himself, the Father gave an account of his conversion, much to the disgust of the ministers, who had no intention of giving him any opportunity of the kind; but in all that concerned others his silence was impenetrable.

A special tribunal which included Spottiswood—the treasurer—the Advocate General, Lords Binning and Kilsyth, had now been commissioned by the king, and Father Ogilvie appeared before it on the 12th. He as usual refused to implicate others, "lest they should be in peril of perversion on account of persecution, which would be against God and my neighbour, and therefore a great sin, and some inconstant person might be persuaded from hope or terror, to pretend some conspiracy against the king and thus afford a cloak to your cruelty in slaying me, whom from fear of infamy you do not now punish as you would wish." "All that is due to the king I will give him." "The king forbids Mass; but Christ

has ordained it and commanded Masses to be celebrated; and whether Christ or the king is to be obeyed, judge you." Such were some of his memorable replies.

It was now determined, in order to extort information, that the Father should be tortured by deprivation of all sleep. For eight days and nine nights was their victim fiendishly kept awake, relays of tormentors relieving each other in their horrid work. These wretches thrust needles under his nails, pricked him with their daggers, twisted his arms and legs, raised him up and threw him down, and struck him repeatedly. On the ninth night a physician had to be called in, who declared the Father had not three hours to live. On this he was allowed some rest, but only to be dragged again, more dead than alive, before the court.

The report of his sufferings spread far and wide, and excited deep compassion. Many of the more important people urged him to save himself by giving up his faith. To some who, in the presence of many witnesses, threatened him with further tortures, the holy martyr replied: "I make no account of you—I can and will willingly suffer more for this cause than you and yours are able to inflict. Such threats cheer me; I mind them no more than the cackling of geese." He tells us in his narrative: "I was so weak from want of sleep, I scarce knew what I was saying, nor in what place and city I was; yet the preachers came to argue all the oftener."

For some while after he was captured, Fr. Ogilvie had been perpetually visited by the Calvinist ministers, who fondly hoped that they might succeed in perplexing him with their arguments, and even in inducing him to return to Calvinism. Their efforts were worse than useless however; for many of those who came to shake him went away considerably shaken themselves, and filled with amazement at the erudition and power of reasoning which the Father displayed. The intense application with which he had given himself whilst abroad to his philosophical and theological studies served him now in good stead; and with their help, and that of his ready Scotch wit, he utterly put to silence all who came to argue

with him, so that at length they thought it prudent to leave him alone. The vigour with which he defended the Papal Supremacy in particular won for him the title of the Campion of Scotland, and the admiration which his controversial skill excited at the time may be gathered from the following words of the Menology of the Society of Jesus:—

"The 10th of March was the martyrdom of Fr. John Ogilvie in Glasgow: his glorious combats, his presence of mind, the readiness with which he answered his accusers, his calm and powerful reasoning, showed the spirit which animated him and revived in our own age the constancy of the ancient martyrs."

Now however that the Father's head was stupified with want of sleep, the preachers took courage and returned to the charge, but they appear to have fared no better than before.

During his last examination in Edinburgh the "mercy" of the commissioners was thrown in his face. They might, they said, have ordered the "boots" for him—he should be grateful! "What further," answered he, "except to take my life, could you have done? Had I been tortured by the boots alone I might yet have been carried into the school, or the confessional, and exercised the duties of a priest; but you have almost killed the sensitive part of my brain, with which I serve Christ according to my vocation! Even if I had been ready before to tell you all, I would not now do so, lest it should seem I had been moved and led by feeling like a beast, and not by reason as a man. Try the boots, and with God's help I will show you, I care no more for my legs than you do for your leggings. I consider myself born for greater things than to be overcome by sense. Yet I do not trust to myself, but to God's grace. I hope for nothing from you; whatever, by God's permission, you are going to do, do quickly. I am not speaking from passion, but from my deliberate mind. I will preserve my life if I can, provided I am not obliged to lose God for it. But as I cannot do both, I willingly sacrifice the lesser for the greater good."

Spottiswood is said by this time, to have declared that he would have given any money not to have meddled with such a man. The commissioners refused to examine him again. "It is intolerable," said the archbishop to him, "that, but for the papers which were found, we should be unable to get any information from you." These words, in fact, summed up the result of all that had been done. Foiled in his ends, Spottiswood returned to Glasgow to spend the Christmas festival in his own see, and brought Father Ogilvie with him. He put him in his old quarters in the prison of the palace, but removed the gaoler, and appointed his own steward in his stead, a hard and relentless man, who forthwith added to the heavy chains which fastened both the martyr's feet to the iron pole, by driving in iron wedges at the joinings of the rings. The martyr assured him that were his chains of wax he would not break them, and were his prison doors left open, he would not desert so good a cause, but would leave it to God's providence to look after him some other way. His arguments at this time with various ministers, and with the pseudo-bishop of the Isles, were so excellent, that Spottiswood said that none like Ogilvie had ever come to these parts, and that if he got off he would himself be willing to hang for him, since he would surely, "put saut in their kail for them," as the Scottish proverb is, if he escaped.

The drama however was now drawing to its close. King James drew up five questions, and sent them to Scotland for the martyr to answer. These were: whether the Pope have power over the king in matters spiritual and temporal;—whether he have power to excommunicate kings; and to depose them, especially his Majesty;—when so deposed, if it be allowable to murder them;—whether the Pope have power to release subjects from their oath of allegiance to his Majesty.

On all these points Father Ogilvie kept steadfastly to the lines he had laid down for himself throughout the examinations, the grounds of which we have already explained. He contented himself with asserting the Pope's spiritual authority over any king that was a baptised Christian, and his power to excommunicate the same.

This, his final rejection of the king's spiritual jurisdiction, and his silence with regard to any matter connected (or supposed to be connected), with religious teaching which had not been defined by the Church, were duly reported and grossly misrepresented to James by the archbishop. The latter betook himself again to Edinburgh there to await instructions from the king. During his absence some relaxations were allowed to the prisoner by the prelate's wife, on occasions when, it is said, she had indulged too freely in wine. They were stopped as soon as Spottiswood heard of them; among them probably may have been the liberty to write letters. We cannot forbear to quote one at least which must have been written about this time, to Father Claude Acquaviva, General of the Society of Jesus, of whose recent death Father Ogilvie did not know.

"Very Rev. Father in Christ:— The peace of Christ. Most loving, venerable, and dear to my heart, and after Christ and the heavenly Court, my heart's tenderest love. My punishments are terrible and my tortures sharp. The charity of your paternity will make you pray for me, that I may lay down my life generously for Jesus, the invincible in suffering. May Christ long preserve you, the leader of His veteran soldiers, as a bulwark to His Church. Very Reverend Father, your humble servant in Christ and most unworthy little son,—JOHN OGILVIE."

After a couple of weeks the rumour spread abroad, and soon reached the martyr, that letters bearing the king's decision had arrived. The gaolers asked him how he fared. "Bound to the ground by an iron weight upon me!" said he. "What news have ye?" "None," quoth they. "Well," said the martyr, "I will tell you that a priest is going to die to-morrow or next day." And so it proved; Spottiswood returned from Edinburgh, with certain gentlemen of rank and various ill-disposed persons, and sent the provost and baillies to tell the Father that the following Tuesday had been fixed for his arraignment and trial. At the same time, he gave orders that the scaffold should be put up at the Cross the day previous, (on the Monday), thus testifying to the fact that Father Ogilvie had been judged and condemned beforehand.

From this moment all recorded of Father Ogilvie seems bathed in the surpassing light and strength and beauty of approaching martyrdom. With loving reverence let us follow him, hour by hour, and glean some refreshment for ourselves from the radiant sweetness with which he walked in the footsteps of his Lord. Six months of ignominy and torture were over, and the last struggle had come. The day before the end, while making what preparations he could, he brightly invited those present to his wedding feast on the morrow. That evening some of his friends were enabled to visit him; and we have evidence that, by what means we know not, they had made arrangements for his escape of which he might easily have availed himself. Among these visitors was Mr, J. Brown of Logh Hill, himself a confessor for the faith. His son, afterwards rector of Douay College, deposed to the following received from Mr. Brown's own lips. Mr. Brown told the martyr he had sure means of escape ready for that night. The latter smiling sweetly, thanked him, and assured him he feared nothing more than that a death so precious, and more acceptable than any life, should be snatched from him. So consoling and so strengthening, even to the other, was this frame of mind, that the two men rushed to each other's arms, their eyes filled with tears, and the martyr begged Mr. Brown not to leave him, till God had completed in him the work he had begun. This was promised and faithfully performed.

The gaolers kept up a great uproar all night, while the martyr used the facilities afforded for his escape as only a martyr could have done. We know of this touching episode through the attestation of Father T. Rob, a Scottish Jesuit, to whom the Lady Margaret Hamilton, sister of the Earl of Abercorn, herself related what she had heard from an eye-witness. The latter, a woman who lived in Glasgow, looking out of her window that night* in the direction of the gallows, saw a man, in a white linen garment, leave the episcopal palace and come down the open space between it and the Cross.

* The space between the episcopal palace and the Tolbooth was not in those days built over.

His hands were joined together and a little raised. He went and knelt before the scaffold; and after praying a short time said distinctly in Latin: "Mary, Mother of grace, Mother of mercy, protect us from the enemy and receive us at the hour of our death." The woman was ignorant alike of books and Latin, but she swore to the words she had heard, and to the truth of her declaration.

On the morrow Father Ogilvie awaited his summons in prayer. To the magistrates who came for him, he said he had been longing for that hour. He was led through the streets half clad in a ragged garment, as his cloak had been taken from him, and was followed by crowds, amongst whom were those same relations of the other Catholic prisoners, who had formerly so misused him. These had now learnt the truth, and with tears asked his pardon and prayed for blessings on his head, and in doing so were joined by many protestants.

At eleven o'clock, he was brought into the Town Hall, which formed part of the Tolbooth, and the proceedings began. On the bench were seated the archbishop, the provost, various nobles of high rank, and the baillies of the city. A lengthy and verbose indictment* was read, which in its essential parts may be reduced as follows. He was arraigned on the head of high treason, 1st for affirming the spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope in his majesty's dominions, to the detriment of the king's lawful authority in all things, whereby he offended against certain acts of the Scottish Parliament; and 2ndly, for his refusal to answer the king's questions as to his opinions on matters concerning his Majesty's sacred person, life and crown; moreover for freely, of his own accord,

* The utter emptiness of this document, trumped up in the vain hope that they could thereby "avoid making a martyr" of Fr. Ogilvie, has been well exposed by Arnot, a Protestant, in his "Criminal Trials," who at the same time laments the Father's lack of "liberality." The acts referred to had no reference to the case, and Fr. Ogilvie's refusal to reply could not have fallen within the scope of the law. To any one who would maintain the contrary he would reply that to oblige the accused to answer such questions as those when his life was at stake would be the "most monstrous legal iniquity possible to conceive."

condemning the oaths of spiritual supremacy and allegiance demanded of Catholics. He is declared to have seduced the king's subjects from their said allegiance by saying of Masses, and by auricular confession contrary to the statutes of the realm; though in the summing up of the charges by Maister W. Hay (substitute for the king's attorney) immediately afterwards, it is asserted that he is not brought to trial on the last head but solely on the two former.

On being told that his silence would be taken as a confession of guilt: "Judge me by my words and works," answered he, "and leave the judgment of thoughts to God, to whom it appertains." He further stated: "In all things in which I ought to obey his Majesty, I will show myself most observant. I would willingly spend the last drop of my blood in fighting for him: but in the usurped claim of spiritual jurisdiction, I neither may, nor can, render him obedience." He was asked if he approved of regicides: "I detest them," was the reply.

While the jury were deliberating, after having been exhorted to "convict without scruple owing to the devilish disposition of the accused," Father Ogilvie spoke of the judgments of God. Spottiswood asked him whether, if he were now banished, he would endeavour to return to the country: "Most assuredly," replied he, "in so good a cause. Were I seeking anything unrighteous, I should fear to do so; but my only wish now is, that for every hair of my head I could convert a thousand souls and yourself, archbishop, first and foremost."* The jury unanimously found him guilty of high treason and he was sentenced to be "hanged by the neck on the gallows at the Cross, and when taken down, his head to be struck off and his body quartered and exposed in different parts of the city."

The martyr abounded with joy. He embraced the official who read out the sentence, thanked the archbishop and his other judges, and gave them his blessing as a Catholic priest; assuring them that as he wished

* "I hope to come to Glasgow again and to do more good," adds another account. "If all the hairs of my head were priests, they should all come into the kingdom."

God to be favourable to him in his agony, so did he forgive them all from his heart. He asked the prayers of all Catholics present, and began at once to commend his last struggle to God. He then turned to the executioner whom the Sheriff had brought in, and gently kissed his hand, entreating him joyously to do his duty without fear, and assuring him that he would thus in a very little time secure a faithful intercessor with the good God in heaven. The hangman, quite overcome, could hardly lead him out.

The sentence had been passed at one o'clock. Scarce three hours were to elapse between that time and the execution, but the whole city was gathering. The fame of his long struggle and heroic endurance had spread throughout the land, and had stirred the people deeply, and they now flocked in thousands to the place of execution.

While the martyr was crossing the short space between the Tolbooth and the scaffold, a minister came up to him, showed him much sympathy, and after a little conversation made a strange proposal, which is recorded, together with all that passed on the scaffold, by his faithful friend Mr. Brown and others who were close by. Mr. Brown tells us: "The minister urged him to save his life, whereupon the Father feigned fear, saying: 'Just as if my life hung on my own free will! I am accounted guilty of high treason, and for that am condemned.' 'Stuff and nonsense,' said the minister, 'as to this crime of yours. Give up the Pope and Papistry, and you shall be forgiven that crime and rewarded with gifts.' 'You mock me:' said the Father. 'I speak seriously and with certain authority,' subjoined the minister; 'my Lord Archbishop gave commission to me to promise you his daughter in marriage, and the richest prebend of the diocese as her dowry, provided I found you willing to step over from your religion to ours.' Whilst these things were being said they reached the scaffold. The minister urged the Father to be willing to live. The Father replied that he was willing, but not with disgrace. 'I have said and repeat,' urged the minister, 'that you may live with honour.' 'Would you be willing to say that, so that the people could hear?' 'By

all means,' he replied. 'Listen all present,' cried Father Ogilvie, 'to what the minister is going to say to us.' Then the minister gave out: 'I promise to Mr. Ogilvie life, the Lord Archbishop's daughter, and a very rich prebend, provided he be willing to come over to our side.' 'Do you hear this?' said the Father, 'and will you confirm it as witnesses when it shall be needed?' 'We have heard,' cried the people, 'and we will confirm it, go down, Mr. Ogilvie, go down.' Upon this the Catholics began to tremble and the Protestants to triumph. 'There is no fear then that I should be held hereafter as guilty of high treason?' 'By no means,' all the people from the street cried out together. 'I stand here therefore a criminal on the head of religion alone?' 'Of that alone,' they cry out. 'Very well,' triumphantly exclaimed the Father, 'that is plenty; on the head of religion alone I am condemned, and for that I would willingly and joyfully pour forth even a hundred lives. Snatch away that one which I have from me and make no delay about it, but my religion you will never snatch away from me.' At this the Catholics raised their heads once more; whilst the Protestants were in a fury, above all the minister, who harshly stopped the Father as he was preparing to say more, and commanded him to be led away to the gallows as quickly as possible."

The sheriff, two ministers and other officials were on the scaffold beside him; also a Catholic kinsman, John Abercrombie. The martyr was so worn out with cold, and want of rest and food, which Spottiswood had knowingly left him without, that he had hardly been able to mount the steps of the scaffold. A minister shouted out, "Ogilvie dies for treason;" he shook his head, being no longer allowed to address the people. "Don't mind their lies, John, the mair wrangs the better," said Abercrombie, who thereon was so violently pitched off the scaffold by the attendants that he would have been killed, but that he fell on the heads of the densely packed multitude. The martyr gently said to one who accosted him as "traitor:" "You wrong me, you forbid me to speak to the people, and then you misrepresent me. I have never said or done anything to preju-

dice the king. I have only declared the Pope has spiritual authority in the king's dominions, and in the whole world among Christians, and also that he can excommunicate an heretical king. I have signed the things I maintain, and am ready to die for them, but you have written falsely to the king about me. I and another Scotchman have done more in the king's service among foreign nations than you, and all the ministers in Scotland, can do; and I would peril my life for him; but now I die for religion alone." Asked if he feared to die: "No more," he replied, "than you do to dine." His hands were now tied so tightly that the fingers all quivered. Just before this he had thrown down his rosary among the crowd. It struck a young Hungarian noble, a heretic, who was travelling in Scotland, and who afterwards deposed that, from the moment of that precious blow, his peace of mind was so destroyed, he could not rest until he had been instructed and received into the Catholic Church. He was not able to secure the rosary, as the Catholics rushed upon him to get it, and being nearly trampled down was obliged to give it up.

The martyr now said the Litany of Saints, as a profession of faith, in Latin and in broad Scotch, so that the people might hear him; he declared he placed all his hopes in the Precious Blood of Christ; he kissed the gallows, and absorbed in prayer, went up the ladder, repeating in Latin and English: "Mary, Mother of grace, pray for me; all ye holy Angels, pray for me: all ye Saints of God, pray for me." With difficulty the hangman was persuaded to throw him off the ladder. When he had done so, the martyr remained hanging till he was dead.

The people then gave a loud cry, and prayed God to visit his death on the real worker of it, and to hold them guiltless. The cord was cut and the body fell to the ground. Thus, at four in the afternoon, of March 10th, 1615, was the martyrdom consummated.

From the disposition of the people, it was not considered safe to quarter the body, which was put into a coffin, and at once buried outside the city, in the place usual for criminals, that is, on the north side of the

cathedral. It was said at the time that a horseman had waited outside the city till the death was made known, after which he rode off in hot haste. That night, so it was also said, a party of forty horsemen, headed by the Catholic Earls of Abercorn and Semple, carried off the holy relics to some place which is still unknown. To test the truth of the report, the city authorities had the ground prodded with iron bars over the part where the coffin had been lowered; and, some hard substance having been struck, they declared themselves satisfied that all was right.

Efforts were made by the ministers to repress the regret everywhere expressed by the people at the martyr's death; they urged that he was a traitor to his king, but without avail, as the people kept bringing up the offer of life, &c., made him if he would renounce his religion. Spottiswood wrote a mixture of truth and falsehoods which he was pleased to call "A true Relation" of the facts of Fr. Ogilvie's death; it does not appear to have deceived many then, but probably has done so since.

Calderwood could not understand why he should have been put to death, and Bishop Forbes has styled it a judicial murder. Every Scotch Catholic knew that the Church had added another to the catalogue of her martyrs for the Papal Supremacy.

If the reader would know what the learned theologian, Cornelius à Lapide, who received him into the Church, thought of our martyr, he may read it in his commentary on the prophet Isaias, where he compares the constancy of his former catechumen with that of the greatest martyrs of the early Church, such as St. Romanus, St. Ignatius of Antioch, St. Laurence, and St. Vincent, adding "that he was a man who, to the amazement of the Calvinists, remained unconquered by tortures, and so keen in his answers to those who questioned him as to stop the mouths of all his assailants."

"It hardly seems credible," Dr. Oliver observes, "that the wanton barbarities which Fr. Ogilvie had to endure could have been directed and sanctioned by the constituted authorities. They are scarcely to be paralleled by the refined cruelty of the persecutors of the Christians

during the first three centuries of the Church, or of the Indian savages and cannibals, and could only be surpassed by the Father's meekness, patience and alacrity."

With these two testimonies in praise of our martyr we must bring our story to a close. We have few more facts to relate, and we can but guess with regard to the rest. The veil has yet to be withdrawn which hides from our eyes the crown and the palm and the splendours of the glory which are now his—the just reward of his "faithfulness unto death" in the city of God. Our ears deserved not to hear the welcome, the "well done, good and faithful servant" wherewith the Prince of Pastors embraced his beloved friend; but we may be sure that a lofty throne in heaven has been awarded to one who was privileged to drink so deeply on earth of the chalice of his Master's Passion. Betrayed by a friend, his sufferings begin with a most unjust blow from the pseudo-archbishop's own hand,—his remonstrance goes for nothing; he is beaten, stripped naked, struck on the head, his beard is plucked out, he is bound, insulted and tormented, put through a mock trial, charged with resistance to authority and sedition, and most unjustly condemned to a felon's death, just as his Divine Master had been before him. He dies blessing and forgiving his murderers, and at the same or nearly the same age, and hour of the day as did his Lord, and as if to complete the resemblance the ordered quartering is not carried out, "they brake not a bone of him," but an effort is made to blacken "that seducer's" fair fame by "A true Relation." What then must be the glory in heaven, and consequently the power of intercession, of a disciple who has trod so closely in the blood-stained footsteps of his Master!

Even on earth his martyrdom has not been quite barren of visible fruit. A large number of the Catholics of Scotland were encouraged by his example to a firmer adherence to their Holy Faith. One who had been an eye-witness tells us how he and others, being brought by a similar sentence to the very foot of the gallows, found themselves through our martyr's example and the divine inspiration, prepared to suffer death with

the greatest firmness; whilst another young Scotchman, Hippolytus Curle, owed his vocation to religion to hearing the account of Fr. Ogilvie's imprisonment and death read at the Scotch College, Douay. At the present day too, we hear of several Catholics having received favours both temporal and spiritual, in answer to prayers addressed to our martyr, and of at least one conversion to the Catholic Faith.

A Scottish nobleman, whose name is not given, filled with great devotion to Fr. Ogilvie, spent £200, a few years after the martyrdom, in promoting the cause of his beatification in Rome. The usual process having been prepared and the true proofs of the martyrdom obtained and investigated, the cause was equivalently introduced, remissorial letters having been issued by the Congregation of Rites on the 5th May, 1629. The cause was not then proceeded with for prudential reasons in connexion with the persecution of the day. These have now happily ceased to exist, and an earnest desire is very naturally spreading amongst Scotch Catholics that the cause may now be pushed on speedily to its completion.* Scotland needs all her Saints. The impenetrability of men's minds on the subject of the Catholic Religion in this country will give way more and more at the prayer of her sons and recognized martyrs and confessors. Let us learn all we can about them therefore, so that we may know and love them; let us help in their great work in our own small way, by leaving no stone unturned to lead others to a knowledge of the Truth, and to preserve in ourselves and in our fellow Catholics, the priceless gift of Faith.

* Our hopes and longings are justified, for the cause is now being pressed in Rome.

NOTE.

In so brief an account of the Martyr of Glasgow as that here presented to the public, it was thought unnecessary and undesirable to encumber our pages with the mention of the authorities from which the facts given have been drawn. We believe however that we have asserted nothing for which thoroughly good evidence cannot be adduced. The reader who would wish for a more intimate acquaintance with this noble Scotchman is referred to the account written by the martyr himself from his prison in Glasgow, a few days before his death, a translation of which has been given us by Fr. Karslake, S.J.; the interesting story of the martyr given by the Rev. Dan. Conway in *The Month* in 1878; the elaborate French Life of V. Ogilvie by Fr. Forbes Leith, S.J.; and to the authorities copiously cited by the same writers. From these sources it is that our little story has been chiefly compiled.

The recent happy discovery, made by Fr. Wm. Forbes Leith, S.J., of the process for the Beatification of the Ven. Martyr in the Archives at Rome, has also enriched us with many touching details which had not been previously known.

St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori.

ST. ALFONSO MARIA DE LIGUORI, more commonly called in English St. Alphonsus,* was the son of Don Joseph de Liguori, a Neapolitan gentleman and naval officer, and Donna Anna Cavallieri, sister of the great servant of God, Emilio Cavallieri, Bishop of Troja in Apulia. Alphonsus was born at Marianella, a village in the immediate neighbourhood of Naples, on September 27th, 1696, and on the 29th he was baptized in the Church delle Vergini, then the parish church in Naples of Don Joseph. When an infant, he was presented to the holy Jesuit missionary, Francesco de Geronimo, who happened to visit his father's house. The old man blessed the infant and said: "This child will live to an advanced age, he will be a bishop, and will do great things for the Church of God." By a singular coincidence Alphonsus and Francis were canonized together in 1839.

Our saint was the eldest of the seven children of Don Joseph and Donna Anna. Four of these were sons, of whom three became priests. Of the three daughters, two entered the cloister and died nuns. This sufficiently indicates the piety of the family, on whom Donna Anna bestowed continual and loving care.

Alphonsus showed early the profit he made of his mother's instructions. He used to go to Confession to, and obeyed scrupulously, Father Pagani, a priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, under whose care he made at an early age his First Communion.

It was this holy man who directed Alphonsus for thirty years, until his penitent was called to another state

* Nine names were given to the Saint in Baptism, but in his signature he used the first two, Alfonso Maria. Protestants, and even some Catholics, call him St. Liguori. This is as if we were to say St. Sales for St. Francis de Sales, or St. Becket for St. Thomas a Becket.

of life. As Alphonsus was not only talented, but also most diligent and conscientious, his parents spared no pains or expense in giving him excellent masters in all the necessary branches of learning. They did not send him to any college, but kept him under their own eyes, lest their treasure should be the victim of licentious companions. In due time he followed the lectures of the University and studied with such assiduity that at the early age of sixteen he was received as doctor.

The parents of Alphonsus enjoyed the favour of the imperial Austrian family, who then reigned at Naples, and so had founded hopes that by his talents their son would rise to some eminent post in the magistracy. Many clients of distinction presented themselves, and amongst others a magnate of the kingdom, who had a lawsuit of great pecuniary importance against another princely family. Alphonsus studied the cause with the greatest care and promised himself success. God, Who intended His servant for another state of life, permitted that, notwithstanding his diligence in studying the question, Alphonsus should overlook one point which changed the whole conclusion. On the day of the trial, secure in his hopes of success, he pleaded for his client, when the counsel for the adversary called his attention to the fact which had escaped his notice, and thus showed that his whole argument was without foundation. Alphonsus at once acknowledged that he was mistaken, and retired from the court, having learned to his cost how unstable and uncertain is earthly success. His piety had been always great, but this public humiliation was of service to him, in detaching him more and more from the world, and by increasing the desire which occupied him of abandoning all to save his soul. He no longer accepted clients, he broke off a project of marriage, which his father had arranged with the family del Balzo, into which his only sister who remained in the world was married, and led generally a retired life, passing hours in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. He was a changed man. Don Joseph tried every means to dissuade his son from abandoning his brilliant position, but without effect. At last on the occasion of a grand reception given by the then Viceroy of Naples, Don Joseph was

so incensed at the refusal of Alphonsus to go to it, and at his declaration that the world was dead to him, that he left the house in a passion. When his father was gone, Alphonsus, afflicted by the scene, but not changed, betook himself to the Church of Our Lady of the Redemption of Captives, where, taking off the sword which he wore, according to the custom of Neapolitan gentlemen of his time, he suspended it as a votive offering at the altar of our Lady, as a sign that he had renounced the world and every prospect of earthly honours.

Alphonsus from his childhood had frequented the Oratory, and had received his spiritual instruction from Father Pagani and the other sons of St. Philip Neri. He at once opened his heart to Father Pagani and asked admission to the Oratory. The Fathers of that holy congregation would willingly have admitted him, but the consent of Don Joseph was necessary, and this could not in any way be obtained. It required all the influence and eloquence of the saintly Bishop of Troja, uncle of Alphonsus, who happened to be in Naples at that moment, to induce Don Joseph to allow him to enter the clerical state, with the express condition that he should give up all thought of the Oratory and remain in his father's house. On October 23, 1723, with permission of Cardinal Pignatelli, Archbishop of Naples, Alphonsus took the clerical habit, and began his ecclesiastical studies under the direction of the distinguished theologian, Don Giulio Torni, Canon of Naples.

Divine Providence had ordained that our saint should not only be a learned man, but also a great missionary preacher; and his training, whilst at the bar, had contributed not a little to his proficiency as an orator. Whilst only a deacon he had been admitted to the Confraternity of the Apostolic Missions, established among the secular clergy of Naples, and he occasionally accompanied these zealous priests in their laborious courses.

The Bishop of Troja had not the satisfaction of seeing his nephew a priest, for God called him to his reward in the summer of 1726. On St. Thomas's day, the 21st of December of that year, Alphonsus received sacerdotal ordination from the hands of Monsignor Invitta, Bishop of Satriano. He was then a little more than thirty years of

age, and about a year later he obtained from Cardinal Pignatelli, the Archbishop, faculties for hearing confessions. From that time forward, uniting the administration of the Sacrament of Penance to his very frequent preaching in various churches, and especially in those where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, Alphonsus became a true apostle to his native city, and led multitudes of souls to God. He strove to aid persons of all conditions, but his especial love was for the working classes; and for the good of these he took great part in the management of the so-called "evening chapels," in which after nightfall instruction is given, with various pious exercises, for their benefit. This work, which had begun some time previously, was consolidated by the labours of Alphonsus and by the exertions of Barbarese, one of his penitents.

The great Chinese missionary, Don Matteo Ripa, had opened in 1729, in Naples, a college for the education of young Chinese, who should return as missionaries to their own country. Alphonsus, now in his thirty-third year, determined to join Ripa, not indeed as a member of his institute, but as boarder in his college. For this reason, in the month of June, he removed from his father's house to the Chinese college, in which establishment also took up his residence his friend the Abate Sarnelli, who was later on one of his companions in the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. In the following year Sarnelli, before his ordination as priest, returned to his father's house, but Alphonsus remained with Ripa until called to another state.

The object of Alphonsus in leaving his father's house was no doubt the wish to lead a life of greater perfection, in which whilst he continued the works of apostolic zeal in the city, he might be free from many social ties. But God had another intention, that of bringing him into closer relation with one who was destined to give a new direction to his whole life. This was Thomas Falcoja, of the Congregation of Pious Workmen,* who had been the companion and confidant of the Bishop of Troja, and for many years had been director of Ripa.

* A small institute founded by the Venerable Carlo Caraffa, which has done good service to religion both in Naples and in Rome.

God had many years previously made known to Falcoja, while he was in Rome, that He intended to raise up in the Church a new institute, consisting of a double congregation, one of priests and another of nuns, formed on the model of our Blessed Saviour Himself, in as far as human infirmity can reproduce the features of that Divine original. In 1720 Falcoja had been able to begin a convent of nuns, in the little town of Scala near Amalfi, but as the rules he intended them to follow were not yet drawn up, these nuns adopted for a time the rule of St. Francis of Sales. In 1725 one of these nuns had special lights from God as to the new institute, which by the care of Falcoja were duly examined and approved by various ecclesiastics of sound learning and judgment. But various obstacles arose, and rendered impossible for several years the realization of Falcoja's design. He had already refused high dignity which had been offered to him, as he was most averse to all earthly honours, but when in 1730 the bishopric of Castellammare was offered to him, he accepted it as a means to carry out that which he believed God required from him. He had set his eye on Alphonsus as a fit person to be the key-stone of the new institute, but as yet he did not make known to him his wish. Having gone to Rome for his consecration he charged Alphonsus to give a spiritual retreat to the nuns of Scala, and to examine the question of the new institute as far as regarded them. Alphonsus, up to this time, had not been favourable to the projected institute; but after he had seen and heard all the nuns at Scala, and examined carefully the circumstances, he was so persuaded that the idea came from God, that he became an ardent promoter of the same. It was in great measure the personal influence of Alphonsus with Monsignor Guerriero, Bishop of Scala, that persuaded that prelate to accede to Monsignor Falcoja's wishes. In consequence, in the month of May 1731, Falcoja came to Scala, and with permission of the Bishop, the nuns adopted the rule and took the name of the Congregation of the Most Holy Saviour. Alphonsus was the very soul of this new foundation, encouraging the nuns to be faithful to their vocation; but God demanded from him a greater sacrifice, that of his own person. It was on

the evening of October 3, 1731, that the same nun of Scala who six years previously had had the intimation of the new rule for that community, had a vision, in which our Divine Saviour appeared to her, in company with the seraphic St. Francis, whose vigil it was, and showed her Alphonsus, saying that he was the person destined to carry out the congregation of priests of the same institute. On the 4th, the feast of St. Francis, the vision was again granted to her. Alphonsus was profoundly moved when informed of these circumstances, yet he was unwilling to abandon the many good works in which he was engaged in Naples. He, however, took counsel from Father Pagani and others and deferred his decision till later.

The kingdom of Naples, and especially the Apulian provinces, had suffered severely from an earthquake. The Bishops of those provinces had asked for missions and retreats for their afflicted people, and the Confraternity of Apostolic Missions of Naples had destined Alphonsus, amongst others, for those pious exercises. It was in the commencement of 1732 that these missions took place, and in their course the missionaries visited Foggia. An ancient picture of the Blessed Virgin, known under the name of Our Lady of the Seven Veils, had been exposed to public veneration in 1731 at the epoch of the earthquake. This picture, during the whole year that followed, continued to show the same miraculous signs. The painting, from age and damp, had been effaced, but from an oval opening, in front of the place where the head had been, from time to time appeared a head of the Blessed Virgin. Alphonsus many years afterwards, when Bishop of St. Agatha, gave an authentic declaration that when preaching at Foggia in 1732, in the Church of St. John the Baptist, he saw the head of the Blessed Virgin as of a young person fifteen years of age, and that she moved her head from side to side, and he attested that this wonderful sight was witnessed by hundreds of the persons present. The town of Foggia, in consequence of this wonderful favour, celebrates every year a peculiar festival in honour of our Lady on the 22nd of March. Great, as might be expected, were the conversions which resulted from such a manifestation, and the good missionaries returned to Naples

crowned with the benediction of the inhabitants of Apulia.

The persons who had been charged by Alphonsus to examine the question of the new institute, had come to the conclusion that it was clearly God's will he should embark on that arduous enterprise. Alphonsus, in consequence, in August 1732, put himself entirely in the hands of Monsignor Falcoja, and from that time his life was one of entire obedience to his saintly father and director. Falcoja, having determined that the congregation of priests, like that of the nuns, should begin at Scala, had sought in vain for a suitable house in or near that town. At last it was decided that, for the commencement, he should place them in the hospitium of the nuns, and then await some more advantageous position. As the new institute was called "of the Most Holy Saviour," Falcoja determined that it should begin on the feast of the Dedication of the Lateran Basilica, that is to say, of the Basilica of the Saviour. On November 9, 1732, the good Bishop of Castellammare, by permission of Monsignor Sartoro, who had shortly before succeeded Monsignor Guerriero as Bishop of Scala, assembled in the cathedral the four or five priests who entered into his views, and commenced the new Congregation, of which Alphonsus alone was destined to be really the corner-stone. Such a beginning in the midst of utter poverty seemed well suited for a congregation, whose object was to imitate the earthly life of our Blessed Saviour, and whose work like His was to labour for the most destitute and forsaken souls. But, if Alphonsus had placed himself without reserve in the hands of Monsignor Falcoja, such was not the case with others of his companions. Amongst these was a certain Tosquez, a layman of talent but of no judgment, who, however, succeeded in drawing away the others from their obedience to Falcoja.

Alphonsus was thus left with only one priest and a lay-brother, and another cleric, Cæsar Sportelli, who joined Alphonsus some months later. For a moment he seemed to have doubted whether God did not wish him to labour in the foreign missions, but a letter from Falcoja told him with prophetic glance, that if he were

faithful to his vocation in establishing the Congregation, this would do more to make known God's name in every clime than any other sacrifice that he could make. "Happy are we," writes to him this kind Father, "if we are called to suffer something for God's glory, happy we who have been chosen that by our humiliations, labours, and sufferings, whether exterior or interior, the triumphal car of God's glory has to be carried through the whole earth." Alphonsus, thus invigorated, made a vow of obedience to Falcoja, and resolved that though he should be abandoned by all, he would remain to work for neglected souls. Sportelli soon joined him, and his old friend Sarnelli, and later on the arrival of his cherished companion Mazzini, and the intended entrance of Rossi, encouraged him in his noble purpose.

A small house had been begun in 1734 in the diocese of Cajazzo, but the times were difficult. In that year Charles, Duke of Parma, one of the Spanish Bourbons, drove the Austrians out of Naples. The policy of this prince under the guidance of the celebrated Tanucci was always hostile to religious orders and opposed to the Holy See. As neither of the two foundations of Scala or of Cajazzo promised any security, Monsignor Falcoja treated with the Sarnelli family for a more eligible site in the village of Ciorani. This foundation was at last concluded, and in April 1736 Alphonsus was installed as Rector of the house of Ciorani. In 1737 Falcoja called away the two Fathers who were in the diocese of Cajazzo, and in August 1738 those few subjects who were at Scala, so that Ciorani became the only house of the Congregation of Missionaries, as Scala was the only convent of the nuns of the Most Holy Saviour.

Great was the good that these two houses did, though hidden to the world under a very humble exterior. The Fathers, in their apostolic labours, were helped and fortified by the prayers and mortified lives of the nuns, and Divine grace worked prodigies both for the reform of the people and for the greater zeal and spirituality of the clergy, who in considerable numbers came to make some days' retreat at Ciorani. The nuns had been bound by vows from the first, but, with the exception of Alphonsus, the Fathers were still free to leave the Institute, as in

fact more than one did. To remedy this defect, and to complete the organization of the Congregation, the members of the community of Ciorani, consisting of Alphonsus as Rector, Fathers Sportelli, Mazzini, Rossi and Villani (Sarnelli being absent in Naples) and four lay-brothers, made on the vigil of St. Mary Magdalen, July 21, 1740, the vow to persevere until death in the Congregation. In 1741, at the earnest request of Cardinal Spinelli, Alphonsus was sent by Falcoja into the diocese of Naples, in which he gave retreats and missions in many of the populous towns and villages around Naples. The Cardinal desired a foundation at Barra, but to this Falcoja was utterly opposed, fearing that the humble spirit of the Institute might suffer. In 1742 another foundation was asked for at Pagani, and as there was no such danger in that locality, Falcoja accepted. This house was destined to be the principal residence of Alphonsus, and the scene of his holy death forty-five years later. As the health of Falcoja, which had never been strong, broke under old age, he called to him in Castellammare Father Sportelli and one of the Brothers, and died on April 20, 1743, at the advanced age of eighty years. It was a special grace for the new institute that, during the first ten years, whilst Alphonsus in the full force and vigour of manhood laboured to develop the Congregation, his actions should be under the watchful eye of so experienced a director, and that the rules established in the institute should emanate from so wise and holy a prelate.

The few Fathers who composed the chapter, after having performed the obsequies of their beloved director, assembled at Ciorani on May 6, 1743, and elected Alphonsus Rector Major, that is to say Superior General of the Congregation, an office which he held until 1780. In the following year Father Sarnelli died in Naples,* but God sent several other good subjects to Alphonsus, so that ere the year 1744 closed, he was able to accept another foundation in Apulia at Iliceto, thus introducing the Congregation to a new field of apostolic labour.

* The Process of Beatification of this servant of God is in course of examination at Rome.

Alphonsus gave missions at Foggia, Troja, and other places, and while preaching at Foggia, he was again favoured with the sight of Our Lady of the Seven Veils, as he had been in 1732. The first proposals were made about this time for a fourth house at Caposele, in the archdiocese of Corva, but this foundation was not permanently effected until 1748. The Neapolitan Government, at the request of the local Bishops, had authorised the presence of the missionaries in each of these four houses separately, as simple diocesan establishments; but when Alphonsus desired to obtain a regular approbation of the whole, as a corporate body, King Charles absolutely refused. He was in truth desirous to eliminate some of the existing religious bodies in his kingdom, rather than encourage new ones. Out of personal regard for the labours of Alphonsus, he offered him the Archbishopric of Palermo, which Alphonsus of course declined.

This repulse did not make the Saint lose courage. In the spring of 1748 he began to take steps in Rome for an approbation of the Congregation by the Holy See. Benedict XIV., the reigning Pontiff, had placed the matter in the hands of the Congregation of the Council, and in the autumn of that year Father Villani was sent to Rome by Alphonsus to treat this important business. Cardinal Bessozzi, who was the prelate entrusted with it, decided that a different form should be given to the rule, which was done to his satisfaction by Father Villani, assisted by one or two friends. By his advice the name of the Institute was changed from that of the Most Holy Saviour to that of Most Holy Redeemer. The Holy Congregation approved the Institute and the rule, thus modified, by a decree dated Jan. 25, 1749, and the whole was confirmed by the Brief of Benedict XIV. of Feb. 25, 1749.

The approbation of the Institute by the Holy See filled the hearts of Alphonsus and his companions with joy. A chapter was held at Ciorani, in which the new rule approved in Rome was read and accepted by all the priests and clerics of the Institute. The pious practices and regulations in use since the beginning were confirmed, and although Alphonsus had been named Rector Major in the Brief of 25th February, he was

elected to that office by the free votes of his companions. As many ecclesiastics and young men of talent wished to enter the Congregation, Alphonsus wrote for their instruction a little treatise on religious vocation, which has been of service not only to his own institute but to religious orders in general. The nuns of Scala, encouraged by the success of Alphonsus, took measures also for the approbation of their rule and Institute, and on June 8, 1750, a Brief of Benedict XIV. approved both, with the change only of name from Most Holy Saviour to Redeemer. It is from this house of Scala that all the communities of Redemptoristine nuns derive their origin.

The powerful influence of regalism in the kingdom of Naples, which led even some of the clergy to believe that the disciplinary acts of the Holy See remained without force until they had received the royal assent, rendered it of the utmost importance that the Brief of Benedict XIV. should be recognised by the civil power. Alphonsus exerted himself in every way, but with no other result than to convince himself that King Charles would not hear of any new religious congregation, and that he utterly refused to recognize the Brief of the Sovereign Pontiff. All that could be obtained from the King was a decree (1752), by which he declared that although he did not recognize the houses occupied by the missionaries under the direction of Don Alfonso de Liguori as forming religious foundations, and in consequence did not permit them to possess property in common; still as he deemed it advantageous for his subjects that the missions should continue, he allowed the missionaries to remain in the four houses already approved by separate decrees, with the restrictive clause that any property belonging to these houses should be administered by the respective Bishops. It was in truth a meagre concession, but Alphonsus, adoring the will of God, continued by prayer and patience to eliminate the obstacles which the narrow tyranny of the Government opposed to the development of his great work. From 1752 the Saint made Pagani his usual residence, as being more easy of access than Ciorani.

The precarious position of the houses made Alphonsus desire a foundation in the Papal States, free from the

dominion of Charles III. An opportunity at length presented itself. Monsignor Pacca, Archbishop of Benevento, offered a foundation at St. Angelo a Cupolo, a village five miles distant from the city. Alphonsus gladly consented, and installed three of his best subjects at St. Angelo in April, 1755. In the following autumn Alphonsus opened the mission in the city of Benevento, to the great joy of Monsignor Pacca. It was during this mission that Donna Anna, the pious mother of the Saint, went to her reward, as ten years previously Don Joseph had died whilst his son was at the mission of Troja. The heroic self-denial of Alphonsus, who did not break off his apostolic labours, no doubt obtained for his parents those special helps which are necessary in that moment on which eternity depends.

In 1756, and again in 1757, Alphonsus sent a band of his missionaries into Calabria, where the people were in a state of extreme spiritual destitution. The good done by the missionaries was immense, and the poor Calabrians would have been too happy if they could have secured a foundation in their provinces; but the small number of subjects in the Congregation, and still more the obstacles on the part of the Government, rendered all idea of such a foundation impossible. In fact, each year seemed to render more difficult all pious foundations. In 1758, the great Pontiff Benedict XIV. had gone to his reward. The Portuguese Government had already commenced that war against the Holy See, which later on, under the leadership of Charles of Naples, who had been King of Spain, led to the suppression of the Jesuits, and prepared the way for the great Revolution. The passage of Charles to the Spanish throne in 1759 in no way rendered easier the position of Alphonsus, as the policy of Charles was continued by the Government of his successor in Naples, the boy-King Ferdinand. All know how the violence of Charles against Pope Clement XIII. embittered the declining years of that excellent Pontiff. Not content with driving the Jesuits from Spain and all her colonies, he insisted on the same conduct in Naples; and as France had seized Avignon, so Naples took possession of Benevento and of Ponte Corvo. Thus

the four Bourbon Courts, as well as the Portuguese, were, at the death of Clement XIII., in open war with the Sovereign Pontiff.

In the year 1759, Alphonsus had received an offer from the Bishop of Girgenti in Sicily for a foundation, but, in consequence of innumerable difficulties, it was only in December, 1761, that this foundation could be effected. As the enemy never sleeps, there arose such an opposition to the missionaries in Sicily that Alphonsus, when Bishop, in 1771, was obliged to call back his children; nor could they return to Sicily until the storm had passed in 1775. But we must not anticipate.

The way of the saints is that of the holy Cross. Alphonsus had abandoned all to follow his vocation and to do God's work in forming the congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. This had become his life, his constant thought. But new cares awaited him. Cardinal Spinelli had, in 1754, resigned the see of Naples and retired to Rome, where he had accepted a suburbican see, and had become Bishop of Ostia and Velletri, and, as such, Dean of the Sacred College. His influence was very great with Clement XIII., who consulted him frequently in the difficulties which surrounded him. The see of S. Agata dei Goti (St. Agatha of the Goths), had become vacant by the death of Bishop Danza, and many persons aspired to that dignity. The coldness of the diplomatic relations between the Holy See who had the right of nomination, and the King of Naples, in whose dominions was the diocese in question, rendered it most difficult for the Holy Father to name a successor to the late prelate. Cardinal Spinelli proposed Alphonsus. The Pope at once named him, and as Alphonsus alleged his vow, made according to his Institute, not to accept any dignity, the Pope sent him an order to accept the episcopate. On receiving the command Alphonsus bowed his head, notwithstanding his reluctance, and said: "God wills me to be a Bishop, and a Bishop I will be."

The Saint thus heroically sacrificed himself, and leaving his dear Congregation in God's hands, left for Rome, in company of Father Villani. He visited on his way Cardinal Spinelli, at Cisterna, and complained of the trick his Eminence had played him. On arriving at

Rome, Alphonsus found that the Holy Father was absent, so he took advantage of the interval before his return to make a pilgrimage to Loreto, to put himself and his diocese, as well as his Institute, under the protection of the Blessed Mother of God. On his return from Loreto, Alphonsus was presented to Clement XIII., who again ordered him to accept the bishopric of St. Agatha. In order to diminish the grief of Alphonsus, the Pope permitted him to retain the office of Rector Major of his Congregation, which he could still govern by means of a Vicar-General: and to this office his companion Father Villani was named by a Brief, on May 25, 1762.

Alphonsus in Rome was the guest of the "Pious Workmen" at Sta. Maria de' Monti. The examination and other formalities having been fulfilled, he was preconized in the consistory of the 14th of June, and on the 20th of the same month he received the episcopal consecration from the hands of Cardinal Rossi, of the title of St. Cecilia, in the Church of Sta. Maria *sopra Minerva.* The very next day he left Rome for his diocese, and after a very brief stay at Naples and at Pagani, to regulate his affairs, he made his entry into St. Agatha on July 11, 1762.

At an age when men commonly feel the want of repose, Alphonsus was called by God to a new state, to be the model of bishops, untiring in zeal, in charity and in patience. Only one week after his entry, he began in his cathedral a course of spiritual exercises for his people, and from that time forward scarcely a year passed without a mission or retreat in every locality of his diocese. He established in every parish the custom of making in common a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and to our Blessed Lady, at which he assisted in person. His principal care was for the clergy, sparing no pains in order to render all his priests efficient in the duties and ministry of their state. As the Rector of the seminary was incapacitated by his great age from the necessary vigilance, Alphonsus called from Naples a learned Dominican, Father Thomas Caputo, whom he installed as Rector. He made extensive repairs and beneficial regulations for this establishment, which he

never ceased to visit personally every week whilst he resided at St. Agatha. He was the tenderest of Fathers to his seminarists, but if he found them guilty of any serious fault, no intercession could persuade him to allow them to remain in the seminary, as he was wont to say: "Charity to one is in this case an injustice to others." The parish priests, and those who celebrated Mass in country churches, were obliged to explain the Catechism to the people, and in his constant visits to the different parishes, he either preached himself or made one of the Fathers of his Congregation, who usually accompanied him, preach a triduo to the people. These excessive fatigues broke down the weak frame of Alphonsus, and in August 1736, he was so ill at Airola as to receive Extreme Unction. However, he recovered his strength enough to guide his people through the terrible winter famine of 1763–4. His prudence checked the outburst of popular indignation against the local magistrates, whilst his unbounded charity dispensed all he had in relief of the famished people, so that he was really the saviour of the town of St. Agatha.

One of his great benefits to his diocese was the establishment at St. Agatha of Redemptoristine nuns, in 1766. Three nuns and a lay-sister were called by him from Scala, and after surmounting many difficulties, he placed them in the convent he had prepared for them. This convent has ever since been a source of benediction to the town, and from its walls went forth that little band which founded the convent of Vienna, and since then others in northern Europe.

The political circumstances having rendered impossible the celebration of diocesan synods, Alphonsus published in several episcopal notifications those regulations for the clergy which we have amongst his letters, and which are real models of zeal and prudence. The holy Bishop was scrupulous in the extreme as to residence in his diocese, and never left it except for some cause of vital importance. In 1764 he had passed a short time at Pagani, when a Chapter of his Congregation was held, and in 1767 he was constrained to make a longer stay at Naples, in order to defend his Congregation against some powerful adversaries.

In 1768, at the age of seventy-two, and in the midst of so many trials, Alphonsus was attacked by rheumatic fever. In August he received for the second time the last sacraments with admirable resignation. The rheumatism having fixed itself in the vertebræ of the neck, had bowed down his head, so that he could never more raise it while he lived, that is to say, for nineteen years of suffering. Thus his own prayer was fulfilled, as he wrote: "Pray our Lord to make my will conformable to His; if God wills it, I am willing to remain in this state until the end of my life." And so he did remain. From August 1768 until August 1769, the Saint was also deprived of the consolation of celebrating the holy Mass; but a suggestion of a good religious that he could yet consume the Precious Blood, notwithstanding the distorted position of his head, by placing himself on a stool, enabled Alphonsus from 1769 to continue the celebration of the holy Mass, until his infirmities rendered him entirely unable, a year and eight months previous to his holy death. It was in this time of acute suffering that he finished the most touching and most profound of all his ascetic works, *The Practice of the Love of Jesus Christ.* As the climate of St. Agatha was prejudicial to Alphonsus, he resided during the remaining years of his episcopate at Arienzo. Several times he tendered his resignation, but both Clement XIII. and Clement XIV. refused to accept it; the last named Pontiff replied: "It is sufficient that Monsignor Liguori governs his diocese from his bed; a single prayer which he offers in that state will obtain more than a hundred visits."

The Neapolitan Government, as we have seen, had taken possession of Benevento, and thus the house of St. Angelo a Cupulo was no longer free. Alphonsus was in consequence rejoiced when a small house and church, erected at Scifelli, in the diocese of Verola, by a French priest of Avignon, was offered to him. He at once accepted it in 1773, and three years later enlarged it considerably, in the hope that there at least, as also at Frosinone, a foundation of 1776–8, the rule of Benedict XIV. might be observed without molestation. In addition to his own domestic troubles, the war waged against the Holy See by the Bourbon Courts afflicted him

profoundly. On September 21, 1774, Alphonsus having said Mass at Arienzo, and commenced his thanksgiving in his arm-chair, remained the whole day and following night in an ecstatic state. His attendants, according to the order of the Vicar-General, watched him, but did not disturb him. It was only on the morning of the 22nd, after eight o'clock, that the Saint came to himself, and rang a bell placed by his side, saying to the astonished attendants that he wished to say Mass; and to their inquiries as to what had passed during the twenty-four hours that he had remained as it were without life, he replied: "I have been to assist the Holy Father who has just expired." And so at once he began the Holy Mass. When later the news arrived of Clement's death, it was found that it had taken place at the exact moment that Alphonsus had come to himself and had said Mass for the deceased Pontiff.

The year 1775 brought some consolation to the venerable sufferer, as his children were for the second time established at Girgenti in Sicily; and Pius VI., who had been elected Pope in February, at length yielded to the prayer of Alphonsus, and accepted the resignation of his bishopric. On the 27th he left Arienzo, and returned to his old residence at Pagani, poor as he had left it.

Who would not think that Alphonsus would, in the midst of his infirmities, have enjoyed at Pagani, at least, the rest so necessary for his age? Yet it was not so. The adversaries of his Congregation continued their lawsuit. They had gained the goodwill of Tanucci, and of several other influential persons, and every hope of justice seemed to vanish. Alphonsus, without neglecting every human means that was at his disposal, put his sole trust in God, Who, said he, is more powerful than Tanucci and all our adversaries. God heard his prayers, and in 1776, Tanucci retired from public life, and his successor, the Marquis della Sambuca, had none of his prejudices against the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. It was indeed a providential change, for in 1777, the Procurator Fiscal, who had been charged to examine the question, made his report, in which he virtually proposed the suppression of the institute. Fortunately, the disposition of the young King was no

longer such as was his father's. He had intrusted to the companions of Alphonsus the mission of preaching the so-called Crociata, and, in 1779, he confirmed his father's decree, and allowed the reception of novices to keep up the supply of missionaries.

Alphonsus, rejoiced at this partial success, charged one of his consultors, Father Majone, to treat with Monsignor Testa, the Grand Almoner, the question how and with what restrictions the Congregation could be approved by the Neapolitan Government. Unfortunately, Testa was a friend of Tanucci, and a regalist of the most ardent character, whilst Father Majone was anxious to obtain a recognition at any price. The result was that he consented to a compromise which, under the name of "Regolamento," was the cause of great suffering to Alphonsus, and of ruin to the Congregation in his declining years. The "Regolamento" was in fact an audacious blow against the Holy See, worthy of a Neapolitan regalist such as Testa was. It altogether ignored the approbation given to the Congregation as an ecclesiastical body by Pope Benedict XIV., and treated the Institute as a simple secular foundation, created, as it asserted, by the decrees of Charles III., and confirmed by his successor. A Superior was recognized, not as charged by the Holy See with his functions, but as a consequence of the royal decrees. The missionaries were not to be bound by vows, but should make a simple oath of obedience to the Superior, from which they could at any time be dispensed by him. The powers of the Superior were in many things subordinated to the vote of his consultors, and the local bishops could interfere in various ways. The whole of this schismatic "Regolamento" was moreover to last as long as the good pleasure of the King permitted, so that, as the royal power alone, and not the Church, had created the Institute, the same power might suppress it, when it was so pleased, without reference to the Holy See.

When this "Regolamento" became known, there was an outburst of indignation against it amongst the Fathers, and some even accused Alphonsus of being party to it, although the whole thing had been devised by Monsignor Testa without his knowledge. His age and want of sight and hearing debarred Alphonsus from treating

the question in person. In fact, the whole ordinary government of the institute after the return of Alphonsus to Pagani in 1775, though carried on in his name, was really the work of his vicar, Father Villani. A sort of assembly was called together in these troubles at Pagani, in the month of May. Alphonsus did not take part in it, and the deputies could come to no solution. The Grand Almoner insisted on the acceptance of his "Regolamento," and in the month of June some few of the Fathers accepted it under protest. In the meantime the Holy See had been informed of what had passed at Naples, and the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars sent stringent orders to the Fathers in the Papal States, forbidding them to obey any injunction coming from Naples, and ordering them to observe only the rule approved by Benedict XIV. At length, as, by an unaccountable neglect, or, we should say better, by permission of God, no one of the companions of Alphonsus came from Naples to explain such strange doings, the Holy See declared Alphonsus and all who (as erroneously supposed) had abandoned Benedict XIV's rule, excluded from the Congregation, and named the Rector of the House of Frosinone, Father Francis de Paola, Superior, with the title of President of the Institute in the Papal States. This decree was given on the 22nd of September, 1780. Admirable providence of God! Alphonsus had always been the faithful defender of the rights of the Holy See, and now he appeared (at least outwardly) unworthy of his former reputation, and ungrateful to his fond mother the Roman Church. It is also a singular coincidence that it was on the anniversary of the loving assistance given by Alphonsus, with Divine permission, to the dying Clement XIV., that his successors excluded him, and cut off the Neapolitan houses from the Congregation.

Two days after the pontifical decree, the two deputies sent by Alphonsus and his companions arrived in Rome and found the matter settled as we have said. The Saint, being informed of the decision, said: "I seek God alone, it is enough for me if I am in God's grace. The Pope so wills it, may God be praised." But later on in the day he had a terrible assault of temptation, in which it seemed to him as if the ruin of the Congregation

were the result of his sins and ingratitude. In his agony he cried piteously: "Help me, my brethren, the Evil One is trying to make me despair, but I will not offend God." At last, raising his eyes to the crucifix and to our Lady, he said: "Thank you, my Queen, for the help you have given me, keep on helping me, O my good Mother. Jesus, my hope, let me not be confounded." As he said nothing himself against the decision, so he would not suffer others to criticize it. The Pope, he said, has thought fit to act in this manner; may God be praised, the will of the Pope is God's will. Knowing that the Pope recognized the Congregation in the Papal States, he wrote to Father de Paola to declare himself his subject, and to say that he was ready to go to Benevento or wherever else the President might command him. The Neapolitan Fathers put before him that as he alone was recognized by the civil Government, it would be a serious danger for the houses in that kingdom if he were to move into the Pontifical States; and for his quiet came a letter from Father de Paola, saying that he fully recognized him as member of the Congregation, and begged him to remain at Pagani. A new sorrow came on Alphonsus during this year (1780) from the sudden death of his brother, Don Ercole, and the consequent anxiety for the education of his children.

The King had said, whilst charging the Fathers of the Congregation to preach the "Crociata," that if they exerted themselves he would show them favour. Alphonsus took advantage of this opportunity, and asked leave for the Fathers to make an oath of poverty and of common life, as well as that already sanctioned by the "Regolamento." In the month of February, 1781, through the kind influence of his friend Don Carlo di Marco, Alphonsus obtained this permission. He had hoped that this concession would have satisfied the Holy See, and led to the revocation or modification of the decree of the 22nd of September; but the opposition of Rome was not so much to any one point of the "Regolamento," as to the whole spirit, origin, and pretentions of the same, as a flagrant encroachment of the civil on the territory of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Consequently this partial concession did not alter matters,

and on August 21, 1781, a second Papal decree confirmed that of the September previous. When this decision was communicated to Alphonsus, he replied: "I shall go on praying as I have during the last six months: my Lord, I will that which Thou willest." Pius VI. steadily refused to recognize the Neapolitan houses as part of the Congregation, but granted personally to the missionaries the faculties enjoyed by the subjects of Father de Paola. The Pope had authorized the establishment of the Congregation in Rome, in the Church and Convent of St. Julian; and on July 4, 1783, he named Father Francis de Paola, Rector-Major of the Institute. In the same year Alphonsus had had the consolation to witness the end of the long lawsuit brought against him by the Baron Sarnelli, who was formally declared non-suited by a royal decree in April of that year.

An event may here be mentioned that took place in 1779. In one of the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, the volcano one night sent forth volumes of flaming matter, and seriously menaced Torre de Annunziata and the surrounding country. Alphonsus was carried to a window, and at the sight exclaimed three times: "Jesu, Jesu, Jesu," and at the prayers of the Fathers he raised his hand and blessed the mountain. Suddenly the flaming torrent took another direction, and the menaced villages were saved.

In 1784, Alphonsus was rejoiced to hear of the entrance into the Congregation of the Blessed Clement Hofbauer and of his companion Father Thaddeus Hübl; and when these two Fathers were sent into the north and settled as they did in Poland, he seemed to have light from God as to the great work they would do. The last years of the Saint were a continual purification of his spirit through suffering, and detachment from everything he loved, however holy it might be. In November, 1780, he had made his last conference to the community of Pagani. It was on prayer, as well befitted the future Doctor of prayer. In 1784 he had to give up his usual drive, which contributed to his health, and in the same year at the order of Father Villani he had to renounce the consolation of being carried down

to the church, as was his wont morning and evening, and of being placed in sight of the Blessed Sacrament, to which he made the tenderest acts of love and adoration. As these acts drew the attention of the public, Father Villani thought it prudent to forbid Alphonsus this visit. On November, 25, 1785, he celebrated for the last time the Holy Sacrifice, which thenceforward he was obliged to forego, contenting himself with hearing Mass and receiving the Holy Communion. Intense mental as well as bodily sufferings became the portion of the Saint, night and day. That great intelligence seemed reduced to a state in which he could not make an act of faith or of love, whilst the most insidious temptations assailed him continually. There was not a virtue, said his companion, Father Mazzini, against which Alphonsus was not tempted. Like holy Job, he remained firm by God's grace, and in the midst of these immense trials and humiliations, God willed that his simple blessing should restore to health a number of sick children whom from day to day their parents brought to him.

Seven years of continual trial had now passed over Alphonsus since his deposition and humiliation, and as gold in the furnace he was purified for Heaven. On July 18, 1787, he was seized with dysentery accompanied with fever. It was a Wednesday during the octave of the feast of the Most Holy Redeemer. Though very weak he continued to hear Mass and to communicate daily, and on the 23rd of July Father Mansione, Rector of the house of Pagani, gave him Extreme Unction. Until the 28th of July he was able to receive Holy Communion, but from that day forward he was deprived of this consolation, although Masses were said at the altar in his room. Several times he seemed at the point of death, and the prayers for the dying were begun but he lasted on until the 1st of August, fifteen days after his first serious symptoms. On that morning nine Masses had been celebrated one after another in his room, commending to God his holy death. The tenth Mass finished just before mid-day. At its close the Fathers recited the Litany of our Blessed Lady, and as the Angelus bell rang at twelve o'clock Alphonsus resigned his holy soul into the hands of that Redeemer

Whom he had so fondly loved, so zealously preached, and Whom, co-operating with His grace, he had so glorified during his long life of ninety years and ten months.

Space does not allow us to speak of the many miracles which followed immediately on the death of the Saint, and by which God testified to the glory of His servant; nor can we relate the process of his canonization. It must suffice to say that so great was the reputation of sanctity he already attained during his life, and so many and conspicuous the prodigies that declared the power of his intercession with God, that the long and laborious investigation into his writings and his virtues and miracles was begun almost immediately; and after going through its various stages, was completed in 1830. He was solemnly canonized by Gregory XVI., on May 26, 1839, which on that year was the feast of the Most Holy Trinity, and the feast of the Saint was fixed on the 2nd of August for the whole Church.

As the many theological and ascetic writings of the Saint spread rapidly and became more and more esteemed in the Church, many desired to see the great teacher of modern times declared Doctor, and some Bishops, amongst whom was Cardinal Mastai (afterwards Pius IX.) petitioned Gregory XVI. on this subject, but without immediate result. It was reserved for Cardinal Mastai, when Pontiff, after having celebrated the Vatican Council, in which the Papal Infallibility for which St. Alphonsus had written so forcibly was defined, that on the decision of the Congregation of Rites, St. Alphonsus was declared on March 23, 1871, Doctor of the Universal Church.*

It is not the object of this short notice to speak of

* This distinction belongs as yet to only nineteen among all the saints whom God's grace has raised up in as many centuries. They are the following: St. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers; St. Athanasius, Patriarch of Alexandria; St. Basil, Archbishop of Cæsarea; St. Gregory Nazianzen, Patriarch of Constantinople; St. Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan; St. John Chrysostom, Patriarch of Constantinople; St. Jerome, priest; St. Augustin, Bishop of Hippo; St. Peter Chrysologus, Archbishop of Ravenna; St. Leo, Pope; St. Gregory, Pope; St. Isidore, Archbishop of Seville; St. Peter Damian, Cardinal Bishop of Ostia; St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury; St. Bernard, Abbot of Citeaux; St. Thomas Aquinas; St. Bonaventure, Cardinal Archbishop of Albano; St. Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva; St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori.

the many and various works with which St. Alphonsus, who had bound himself by vow never to lose time, has enriched the Christian world. Suffice it to say that such had been the influence of his moral theology that in a certain sense he may be called the great professor of the Catholic Church, inasmuch as all moral writers are proud of declaring themselves his disciples. Of the two dogmas of faith defined by Pius IX., that is to say, the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin and the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, Alphonsus was the firm defender. But it is especially as Doctor of prayer that the influence of the Saint is felt universally. As he maintains that the grace of prayer is a grace given to all who come to the age of reason, and that if men faithfully use that grace God will infallibly lead them on to a higher light and higher sanctity; so every devout work which he wrote has for especial object to make all pray. It is impossible to read one of his works without praying, even against our will; we pray almost without being aware of it. It is perhaps to this wonderful charm that we may attribute the success which his works have had, translated as they have been into all languages. The *Eternal Truths* of St. Alphonsus in some countries, as in Rome, may be said to be the only meditations in universal use. His *Visits to the Blessed Sacrament* and *Visits to our Blessed Lady* have done more perhaps than any other work of our times to draw men to the Sacrament of love and to promote a filial love for the ever-Blessed Mother. Multitudes of persons in every clime, from the highly civilized of Europe to the poor Indians of Malabar, are guided by his maxims and pray in his words, almost without thinking of the kind Saint who thus leads them on their weary journey through this world, and who makes easy for them their entrance into eternity. Amongst his prayers is one for the grace always to pray: let us ask this true Doctor of prayer that in all temptation, in all danger, we may fly to prayer as he teaches us, and so obtain that help which God is ever ready to grant. Let us say with him: "All my hope is in Jesus, and after Jesus in my loving Mother Mary."

St. Francis of Sales.

(1567-1622.)

BY THE VERY REV. CANON MACKEY.

I. Birth and Education.

1. Childhood and Schooldays (1567-1580).

Francis was born at Sales in Savoy on the 21st August, 1567, and within a few moments of his birth was baptized under the names of Francis Bonaventure. He was descended on both sides from a long line of warrior nobles, and the martial element is distinctly traceable in his character and life. He was a child of prayer. For seven years had his mother begged for offspring, and during her pregnancy she had visited the Holy Winding Sheet when it was taken to Annecy, to pour out her soul in supplication over her precious burden, and to dedicate it entirely to God.

A mysterious joyousness pervaded the assembly of friends and relatives at his baptism, leading his godfather, a Benedictine prelate, to prognosticate his future sanctity. Virtue seemed to be instinctive with him. When a mere suckling, his nurse could not take him out without a supply of alms for poor persons whom they might meet. His first thoughts and emotions were for heaven and God; his first words, "Our good God and mamma love

me very much." His mother, a woman of consummate piety and prudence, watched for and developed his holy tendencies. She took from him, as soon as ever his extreme delicacy permitted, all luxuries, and accustomed him to simplicity and even to privation. She kept at a distance from him all sources of danger, all servants and playmates of whose virtue she was not assured. Aided by M. Déage, a pious priest of the neighbourhood, she taught him, as soon as he could lisp, his prayers and catechism. His delight was to recite and teach these to the village children, whom the little apostle would collect for this purpose, afterwards conducting them to the church to pay their respects to the Blessed Sacrament, and to walk in procession round the font. He would speak also to his mother of God's sweet Providence, reminding her where to seek comfort in her tribulations. He was fond of making little altars and other pious objects. His very appearance, now as later, inspired holiness. The element of fear was also present in this early training. When four or five years old, he appropriated a riband which had caught his childish fancy, and though he ingenuously owned his fault, his father insisted on administering an exemplary chastisement before the assembled household.

At seven he was sent for two years to the college of La Roche, and at nine to Annecy, where he stayed four years, completing his Humanities. He progressed in wisdom and grace as in age. He had in childhood the adult heart, the *cor senile*, of the Saints. To brilliant talent he added the most laborious application, and gained the highest honours of his schools. In virtue he still more excelled. His outward beauty—his candid forehead, his clear blue eyes, his bright colour, his winning smile, his flaxen ringlets floating down upon his shoulders—received a certain heavenly lustre from the grace of God which shone over it from within, and parents used to take their children to Annecy to point Francis out to them as "the Saint." His joy was to be with God in prayer, his recreation to read the lives of the Saints. He was indifferent to childish sports, and only joined in them under obedience. He was particularly remarkable for

his modesty, never permitting himself those little freedoms of dress or manners which are blamelessly found in ordinary children. But there was nothing of conceit or affectation about him, no self-consciousness, no self-complacency. It was simply that to him the supernatural had become as it were natural, and only the eternal signified. His companions loved him as much for his sweet unselfish charity towards them as they venerated him for his other virtues.

The chief events of these years at Annecy were his first Communion and his receiving the tonsure. The latter ceremony was considered by many in that age to be of little significance. It did not prevent the pursuing of a worldly career, nor require the wearing of the ecclesiastical dress. The fond father had no idea of letting his talented son withdraw from the path of earthly distinction. But to Francis it was an act of deepest meaning. It was the first step towards the complete dedication of himself to God, and with all his heart he uttered the sacred words: "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance."

2. University Life: Paris and Padua (1580–1591).

From Annecy Francis was sent to the University of Paris, and here we have a strong proof of the genuineness of his piety and the simplicity of his seriousness. With tears of deepest humility he protested that his depraved nature would be ruined where others would thrive, and implored his father to send him not to the college of Navarre, whither most of the Savoyard nobles resorted, but to the newly established Jesuit college, where he felt that he could cultivate his mind without loss to his virtue. His request was granted, and he was sent to study under the Jesuits, the good M. Déage being appointed his governor. At Paris he completed his Rhetoric and Philosophy with the highest distinction, studying also Theology, Scripture and Hebrew, and perfecting himself, by his father's command, in all the exercises of a young noble.

As in childhood there had been in religious matters

nothing of the child, so here at Paris there was nothing of the young man's levity or love of pleasure. Every day Francis made an hour's mental prayer, read a considerable portion of some spiritual book which he carried about with him, and made a visit to some sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin. He frequented the Holy Table, saying that he went to his Divine Master to learn the science of the Saints, as to his earthly masters for secular instruction. He chose religious for his friends, and monasteries for his houses of call. "We think so little of our salvation," he used to say; "these holy men think of nothing else." He fasted and wore the hair-shirt three days in every week, and was ever distinguished for chastity, the chosen virtue of the client of Mary and the sanctuary. It was at this time that he brought down his high spirit and tamed his naturally fiery temper by the practice of meekness and humility. "At Paris," he said later, "I greatly longed to be holy and perfect, and in that boyish time I gave myself to humility and gentleness with great fervour. I passed some years thinking of nothing but the acquisition of these." And we must say that M. Déage furnished the humble youth with many an opportunity. He was strict and he was irritable, and did not scruple to box his pupil's ears when Francis, according to his wont, let himself be thought guilty of what was really the fault of others.

On joining the Sodality, which he looked upon almost as a religious order, he became still more interior, spent longer time in prayer, withdrew more completely from the world and from even the most innocent recreations, and devoted himself more completely to the practice of obedience and humility. He was styled "the Angel of the College."

A great event occurred at Paris when he was seventeen, an event which perhaps marks in his life the transition from extraordinary to heroic sanctity. This was a temptation to despair. He felt as if it were impossible for him to be saved. All his struggles, his prayers, his study of the grounds of hope and the doctrine of predestination, were of no use. His body grew yellow and was visibly wasting away. His soul was shadowed with the

darkest melancholy. All he could do was to continue his exercises of piety and virtue, and to utter continually to God, these words of generous resignation: "Ah, Lord! if I am never to see Thee or Thy sweet Mother in the next world, allow me at least to love you here below." This fearful trial lasted six weeks, and ended suddenly whilst he was saying the *Memorare* with extreme fervour before a statue of the Blessed Virgin, after he had made a vow of chastity and a promise to say her Rosary every day. From this time he redoubled his fervour, and gave all his leisure time to prayer.

From Paris, after a few months' stay at home, Francis went to Padua. There, under the immediate direction of the great Jesuit, Poissevin, and with the help of the most illustrious masters in the world, he completed his seventeen years of education. His extraordinary talents, his judgement, imagination, and taste, were developed and refined to the utmost. In conferring on him at last the degrees of doctor in canon and in civil law, Pancirola declared that the famous university had never bestowed them on a graduate who had better merited them.

During these four years his love of God increased by continual exercise. His spiritual life may be seen in the "Spiritual Combat," which he always carried about with him and reduced to exact practice, and in the rules of conduct which he drew up for himself. It was said that he already had enough virtue for canonization, and men knew not whether to admire more his actual holiness, or the heights which it gave promise of attaining. He was obedient as a child; gentle, humble, simple, like a fervent religious. His charity and humility were well shown when during a dangerous illness he willed that his body should be given to the anatomists in order to prevent the scandal and quarrels which often took place over the bodies of the dead. "If I am useless alive," he said, "I should be glad to be of some use dead." But in his sweetness there was no lack of strength. His consistency in self-mastery required an entirely supernatural fortitude; nor could vice, which was rampant in that university town,

lift its head in his presence without courageous and scathing rebuke. In one of the trials to which his beauty and his very chastity exposed him, he spat in the face of a shameless woman before he fled from the contamination of her presence; in another, he turned out of his house a so-called friend who had made himself the bearer of infamous proposals. On another occasion when attacked by some young bullies, he drew his sword and quickly put them to flight.

3. From leaving the University till Priesthood (1591-1592).

On leaving Padua Francis travelled to Rome, Venice, and other places of interest, and made a long-vowed pilgrimage to Loreto, to thank that heavenly Lady to whose intercession he considered himself indebted for all the graces he had received. Kneeling to renew his vow of chastity, he exhibited such signs of burning love in the fixed gaze, the glowing cheeks, the ardent sighs which escaped from his breast during his protracted prayer, that M. Déage and the other spectators were filled with awe, as if they were watching an angel doing reverence to his Queen.

He returned home in the spring of 1592, a finished scholar, an accomplished nobleman, and a saint. His father's satisfaction was unbounded, and now his great desire was that his son should reap a plentiful harvest of worldly glory and worldly gains. That he should be advocate and senator, that he should make a brilliant marriage, these were the father's ambitions; but the son sought other honours and a nobler career—"The Lord is the portion of my inheritance." He let himself be declared advocate, but he absolutely refused to become a senator or to entertain the idea of marriage. He confided to his mother and to his cousin the Canon Louis de Sales his unalterable determination to dedicate himself to God in the priestly state. How to obtain his father's consent he knew not; but his cousin got over the difficulty by procuring for him, without his knowledge, the provostship of the Chapter

of Geneva, which happened to fall vacant at the time. This dignity made the disappointment less grievous to the father, and Francis reluctantly accepted it as the only way of gaining his desire. He said afterwards: "I was a prelate without ever being a subject: I would rather have been a simple clerk, rather have carried the holy water than the crosier." He was installed provost at Annecy, the place of residence of the exiled Bishop and Chapter of Geneva, and shortly after received the subdiaconate. The Bishop insisted that he should begin at once to preach. He showed all the virtues of a perfect ecclesiastic, and amongst other works of zeal founded the great Confraternity of the Cross of Mary Immaculate and SS. Peter and Paul, in order better to combat heresy, and to make reparation to God for the fearful outrages it had offered to His Sacred Majesty. He was ordained priest on the 18th December, 1593.

II. St. Francis as Priest.

1. His Life at Annecy (1593-1594).

On receiving the priesthood, Francis gave up as dross and without a moment's consideration, his birthright, his title and his income, He carried out his own axiom—"a priest cannot commit a sin." He celebrated daily, and made his life centre round his Mass as preparation or as fruit. When he was at Mass he aimed at being always "another Christ," or, as he put it, "like Mary bearing Jesus." His time at home was spent in prayer or in the studies suited to his profession; abroad, in works of religion and charity. His religious deportment made him a spectacle of edification to seculars and a model to the clergy. He preached very frequently; not in the formal, unreal style of that day, but with evangelical simplicity and unction. He had a confessional made for himself close to the door of the Cathedral, and thither crowded all the poor and afflicted, with all

the most devout. He received them as a loving shepherd and father, rejoiced over their penitence, and mingled his tears with theirs over their sins;—"Entire affection scorneth nicer hands." Rags, sores and noisome smell were attractions to his illuminated mind and Christ-like heart. He reconciled differences, visited the sick and miserable, distributed abundant alms, assisted at conferences, and spread devotion in public and in private life: men when they looked on him glorified his Father in heaven. Meanwhile he was unconsciously preparing himself for higher things; his magnificent powers, his apostolic virtues and zeal, were to have an apostle's field of exercise. The poor lost sheep of the Chablais were waiting for him.

2. The Conversion of the Chablais (1594-1598).

The Chablais is the most northern province of the ancient Duchy of Savoy, running along the south side of the lake of Geneva, and thus bordering on the Swiss country. Sixty years before the time we speak of, the Swiss Calvinists had treacherously seized upon all that part of it which lies west of the Drance, destroying the Catholic religion. Savoy recovered it after thirty years, but agreed to allow the practice of the Protestant religion only. In 1589 the Swiss seized it again, but the Duke quickly retook it, and freed from former obligations determined to re-establish the old religion, tolerating the new only in three places, of which Thonon, the capital, was not to be one. He had scarcely retired when the Swiss a third time overran the unfortunate country; but, after a desultory warfare lasting till 1593, had to beg for a truce, and meantime to surrender the Chablais unconditionally to its rightful sovereign. He saw that it was impossible to retain his hold upon it so long as the inhabitants were united with the Swiss in religious sympathy; force had failed, and he now determined to apply the legitimate means of preaching and persuasion. The bishop of Geneva was applied to for zealous missionaries, and Francis, thirsting for souls, volunteered to go, his cousin Canon Louis assisting him in the commencement.

It was to human eyes a hopeless enterprise. In sixty-five parishes, containing upwards of 25,000 souls, there were scarcely a hundred Catholics. The churches had been stripped or destroyed, altars and bells taken away, there was not a priest in the whole district. The numerous ministers and other leaders of the people were bitter and unscrupulous opponents of the Catholic faith, and they had at their back those Swiss who had already shown themselves sometimes more than a match for the power which the Duke could exert in that outlying part of his dominions.

"They of Berne and Geneva," writes the Saint, "have deterred the people from listening to our sermons, saying that the truce is but a truce, that presently Duke and priests shall be driven out by force of arms, and heresy flourish again. If it were known that they leaned ever so little towards the Catholic religion they would be treated not only as heretics but as apostates." The Duke on the other hand, was so much engaged in other affairs that he seemed to forget the Chablais. After two years preaching Francis writes to him: "The people will not believe that we are here by your Highness's orders, as nothing is done for us. Even the expenses incurred up to this have not been paid."

As for these people, it is true that they disliked and feared the Catholic religion, which was known to them only by the calumnies of their leaders, but they had become so accustomed to vary their religious professions according to the changes of the wars that they had lost all religious sense. "Before we can convert them we must take from them the love of this world," wrote Francis.

Such was the sterile and ungrateful field of the Saint's labours, and he had scarcely put foot in it before he was assailed by all the forces of evil leagued together. He was proclaimed to be a sorcerer and emissary of the devil, his life was several times attempted, the people were forbidden by their ministers to listen to him, and combined together in their refusal. A missioner who preceded him had had to flee for his life from Thonon. It was in this town that Francis determined to begin his preaching, but

he found it necessary to return every night to the castle of Allinges, two or three miles distant, where there was a small garrison. He preached daily to audiences of five or six. Sometimes he would make excursions into the country parts, preaching in every village he came to if he could get any audience at all, unable to procure food or shelter, and, if benighted, obliged to take refuge in ruined churches, under the eaves of houses, or on the branches of trees. He was exposed to the heats of summer and the frosts of winter. Great as were his perils he would never accept an escort of soldiers. "The Apostles," he said, "used no soldiers. Luther and Calvin spread their heresy by such means, but for that reason I will not. Suffering and trust in God, are of more avail than a legion of soldiers." But he employed soldiers in a better sense, by bringing to a holy life those of the garrison, whose example became a powerful sermon.

Unable to get a hearing, he began to write out copies of his teaching, and to get them sent about from house to house. In this way he composed his great controversial work, which was posthumously published under the title of *Les Controverses*, a defence of the Catholic Faith worthy to rank with the works of St. Athanasius and St. Augustine. It need not be said that he displayed apostolic virtues—love of God and souls, tender solicitude, unwearying patience. Not content with his spiritual labours, he used his knowledge of law and of medicine to win souls by relieving temporal needs, and after a day of stupendous labour he would spend great part of the night in prayer. He pursued this life for two years, with scarcely any visible result, but it was really the seed time of the abundance that followed. Hearts were being conquered by the beauty of Catholic doctrine, presented in so sweet a guise and enforced by such examples of the excellent truths he preached. But fear still kept them back from open confession of what they already believed. The first converts had to leave the country altogether. But at last the Duke awoke to a sense of his obligation to second these noble efforts. He sent for Francis to Turin, listened to his suggestions, gave him an allowance for himself, promised support for more missionaries, and autho-

rized him to say Mass in one of the churches of Thonon. This was enough; and the people, having hopes of safety, now began to follow out their convictions. Three parishes, and shortly afterwards twelve more, were organized, and priests appointed to them. Capuchins and Jesuits came to assist. The conversion of one village led to that of another. The re-erection of the crosses was one of the great features of the Catholic revival, and on occasion of it the Saint composed his great defence of the honour shown by the Church to the cross, under the title "Standard of the Cross." Aged people brought forward the bells, whose voices had been so long dumb. The old traditions of faith revived, the churches were repaired or rebuilt. In all this, and for years afterwards, prudence and administrative power were as necessary to make the work permanent as zeal had been to once effect it, and a most admirable part of the conversion of the Chablais is the way in which Catholic means and instruments were applied by Francis for this end. In October 1598, the Papal legate came, accompanied by the Duke, to reconcile the country. Thousands made their recantation in his hands. Such a spectacle of faith and grace had not been seen since the conversion of the nations. Hardly a hundred heretics remained where four years previously there had been scarce a hundred Catholics.

The few persons of influence who refused to listen to the Catholic preachers, and who followed their heresy more as a matter of party and of policy than of religion, received orders from the Duke to sell their property and leave the country, and the Chablais was back in the true fold. All the glory of this result must be attributed under God to the virtues, wisdom, preaching, sufferings and perseverance of "the Apostle of the Chablais."

III. St. Francis as Bishop.

1. His Coadjutorship, Consecration, and the Spirit of his Life (1599-1602).

Francis had scarcely brought the Mission of the Chablais to its triumphant close when he was appointed coadjutor to the venerable Bishop of Geneva, M. Granier, with right of succession. The Saint long refused this dignity, and when at last he accepted it under the pressure of his directors, who assured him that he would otherwise be resisting the manifest will of God, he would not receive episcopal consecration until the time of his actual succession. He threw himself into his great duties with all the devotion of his heart.

His first business was a journey to Rome on the affairs of religion in the diocese. There he satisfied his piety with long visits to the tombs of the Apostles, patrons of his Church of Geneva, to the Catacombs and the other places dear to Christian hearts, and made the acquaintance of Baronius, Bellarmine and other glories of the Church. The Pope himself examined him, although he admitted the Savoyard privilege which the Saint humbly asserted, of exemption from examination, saying that he wished not to test but to manifest Francis' knowledge. The Venerable Ancina was present, and going afterwards to felicitate him was so charmed with his humility that he exclaimed, tenderly embracing him; "O how much more rejoiced am I to day to see you truly humble than I was at your examination to see you truly learned!"

On his return to Savoy he was engaged in the affairs of the diocese, particularly the temporals of the Chablais; and a great part of the year 1602 he spent in Paris, over the affairs of a part of the diocese of Geneva called Gex, which had been taken from Savoy by the Swiss when they usurped the Chablais, and had ultimately come into the possession of France. His preachings and other continual exertions in this

district of Gex did not bear such full fruit during his own lifetime as they had done in the Chablais, because France, from motives of policy, did not properly support him, but they were rewarded later by the thorough conversion of the country.

In Paris he preached the Lent at Court, and gained the admiration and friendship of the devout of all classes. The King, Henry IV., looked on him as the greatest and saintliest of men, entered into the closest intimacy with him, declared that Francis would have converted him had he still been a Protestant, and wanted to send him to preach to James I. of England. Who knows what might have been the consequence of such a visit? But England did not deserve the grace.

M. Granier died during the Saint's return from Paris, and he was consecrated bishop on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1602.

He made a retreat of twenty days at Sales, during which he regulated his future life with minutest care. At his consecration he fell into an ecstasy, in presence of all the people, and distinctly saw the Blessed Trinity producing in his soul the effects signified by the sacramental forms. "At that time," he says, "God took me from myself to give me to my people, that I might no longer live save for Him and for them." These words are an abstract of the rest of his life.

In considering this life, that first quality must first be regarded which does not cease to be the chief glory of each saint because common to them all—divine charity. A saint may be defined as one in love with God: and the soul of Francis was entirely possessed with this love, affective, active and submissive. The attention of his spirit was ever concentrated on God, whose beauty and holiness were reflected there as in a spotless mirror: his heart followed his thought in continual yearnings and affections and aspirations after union with his Beloved. Madame de Chantal asked him whether he was ever out of the sense of God's presence. He answered: "Yes, sometimes for as much as a quarter of an hour." All this, moreover, was usually without any pleasure in the inferior part of the soul. He took no heed whether he

was in consolation or desolation, and as a fact his prayer was for the most part extremely dry.

Corresponding with this love of God, he ever entertained a conscious hatred of sin and contempt of self and of creatures as creatures, together with a compassionate and most zealous love of his neighbour for God's sake. The same witness says that while some considered that the distinctive character of his charity towards others was sweetness, she for her part considered it was zeal for souls. He used frequently to break out into sighs when after some moments of another thought his mind returned to its habitual remembrance of an insulted God and perishing souls.

From his heart-love as from its source came his works of *active* love, thus receiving an excellence beyond what they had of themselves. His words describing the effect of love of God in general can be most closely applied to himself: "It is this holy passion which causes so many works of piety to be written, so many churches, altars, and pious houses to be erected; in a word, which makes so many of God's servants live and die amid the flames of love which consume and spend them." If he may be said to have a speciality in this it is in the union of sustained vehement power in action with the most absolute calmness and indifference (that is, absence of self-seeking) in his will; in the equally careful performance of all works whether called little or great, common or noble; and in the immense variety and multitude of deeds included in the simple unity of his aim. The secret of this lies in the third great department of his charity *submissive* love. He was simply a man of God's will, effecting it with all his strength or bearing it with perfect resignation, when he knew what God wanted him to do or suffer; waiting with all his powers gathered together ready to be exerted at the final sign of his Master's will, yet subduing all eagerness and chafing, nor anticipating that sign by the slightest movement. If zeal and sweetness are his chief characteristics in relation to his neighbour, this entire devotion to God's will must be considered the character of the whole man: "I only know this one song," he says. It is at the root of all his teaching as of all his

practice, and is fully described in Books 8, 9, 10, of the "Treatise on the Love of God."

2. His Private Life and his Household.

The chief field of exercise of these principles was his own private life and household—what is done every day is from that fact alone of first importance.

He arranged his house like a monastery, with fixed hours and rules. He would never have a residence of his own, but lived at first in a plain hired dwelling, afterwards accepting the loan of the house of his friend Favre. The rooms for visitors and his own people were large and decently furnished, but as his own bed-room or cell he kept a small, dingy, ill-furnished sort of closet. "I must be Bishop of Geneva by day," he said, "but I will be Francis de Sales at night."

He rose early, and gave an hour to prayer and two hours to study before saying Mass. After Mass nearly all the remainder of his day when at home was taken up with attending to the affairs of his diocese, and of those who came to consult him. He was at the mercy of all; not of his officials only or of persons with important business, but of the most ordinary visitors, rich or poor, benefactors or beggars, persons whom less saintly or less busy men would have thought it waste of time even to speak to. As his wisdom and impartiality and facility got better known, it became the custom to take lawsuits before him. One witness at his canonization deposed that he had assisted at over a hundred of such pleadings. Not only did the parties themselves appear, but they also brought their legal advocates with them, and turned the bishop's room for the time into a noisy law-court. Francis alone preserved an imperturbable peace, shown even less perhaps in the course of the case itself than when he returned to his urgent personal duties, after a day of such wearisome and often wasted labour, with as much calmness as if he had been engaged in congenial and successful work. He said that a bishop must be "a public trough," where every man or animal might drink. He had an enormous and continually increasing corres-

pondence, but would never employ a secretary, lest his correspondents should feel less confidence. But it was to spiritual business that he most willingly devoted his time, and particularly to hearing confessions. This he would do at any hour, even taking off his vestments when ready for Mass to hear the most casual of penitents. As provost he had received and invited the worst of sinners, the lowest of the people; but now as bishop he *claimed* them, and in particular those whose sores and other bodily infirmities made them more repulsive.

At meals and in the evening he had spiritual reading, and the last work of his day was an hour's contemplation, while saying the Rosary of six decades. He went to confession almost daily. Such were almost all his days at home and many of his days abroad for twenty years, and he wrote his great works in the morsels of time which he could "pick out" from such days. With his canons and attendants he was most affable. He kept an excellent table for them, and did all in his power to make them happy. He would take them or his visitors on the lake for recreation. Distinguished visitors he entertained with magnificence, and was not above hiring what was necessary, even if to hire he had first to pawn. One of his canons used to reproach him with these things, and to say that he was much too easy and too "ordinary" ever to be canonized. But deeper minds knew and know the strength that was wanted for what has been described; the utter self-sacrifice required thus to adapt himself, always and sweetly, to the needs and desires, to the whims and changes of those around him. As for what concerned himself alone he did not know what rest or recreation was; he never allowed himself an instant's listlessness or relaxation. Partly from mortification, partly from his habitual sense of God's presence, the modesty of boyhood had developed into an extreme self-restraint. In church he neevr moved, however oppressive the heat or long the ceremony; he would not even lift his hand to brush off a tormenting insect, though the bystanders could see the blood flowing from its bite. It was almost the same in his chamber. His friend the Bishop ot Belley, who bored holes in his door

to watch him, says "he was always like an angel before his God." He was ever calm and reverent, he never crossed his legs, or rested his head on his hand, or gave way to any of those restless movements by which even the most dignified and modest persons are accustomed to relieve themselves when alone. His main mortifications were of this kind, acting by their directness and unbroken continuity, but he did not neglect sharper remedies and precautions. His instruments of penance were only found after his death, but often traces of blood showed his servants how they had been used. At first he fasted every Friday and every Saturday. Afterwards he gave up his fasting for a time to avoid inconveniencing others, but was able to introduce it again when the pressure of business required that he should have his evening meal served in his own room. But at the best he ate little and was totally indifferent to the nature of his food or the way in which it was prepared. Several times he was found to be dipping his bread into warm water instead of some sauce, to be taking flour for salt or salt for sugar.

He gave public alms twice a week, and no one was sent away unrelieved. He had many poor pensioners in Annecy and elsewhere. When he had exhausted his purse before returning home, he would take off some article of dress to give away, and was delighted if in such cases he could get in without exciting the notice of his much exercised and far from patient steward. Any sum of money that arrived without the knowledge of that officer was pretty sure to go to the poor before it was accounted for. And to the poor he was almost deferential. Once a beggar refused a vest as being worn out; the bishop took it away, but brought it back and begged the man to be good enough to accept it as it was the least worn that he had. There never was a heart warmer or more faithful in friendship, and as for his enemies, he used to say: "If God had told us to hate our enemies, I do not know how I could have obeyed Him; it is so sweet to love them." He was never known to be anything but serene and sweet, though he was continually being attacked and insulted, and some imes felt anger boiling inwardly "like a kettle on a fire." An enemy

watched him for six years, and was forced to own that he had never seen in him the slightest want of meekness or humility. His very appearance inspired charity and peace. He never refused what it was in his power to grant, and it used to be said that it was more agreeable to get a refusal from him that a favourable answer from another. But he could refuse when necessary, and he would oppose individuals, parliaments, and his very sovereign, when justice required.

Two members of his household deserve particular mention, as illustrating his character. One was M. Déage, his old tutor, whom he had made a canon and attached to his own person. He treated him with an ever increasing deference, although Déage, while loving him with a love bordering on infatuation, still looked on him as a pupil to be watched and rebuked, and would be pleased with nothing, growing daily more testy and more critical. The other was a deaf-mute, whom the Saint treated with most affectionate compassion, whom he taught to express himself, and to whose religious instruction he devoted hours of his valuable time. It was most touching, to see this poor creature and his benefactor together, or to see them meet after an absence.

One more speciality of Francis's virtue, character, and spirit must be noticed. He enjoyed the advantages of high social standing, of birth, education, refinement, without any of the drawbacks which usually attach to them, such as inanity, over-delicacy, dependence on artificial necessities. Cultivation had only developed his natural greatness of mind, and made his simplicity more attractive. While mingling socially with his own class he was free from all class-prejudice and loved and served the poor equally with the rich. He was born to wealth and station only to renounce them, to understand how little they add to the true dignity of man, and to establish himself in a perfect detachment and disinterestedness. A dozen times he refused the most dazzling offers of preferments and emoluments. His position gave him influence with the rich, and placed him above the danger of flattering or being flattered, but he did not cease to be accessible to the poor. He was

exalted in dignity and wisdom, rich in the noblest of possessions, yet ever humble of heart and poor in spirit.

3. Work in his Diocese and elsewhere during the first part of his Episcopate (1602-1612).

Francis's next care, after regulating his house and daily life, was his own diocese; and his first work for it was to establish popular religious instruction in the form of catechism on the most extended scale. This he inaugurated solemnly in his pro-cathedral, and when at home always conducted it himself. All ages and classes attended.

Then he turned his attention to his clergy. There had been no seminary for the diocese, nor was he able ever to establish one; but in other points he followed the directions of the Council of Trent exactly. Here also he began with instruction, exhorting his clergy to study, as to a chief duty of their state and an eighth Sacrament, and issuing an "Instructions for Confessors" which still remains a work of the highest authority. He examined into the qualifications of candidates for the priesthood, refused at all costs to ordain those who were unsuitable, and gave the vacant benefices by the system of *concursus* or competitive examination. He called all his priests to a synod in the first year of his episcopate, and regularly every year afterwards, and at his first synod established a system which practically assured the well being of his large and varied diocese. He divided it into twenty districts, over each of which he placed a superintendent, called afterwards archpriest, who was every six months to visit the incumbents in his district at their homes, then meet them in general assembly and finally send to the bishop a detailed account of his visitation. He also urged upon the clergy the observance of the regulations of Trent as to the clerical dress, church services, registers, and the like, and of his own regulations as to the public catechism and instruction of the people; and he appointed special acts of reparation on Thursdays for the insults offered to the

Blessed Sacrament by the heretics of his diocese—for which end also he established a confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. He drew up for the use of his clergy a ritual and a calendar, with formulas, prayers and explanations, which he had been preparing from the beginning of his mission in the Chablais. Another department of his labours in these first years and throughout his life was the reform and practically the re-establishment of various religious orders and houses, a work in which he met with many disappointments, but with some most signal successes.

We have already referred to the difficulties he experienced in the French part of his diocese from the action of the French government—a difficulty which was increased by the jealousy which existed between Savoy and France. It is impossible to describe the loss of time, the wearing anxieties, the vexatious refusals of leave to travel and to preach which arose from this.

His next great and special work for his diocese was his personal visitation of every parish in it, which occupied all his free time for five years, though visiting sometimes two or three parishes in a day. None of his predecessors seem ever to have attempted it. The great mountains of Savoy, including Mont Blanc itself, are in the ancient diocese of Geneva. Wherever man was able to live, thither to visit his sheep did this devoted shepherd travel, often on bleeding hands and knees, his feet being a mass of wounds; sometimes in a state of high fever caused by his violent exertions in climbing the mountain heights. At nights he was so weary that he could move neither mind nor body. He fed his own soul on the glorious spectacle of nature in those regions, and on the virtues and the affection which he found among the simple mountaineers—and who shall describe what he did for their souls? Here he would make flowers of devotion to Mary spring; there he would stay for several days and succeed in removing inveterate animosities; everywhere he corrected abuses and renewed religious fervour, and visited the sick and dying, reconciled enemies, and delivered the possessed. For this last work, which he humbly called relieving the melancholy, he had a special

grace, and his action often cured miraculously their bodily as well as their mental diseases.

His labours were not confined to his own diocese, though the affairs of this were, he said, "not streams but torrents." Elsewhere also he preached, and by his preaching and correspondence found openings for his zeal, displayed his virtues, and as it were extended his diocese, throughout the world. The most notable of these works, and the one which exerted the greatest influence on his life, was the Lent he preached at Dijon in 1604, during which he made the acquaintance of a holy widow named Madame (afterwards St. Jane Frances) de Chantal. There are few things more beautiful in the histories of God's Saints than the sweet, strong, pure friendship which sprang up between these two elect souls. They were miraculously known to one another before they met: he in an ecstacy seeing the three persons who were to begin the religious order of which the design was already in his mind; she, also in ecstacy, seeing a venerable man of whom a voice said: "Behold your guide, beloved of God and man." His instructions sanctified her, and being for the most part written, served also to sanctify others; and to her he showed the secret recesses of his soul in all their beauty. She met him most years, kept up a close correspondence with him, and at last, as we shall see, went to Annecy, to be his instrument in founding the great Order of the Visitation.

Another example of his work outside his diocese is his letters to Madame de Charmoisy, a lady whose acquaintance he made when coadjutor, at Paris—letters which developed into the "Introduction to a Devout Life," published in 1608—that inimitable work which has helped so greatly to make saints, which has extorted the admiration even of the bitterest enemies of the Catholic Church, and which our James I. of England used as his great guide of life, and always carried about his person.

He had also other great affairs to transact as commissioner of the Pope, and the long journeys thus required were only new opportunities of exercising virtue and drawing souls to faith or charity.

To all this must be added his solicitude for the Universal Church, a chief example of which was his action in the matter of certain controversies on grace which were threatening to rend the theological schools asunder, and which were subdued and settled according to his advice.

The foundation of the Visitation Order (1610-1612), was one of the greatest, most laborious, and most enduring works of his life. With his usual consideration for the simple and the weak, he perceived that while there were religious orders suited for those whose health and spirit could stand severe austerities or extreme solitude, there was need and opening in the Church for an order of women in which retirement, prayer, regularity and moderation of life, mortification of mind, heart, and will, the continual practice of charity, obedience and humility in a truly interior spirit, should secure the essentials of a religious life and do the work of a severer rule, thus giving a chance of the perfect life to all whose will was good, whether body or mind were strong or feeble. It should be enough if they were able to follow a common rule, adapted equally to weak and strong, and were free from infirmities which were opposed to community life. Persons of all ages, widows or single, might be accepted. At first the sisters were not even bound by vow, but only by promise, and by charity—"the bond of perfection." Nor were they at first to form an enclosed order, but were to visit and nurse the sick at their own homes, a practice by which they won from the poor their name of Sisters of the Visitation.

In 1610 Mother de Chantal and two other ladies came together in a little house at Annecy, put on the religious habit, and gave themselves to prayer and the practice of every virtue. They were soon joined by three more.

The Bishop was their chaplain, and gave all his spare time to their training. He said Mass for them every morning, heard their confessions himself, and besides continual private instructions, gave them public discourses or conferences, thrice every week. He drew up for them provisional constitutions, of which the spirit

was the aiming at interior virtues, a complete giving of the heart to God and abandonment to His providence. They began without any provisions in the house, and with but three half-pence in their coffer. He made St. Jane, as we may now begin to call her, give over her property to her children in the world, and refused the offered wealth of a postulant. "This order," he said, "is to be made, like the world, out of nothing." He taught them, by word and example, humility, obedience and charity, communicating to them his own principles and spirit, and the graces he had himself received. An event slight in itself shows the character and result of their training. The time for profession had come, and there was no money for the adornment of their altar. One of St. Jane's two companions was daily expecting money from her father, and on the strength of this the Mother, with many misgivings, let them borrow a small sum that had been entrusted to them by the Bishop exclusively for the sick. It was scarcely spent when St. Jane saw how wrongly she had acted. She wrote to St. Francis, and in the morning he came over. He said this was their first disobedience, that it had cost him a sleepless night, and that words could not describe the pain and grief he had felt. Their repentance and self-humiliation were his only consolation. St. Jane almost fainted in his presence, and it was long before she could comfort herself or regain her serenity of mind.

Soon the community increased to sixteen, and took a larger house; here the Saint continued their training, and to this we owe his exquisite "Conferences" and other sermons, innumerable letters, and above all the "Treatise on the Love of God," which is at once the most excellent stimulus and guide to a perfect life, and an exact description of the Saint's own life and principles.

Contradictions and crosses were not wanting. Even the good attacked his plans and his conduct, saying that it was absurd to try to found a religious order on such lines as these, that he was trying to make a path to heaven strewed with roses instead of thorns, that he had banished the cross and was offering a key to heaven

other than Christ's, and that he ought not to waste his time over a few simple women. The fact was that the world had almost ceased to realize the meaning of abnegation and crucifixion of heart apart from certain traditional practices of austerity and penance. The spirit of Bethlehem and Nazareth was practically forgotten: it was St. Francis's glorious mission to revive it.

In a short time he was asked to establish a house at Lyons, and this foundation led him to make a complete change in the form of his congregation, under the advice of the Archbishop of that See. He made it an enclosed Order, and introduced the three ordinary vows of religion. His friend and brother apostle, St. Vincent de Paul, was to have the privilege of founding the order of active charity.

The Visitation Order quickly took root and spread in the Church. During the founder's lifetime thirteen houses were established in Savoy and France, and no less than eighty-three were founded during the lifetime of the foundress, St. Jane, who outlived her saintly director twenty years.

4. The second part of his Episcopate (1612-1622).

The work of founding and directing his monasteries personally and by letter, of preparing the Constitutions and other written directions, or of composing the "Treatise on the Love of God," filled up a considerable part of the last years of his life.

As to his own practice, his spirit of contemplation increased and deepened. In 1610 he told St. Jane Frances that his prayer had nearly always been in methodical form, but often now he was wrapt at once in God, and compares his prayer to the quiet and almost invisible spreading of a drop of oil. He became, if possible, more heavenly, more full of zeal, more instant in preaching, sweeter and more self-sacrificing, more mortified, more devoted to spiritual and corporal works of mercy. And abundant oppor-

tunities arose for the exercise of these virtues and good works, particularly of patience and unwearying zeal. All his successes were strongly marked with the cross.

His own diocese still claimed his chief attention, but we find fewer salient facts in this latter part of his administration, because his system was so excellently arranged. The district of Gex was still his great trouble; the religious orders were still the chief objects of his solicitude.

Outside his diocese he laboured chiefly at Grenoble and at Paris. At Grenoble he preached consecutively two Advents and two Lents; first laying a solid foundation of dogmatic instruction, and building on this an edifice of sound moral teaching and piety. He exerted such influence there that the people looked on him as their own bishop, and resolved to take him as their special patron as soon as he was canonized. His work at Paris, at the end of 1618, and for the greater part of 1619, forms one of the chief events of his life.

He went thither in the suite of the Cardinal of Savoy who was sent to negotiate a marriage between the Prince of Piedmont and the sister of the King of France but providentially it was an opportunity of displaying his virtues on what St. Vincent de Paul calls "the theatre of the world." He became one of its apostles, preaching over 365 sermons there, entering deeply into its spiritual life, making innumerable conversions. Amongst those whose veneration he chiefly gained were Père Suffren, who said he had learnt more from him in nine hours than he learnt in all the rest of his life; Mère Angèlique and all the as yet orthodox and fervent circle of Port Royal; and above all St. Vincent de Paul, who said that nothing gave him so high an idea of God's goodness as did that of the Bishop of Geneva. It was commonly said in Paris that those who desired to see a picture of Jesus Christ walking on earth should go to look at Francis de Sales. The courtiers were as loud in his praises as the devout. It would be impossible to imagine an appearance at once more venerable and more attractive. To his natural beauty was added the dignity of mature age; virtue

and grace had imparted a spiritual and heavenly lustre to his features. His manner united majesty and modesty gravity and extreme sweetness. His very look inspired purity and fervour and reverence. His words were full of unction, the tones of his voice low and deep but clear, and sweet as music. "His words," says St. Jane, "were holy, and, though brief were so effective, full and decisive, that he satisfied and arrested the most inquiring minds."

He was very fond of visiting the English Benedictines of St. Edmund's. Shortly after this time he wrote: "I have a particular affection for that island and its king; and I unceasingly commend its conversion to the Divine Majesty. I have confidence that I shall be heard with so many souls who sigh after that grace." He had the Bible carried about with him by a servant wherever he went, to answer the questions and difficulties which were proposed to him in the streets and in private houses by Catholics, and still more often by heretics who were invited to meet him. The people thronged round him and would cry with exultation, "He touched me!" if his hand or his mere garment touched them. The marriage negotiations ended satisfactorily, thanks, chiefly to the wisdom of the Saint, and the princess of Piedmont insisted on making him her grand almoner. He would only accept the office on condition that he should receive no salary and should be allowed to continue to reside at Annecy.

On his return to Savoy his brother was made first acting almoner, and shortly afterwards was appointed his coadjutor. This seemed likely to relieve him of some portion of his burden, but he was not to have the advantage of it. In October 1621, he seems to have had an intimation of his approaching end, and from that time he kept himself as he said, "on the listen for the call," and "with one foot raised" for his departure. He began to put in order all the affairs of his diocese, carefully instructing his coadjutor about them. A still more heavenly lustre seemed to come over his person, and a new perfection over his words and actions. At the end of this year he and his brother went to the

Benedictine Abbey of Talloires, to translate the relics of St. Germanus, the reformer of that monastery. He spent hours in discoursing of the Saint, and in praying over the precious relics. "Never but once," he said, "have I felt such consolation." He ordered the Abbot to build him a little dwelling, intending to retire thither and to devote himself to prayer and writing and preparation for death.

The body began to break up; his legs were covered with swellings and sores; his head, his chest, his stomach, gave him continual pain. But he relaxed nothing of his austerities or of his labours. That winter he refused to renew his thin and worn out under garments, saying it was not worth while, and giving to the poor what it would have cost. He was ordered by the Pope to preside over the chapter of that branch of the Benedictine order called the Feuillants; in which office he showed consummate wisdom and saintliness. Sometimes he had to be carried out of the church fainting, and several times he had to close the sessions through inability to toil longer. Thence he went to Turin, where he was kept by business and illness for three months, his abode being a little stifling room at the Feuillants, to whose order, as to the Dominicans, Carthusians and Minims, he had been aggregated. His great trial there was to have to attend Court, and to to hear of the sufferings of his poor people during a scarcity. "When I can get back," he said: "I will sell my mitre, my crozier, and all that I have for them." At last he managed to return, but had scarcely arrived when he found it necessary to undertake a journey to Avignon at the orders of the Duke of Savoy, who was meeting there the King of France. He was told that it would cost him his life, but he only said: "God will not let me be a martyr for the faith amongst heretics, nor for charity amongst the plague-stricken—should I not be blessed to die for obedience?"

5. His Last Days and Death (1622).

Before leaving Annecy he made his will, and a general confession of his life. He bade tenderest adieu to all,

with many prophecies of his imminent death. His journey to Avignon, and thence with the court to Lyons, was at once a series of triumphs of his sanctity, and of painful accidents and privations such as could scarcely have been thought possible, and which delighted his spirit of humility, poverty and penance. Through extraordinary combinations of circumstances and his own efforts to conceal his rank, he had to put up with the worst of accomodation, having to sleep dressed in barns, and in the worst rooms of the inns. He kept repeating; "God's will, God's will." He would not even look at the grand spectacles which were displayed at this assembly of kings and princes, finding his pleasure in the society of holy persons and in religious houses. At Lyons he took up his abode in a little room in the cottage of the gardener at the Visitation Convent, where it was impossible to make a fire without a stifling smoke. It was now the depth of winter. St. Jane Frances had here the happiness of seeing him again, after an interval of three years. She was awe-struck at the sort of transfiguration which had passed over him, and she said that he seemed transformed into an angel. He was reproached for sending her away to continue her round of visitations, but he said: "Who loves her more than I? I love her as myself, but she must do God's will." He preached and celebrated on Christmas Day with seraphic fervour. The superior of the convent told him she believed she saw an angel whispering to him during the midnight Mass: "My heart is so dull to God's inspirations," he said with his usual ingenious humility, "that He is obliged to send an angel to my bodily ear." All the intervals between the services were taken up with preaching, conference and necessary fatiguing visits to the great ones of the two courts. His last words to his beloved daughters of the Visitation were: "Ask nothing and refuse nothing; be like Jesus in the crib." His words to his last visitor, the Jesuit superior of the house of St. Joseph, were: "We are wholly St. Joseph's here."

On the afternoon of St. John's day he had a slight stroke of apoplexy, and was quickly carried to bed. He was rubbed with hot cloths, bitter drinks were given

him, and as the drowsiness grew greater they plucked his hair, rubbed his skin into sores, bled him, and applied hot irons to the nape of his neck and the top of his head till they reached the bone. He was perfectly conscious, and the tears streamed from his eyes, but he made no complaint: he only said: "Do to the sick man what you will." Of himself he said: "My meat is to do the will of my Father in heaven:" and later: "I am an unprofitable servant, unprofitable, unprofitable;" and: "My soul hath thirsted for the strong, the living God." Of his order he said: "He who hath begun the work will make it perfect, perfect, perfect." Knowing what was likeliest to rouse him, some one said; "Are you sure you are not a Calvinist in your secret heart?" "God forbid!" he cried, "never was I a heretic, it would be too great a treason:" and he made a large sign of the cross on himself, and shortly afterwards said: "I desire to die in the faith of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church, the sole true religion." He got them to put on his arm his rosary, with its blest medals from Rome and Loreto. His last word was the name of Jesus, his last movement a glance towards heaven. He died whilst the assistants were saying (for the third time because it was the Feast): "All Holy Innocents, pray for him."

The news of his death was supernaturally conveyed to many. His body was examined, and it was found that while his heart was sound and strong his liver was entirely burnt up, one lung was wounded by a sword, part of the brain was suffused with blood, and in the place of the gall were three hundred little hard bodies like rosary beads—which last phenomenon the doctors explained by the extreme violence which he had used throughout his life to restrain his natural propensity to anger. His sacred body was carried back to Annecy, and buried with great honour in the Church of the Visitation. It was removed during the French Revolution, but afterwards brought back and enshrined over the high altar of the new church of the same order.

It is impossible to describe the veneration of which he was the object. Not Catholics only, but the very Calvinists of France and even of Geneva proclaimed

him to be a true servant of God. The chief minister of Geneva said: "If we honoured any man as a saint I know none more worthy than this man since the days of the Apostles." Miracles began at once to be worked by his intercession. In 1626 a commission was appointed, which took the evidence of 5,000 witnesses to his heroic virtues and his miracles. His cause was immediately introduced at Rome, but various obstacles intervened, and it was not till 1661 that he was beatified by Alexander VII., a devoted follower of his teaching. He was canonized by the same Pope in 1665. Our own day has had the happiness of seeing him declared Doctor of the Church by Pius IX. in 1877.

St. Francis lives still in the Church on earth by his continual direct assistances and by the instruction and encouragement afforded by the example of his life. He lives in the fruits of the lives of the seventy thousand heretics whom he converted, of the sinners whom he brought back to virtue, and of the just whom he made perfect. He lives in his writings, suited for all conditions and all needs of life; in his two great works in defence of the Church—"The Catholic Controversy" and "The Standard of the Cross"—and chiefly in his works for forming and nourishing piety—"The Introduction," "The Love of God," his 1,200 letters, his many discourses. His special title is "Doctor of Devotion."

He lives also in the Orders which he originated or reformed. The Visitation is his own creation and his glory: his spirit still lives therein. The Sisters of St. Joseph, though founded thirty years after his death, owe their existence to his inspiration, and represent his first ideas of the Visitation. In these latter times we have amongst orders of men the "Missioners of St. Francis de Sales" (1836), the "Oblates of St Francis de Sales" (1875), and Don Bosco's Salesian Fathers; amongst orders of women, the "Sisters Servants of the Sacred Heart" (1866), and the "Daughters of Marie Auxiliatrice" founded under his patronage and on his principles. Under the same patronage we have also the great public association the "*Œuvre de St. Francois de Sales*," which in France counts its members by

hundreds of thousands, and the Third Order of St. Francis de Sales, founded also by Don Bosco and approved by Pius IX. in 1874.*

One moral we draw in conclusion, as this little work is intended to further the spread of the Catholic faith. All the glories of St. Francis are to the advantage of this faith. His saintly life authoritatively confirms the truth of the faith he lived by and the sources from which he drew. It sprang from a Catholic root, drew its sap from means and practices exclusively Catholic, manifested itself in Catholic forms. He was a godlike man because he "conversed in the Church of the living God;" he was full of divine love because he drank at the fountains of the only true faith.

We find in him the first Catholic principle, viz., that the Catholic and Roman Church is the one source or channel of truth. We have just seen him asserting this on his deathbed, and it was the guiding principle of his life. His devotion and submission to the Church and to the Pope amounted to a passion. To the Pope he writes: "I gladly and jubilantly venerate in you the supreme splendour of the Apostolic dignity, and most humbly revere (*colo*, worship) it, with my face prostrate on the ground to kiss your feet." He considered the doctrine of Infallibility as practically a defined truth. Corresponding with his love of the Church was his hatred of heresy, which also we have just seen to have been "his ruling passion, strong in death." His sweetness was at once changed into fierceness at the touch of heresy: "I have never looked at it," he says, "save to spit in its face." He said he desired to die by a cruel public death, innocent but condemned, "but not for heresy, on account of the scandal." To reconcile heretics was the very meaning of great part of his life. What does he think, in particular, of our England—"that beautiful island, once the land of saints, now the domain of error?"

* See 'Don Bosco and his Work.'—Catholic Truth Society, 1d.

His sanctity grew on Catholic means and showed itself in Catholic ways. Confession and Communion—spiritual reading—devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, the Passion, the Sacred Heart, Mary and the Angels and the Saints—pilgrimages and relics—the cross and holy water—there is no practice distinctively Catholic which is not shown in him with all its fulness and effectiveness, in theory and in practice.

Is then all his light darkness, or is the Protestant idea ignorance and delusion? Is it he who is misguided, or they who reject the Church? Let the question be seriously asked and pondered by those who read the history of his life and the doctrines he teaches, and let them draw the just conclusion that only in the Catholic Church are to be found truth and assurance of salvation.